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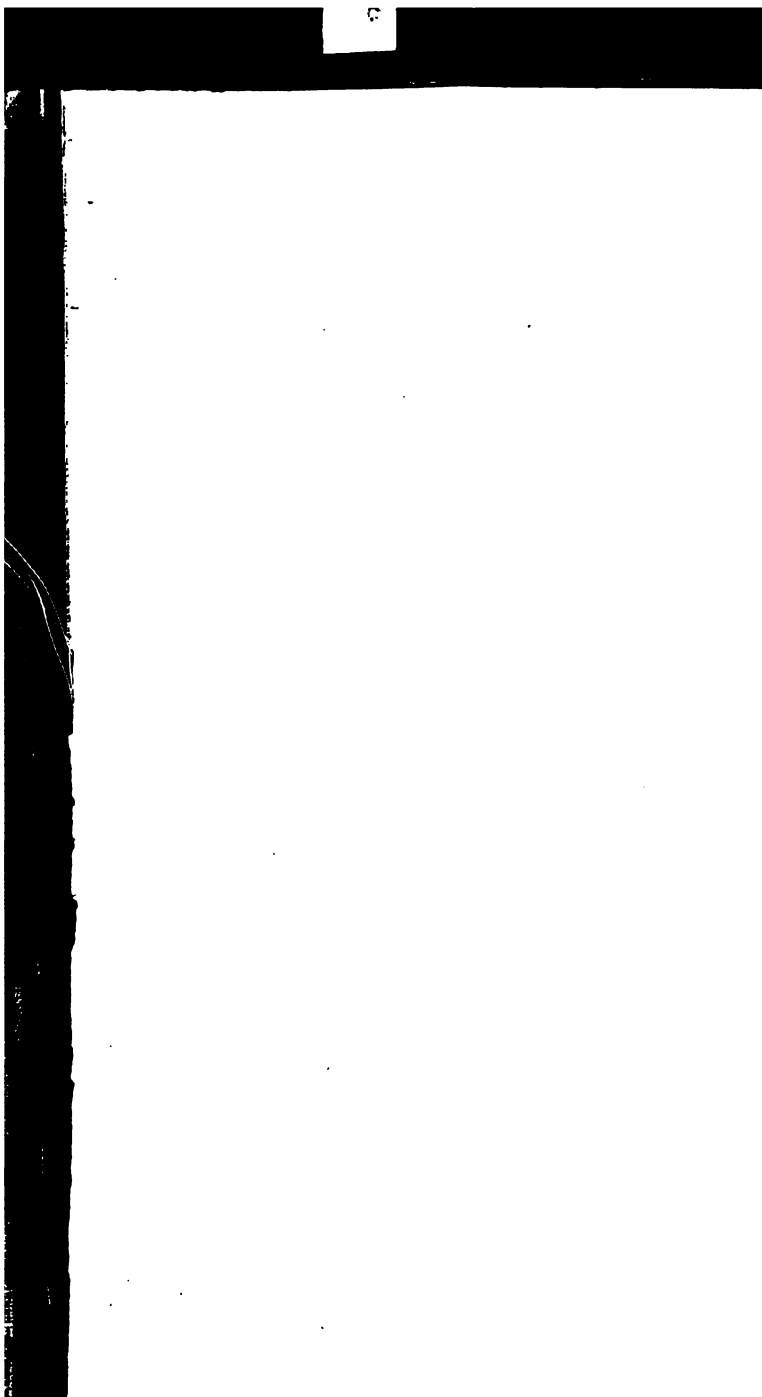
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AUGUST, 1919







# LETTERS

O F

*Wit, Politicks and Morality.*

Written Originally in *Italian*,

By the Famous Cardinal *BENTIVOGLIO*;  
in *Spanish* by Signior Don *Guevara*; in *Latin* by St. *Jerome*,  
*Cato Tricensis*, *Aurelian* the Emperor, and Queen *Zeno-*  
*bia*; and in *French* by Father *Rapin*, &c.

A L S O

Select Letters of *Gallantry* out of the *Greek*,  
of *Aristarchus*; the *Spanish* of Don *Quevedo*; the *Latin* of  
*Petronius*; and the *French* of Count *Bussy Rabutin*, *Ma-*  
*dame Maintenon*, Mr. *Fontenelle*, &c.

Done into *English*,

By the Honourable *H—H—Esq;* } Mr. *S AVAGE*.  
*Tho. CHEEK*, Esq; } Mr. *BOTER*, &c.

To which is added a large Collection of

## ORIGINAL LETTERS

O F

## Love and Friendship.

W R I T T E N,

By several Gentlemen and Ladies, particu-  
ly, the Honourable Mr. *Granville*, *Tho. Check*, Esq; Capt.  
*Ayliffe*; Dr. *G—* Mr. *B—y*; Mr. *O—n*, Mr. *B—r*,  
Mr. *G—*, Mr. *F—r*, Mrs. *C—l*, under the name of  
*Astræa*; Mrs. *W—x* under the name of *Daphne*, &c.

London, Printed for J. Hartley, next door to the King's-head  
Tavern in Holborn: W. Turner in Lincolns-Inn-Fields: and Tho.  
Hodgson over against Grays-Inn-Gate, in Holborn. 1701.

*Robt Butler*

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TO THE  
Right Honourable  
**CHARLES**  
LORD  
*HALLIFAX.*

My Lord,

**T**O compleat this Collection of Letters, an Epistle Dedicatory was necessary : and could I promise my self to have succeeded so well in the Choice of my Authors, as in that of a Patron, I might confidently depend upon the Approbation of the Publick.

A 2

Yet

*Epistle Dedicatory.*

Yet, my Lord, I would not be understood, as if this Address was meerly for Custom-sake : A more forcible, and, I hope, more justifiable motive has prompted me to it : All *England* acknowledges you to be the chief Protector, as you are the greatest Ornament of the Common-wealth of Learning ; and therefore 'tis no wonder, if all that write, press to pay their dutiful Respects to your Lordship, with as much Eagerness as Soldiers strive to fight in view of their General.

I confess an Author's endeavouring to make himself known to your Lordship, argues a great deal of Presumption : for what Performance can stand the Test of your discerning Judgment? Being conscious of this, and, at the same time, of the unworthiness of any thing of my own, I have ventur'd to wait upon your Lordship with *Bentivoglio, Guevara, Aristanetus, Fontenelle*, and some other great Men, who come to entertain you in *English* ; as Interpreters make bold to approach a King under the Umbrage of those foreign Ambassadors whom they attend in a Publick Audience.

And now I have advanc'd so near your Person, the World will certainly expect I should attempt your Lordship's Picture ; but I am not so rash as to undertake a Task which requires the boldest and steadiest hand, the most happy Fancy, and most solid Judgment ;  
How.

*Epistle Dedicatory.*

However as the Beginners in the Art of designing are allow'd to make Rough-draughts after the best Originals, so I hope I may be suffer'd to Copy this single stroke in your Lordship's Character.

The hardest Part for a Politician to act in the *English* Constitution, is that of Moderator between *King* and People, and this you have discharg'd to the entire satisfaction of both. Your Eloquence in the Senate, has been no less admir'd than your Wisdom in the Cabinet-Council; for never did any Man before your Lordship manage so well the Interest of his Prince, and that of his Country, as to be at once a good *Courtier* and a good *Patriot*. This Prerogative as it is peculiar to your Lordship, so it has merited the unanimous Applause of the People's Representatives; and both by their Recommendation, and his own generous Inclination, gain'd you the Favour and Rewards of the wisest of Monarchs.

Yet, as the Sun, when it shines most bright, is most apt to raise Vapours from the Earth, which condensing into Clouds, break out at last in Thunder, and resolve into stormy Rains, so it had been a Miracle, not to be expected in these unhappy times, if so conspicuous a Merit, as yours, had not excited the Malice of the Envious; but then again as those Meteors can never reach the elevated

*Epistle Dedicatory.*

Planet, to which they owe their mischievous, but short-liv'd Being, so the sinister Arts of your Enemies have not been able to obscure your Fame, no, not so much as to trouble your Tranquillity. Arm'd with Christian Philosophy, and the Consciousness of a Trust honourably discharg'd, you have sustain'd the Attacks of furious Libellers: and, when by their untoward Suggestions brought under an Accusation, prefer'd the Publick Good, and the Dispatch of National Affairs, to your own private Justification. This Sacrifice is certainly the greatest that a Man can offer to his Country: Vulgar Souls, tho' guiltless, are presently discompos'd by an Impeachment, whereas a Noble Spirit can wait his Tryal unconcern'd, while he knows himself acquitted before the Tribunal of his own Conscience.

Nothing shews more the impotent Malice of your Lordship's Enemies, than their turning that upon you as a Fault, which has ever been esteem'd the distinguishing Virtue of great Men; and which has transmitted the Names of *Scipio*, *Laelius*, *Mecenas*, and *Richelieu* to the Admiration of After-ages: I mean, your Love for the Muses, and the kind Protection you afford Men of Letters. Sound Politicians ever found it their Advantage to advance and countenance Knowledge and the Liberal Sciences; whereas 'tis only the Interest

*Epistle Dedicatory.*

rest of State-Jugglers to introduce Ignorance  
and Barbarity, for the better Conveyance of  
their Legerdemain.

I humbly beg your Lordship favourably to  
accept of this Address, which flows from a  
Hearty desire of Expressing my self,

*My Lord,*

*Your Lordship's*

*Most humble and*

*most faithful Servant*

*July 5th 1701.*

*A. Boyer.*



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*Page 35. Line 12. Read Why did I not see you. Pag. 38 l. 26. r. that Country. Pag. 59 l. 2. r. Ignigo Oforio. Pag. 60 l. 17. r. than his liking. Pag. 83 l. 32. r. Torres-Torres. Pag. 87 l. 15. r. Will be forc'd. Pag. 220 l. 18. r. Impertinent Writings. Pag. 290 l. 2. r. by your ingenious Letter. Pag. 370 l. ult. r. Or till, &c.*

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SELECT  
LETTERS

Written in *Italian* by the famous  
Cardinal *BENTIVOGLIO*.

T O

The most Considerable Persons of  
his Time.

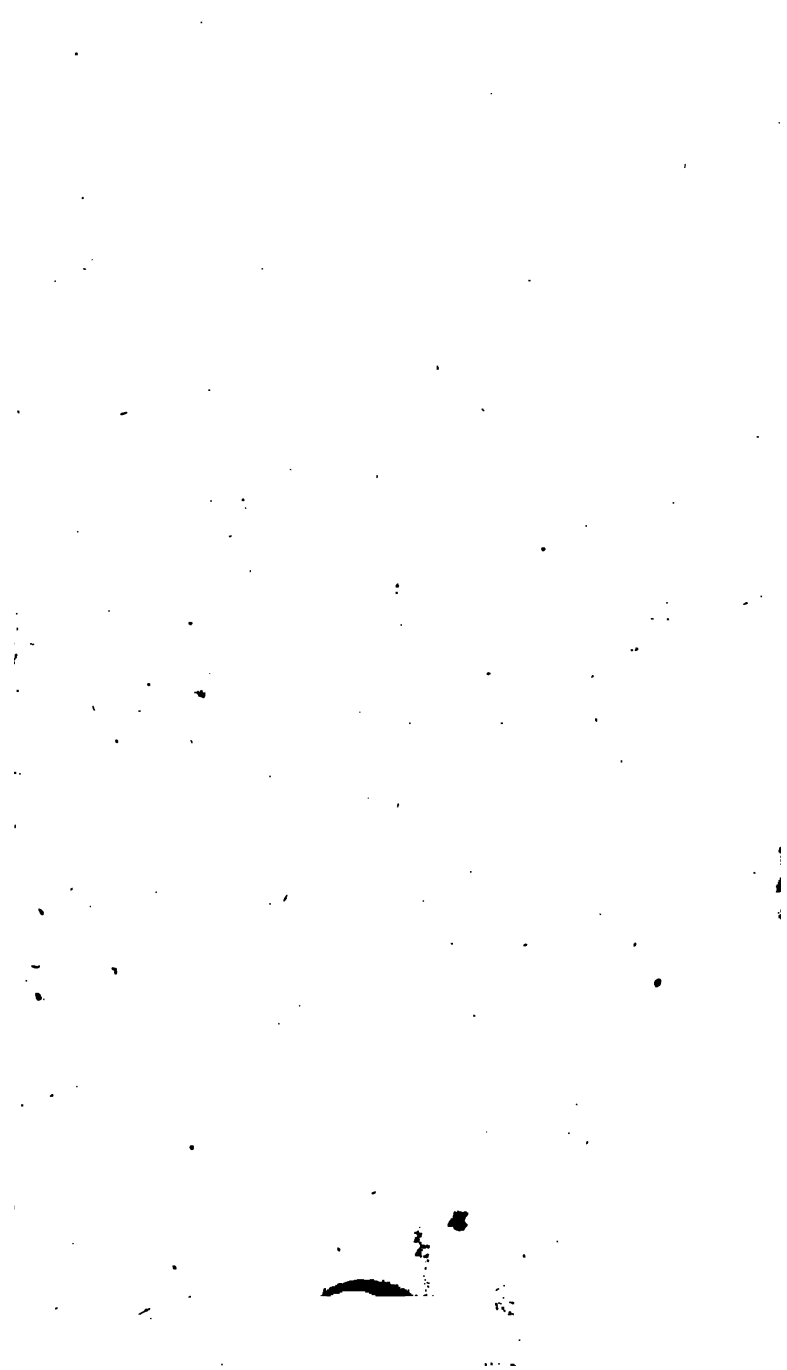
WHEREIN

Is discover'd the Genius of several Courts  
and Countries of *Europe*.

---

Made *English*, by Mr. *Savage* and Mr. *Boyer*.

---



L E T T E R I.

*To my Lady Catherine Livia, Countess of Firstemberg, at Brussels. Containing a pleasant Account of a Journey thro' Germany.*

**W**HAT! Not rail at *Germany*! How can one forbear? Extrême bad Roads; Endless Leagues; Going upwards and downwards continually; Crossing a thousand Rivers amidst a thousand Dangers; Snow up to the Knees; Winds that cut a Man's Throat; and after all this, shall I not rail at *Germany*? Nasty, filthy Inns; Sluttish Hostesses, with whom one would not so much as shake Hands; Stinking Stoves; stumm'd, luscious Wines; High-season'd Meats, and must I not speak ill of *Germany*? To Lodge sometimes among the *Calvinists*, sometimes amongst the *Lutherans*; not to be suffer'd either to say Mass, or hear it on the greatest Festivals; to travel a thousand Days without seeing a remarkable Place, and shall I not rail against *Germany*? However, Believe not, illustrious Madam, believe not too easily what I write: The Truth is, I have disguis'd the Truth almost in every Thing I have Written. All I said was but in Jest; for methought I still bore a Part in our Conversations at *Brussels*, and so I acted the Courtier, whereas it now becomes me to speak as a faithful Traveller. I therefore unsay what I have said before:

I found an easy Road and Leagues of a tolerable Length ; I went over the *Rhine* and the *Danube* without Danger ; I met with very good, commodious Inns ; Comely and kind-natur'd Hostesses, who according to the custom of the Country, would have sat down at Table with me ; Warm neat Stoves ; Excellent *Rhenish* and *Neckar* Wines ; *Calvinists* and *Lutherans*, whose *Calvin* and *Luther* are no other than Good Eating and Drinking : These are all the great Inconveniencies I have hitherto suffer'd in *Germany*, and which I am like to suffer still till my Arrival in *Italy*. I am at present at *Ausbourg*, and so far, thank God , I have had a safe Journey. I cross the *Rhine* at *Spires*, a City more Famous than Beautiful. Afterwards I went over the *Danube* at *Ulms*, a very agreeable City, and which, I confess, I was mightily pleas'd with. But as for *Ausbourg*, there is some thing truly Noble and Magnificent : And for my own part, I believe there's not in all *Germany* a finer City. Here I will stay to morrow, and afterwards proceed on my Journey towards *Innsbruck* ; where being arriv'd I shall continue to give your Ladiship an Account of my Travels, as in Duty bound. In the mean time I pray Almighty God to Bless you with continued Prosperity, and remain with sincere Affection, &c.

*Ausburg, January,*  
the 11th, 1616.

L E T-

## L E T T E R II.

To Signior Anthony Querengo, at Modena.

I have thought all along that you would not go to *Rome* this Winter: and now 'tis verified; since the very first Snow that cover'd Mount *Apennine* has hindred you to take that Journey. How heartily you made me Laugh with those thousand Years which you expect before the Cardinal returns to *Rome*! To tell the Truth, no News was ever so often contradicted as his Departure. Sometimes, 'tis said, his Eminence goes, sometimes he does not. However he will certainly go at last: For those Honours which call him back to the *Roman* Court, and which you so well describe in your Sonnet, are too powerful Incentives to suffer him to stay. In the mean time, Books, as you say, will divert those Melancholy Thoughts which these new intervals of Time shall occasion in you. But, my dear *Querengo*, how great and tedious is our Separation? How many Mountains, Plains, and Years lie betwixt us? And what would become of us, if our Pens had no Tongues, and our Thoughts no Wings to converse together, even at this Distance? I have felt an incredible Pleasure in the Reading of those fine Verses with which you have honour'd me. The stile seems to me an imitation of *Casa*, so numerous are your Words, and so grave and majestick your Thoughts. But besides, that 'tis a long time since I have convers'd either with *Casa*, the

other Poets, or any Thing that belongs to Literature, it little becomes me to make such Comparisons. I am here wholly taken up by publick Affairs; of which *Flanders*, by its Situation betwixt *Germany*, *France*, *England*, *Holland*, and the other United Provinces, has ever afforded a great deal. In my Time, a Truce has been agreed upon in this Country, by means of a tedious Negotiation of two Years; *France* was distracted by the Flight of the Prince of *Condé*, who was receiv'd here under the Protection of the King of *Spain*, and of these Princes of *Flanders*; *Germany* was twice in Rebellion on account of the Divisions betwixt the two Brothers of the Arch-Duke: A continual Paper-War has been maintain'd with *England*; the Peace with the United Provinces was never so well settled, but that it was sometimes disturb'd by Jealousies and Suspicions: And at the same time there has been here, and in the Neighbourhood several Affairs of great Consequence, which have requir'd our constant Application and Labour, for the Service of the Publick. But now we enjoy here a great Tranquility; which will still be greater, at least to me, for the Future, because I have discharg'd all my Ecclesiastical Functions. And indeed I can hardly tell which of the two has caus'd me more Joy, either to have begun them so opportunely, or ended them so happily during the Truce. Thus far of these Affairs. We have at present two Princesses at *Brussels*, viz. the Mother and the Wife of the Prince of *Condé*, who pass thro' this Place in their Return from  
*Hol-*

*Bentivoglio's Letters.* 5

*Holland to Paris.* Methinks the younger is still grown more Beautiful, and more capable of Kindling new Fires in the World. But the last was too dangerous, and we, here in *Flanders*, had like to have been Burnt in it. I was willing to give you this Account of all my Concerns, in exchange of the Pleasure you have given me in communicating your Affairs to me.

*I remain your*

*Affectionate Servant, &c.*

*Brussels, Decemb.  
the 3d. 1611.*

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L E T T E R III.

*To Signior Paulo Gualdo, at Padua.*

**T**Was high time, that after an Age of silence you should at last remember me. But how many things must have concurr'd to rub up your Memory? First of all, that My Lord Ortemberg should be made Bishop of *Arras*, then, that he should come to *Flanders*, pass through *Padua*, Lodge at your House, and last of all, that he should snatch from your Hands- (more than from your Will) the very Letter your Write me. Let's confess the Truth, Dear Signior *Gualdo*: Whoever is Absent holds but an indifferent Place in the Remembrance and Affection of his Friends. But I thought all along your Love to me was so



Sincere that I might rest secure, that nothing, no not even the Frozen Sea of these Northern Countries, could ever cool it. I return to your Letter, which, whether given, or snatch'd away, has been extream welcome, and was sent me but two Days ago by My Lord Bishop of *Arras*. I was highly pleas'd with the Account you give of that University, of those Friends, and particularly of your Affairs. But how came you to forget our good old Friend *Pigna*? Is it because heh as forgotten me? Yet, I still do, and ever shall retain a lively Remembrance of *Padua*: Not of the Walls of *Antenor*, nor the other inanimated Parts of that City, but of the living Persons, who renew in my Fancy those Pleasures, which for many Years I enjoy'd in the sweet and improving Conversation of so many Friends. All I expect from you, is that you make up your past Silence, by Writing to me, for the future, as often as you have an opportunity. If you Write, I shall Answer you: And if you do not Write, I shall excite you to it, by Writing my self. In the mean time I shall alwaies preserve my former Affection to your Person, and the Esteem I ever had for your great Virtue. I conclude with wishing you all true Happiness.

*Brussels, January.*  
the 21st. 1612.

LET.

## L E T T E R IV.

*To the Reverend Father Francis Bivero,  
of the Order St. Dominique, Spanish  
Preacher to his Catholick Majesty, and  
their most serene Highnesses of Flanders,  
at Brussels.*

I came to *Rome* this very Day, and would not fail to acquaint your *Reverence* with it. God be prais'd a thousand Times, that after so tedious a Journey, in so incommodious a Season for Travelling, I am at last safely arriv'd. Methinks I am still a Prisoner in the Stoves of *Germany*, or jolted in my Coach through the Mountains of *Tyrol*; tho' after all, the season was more favourable, and my Journey more happy than I expected; as I gave you to understand by another Letter. To-morrow I hope to Kiss Our Holy Father's Toe, and pay my Respects to My Lord Cardinal *Borghese*. Afterwards I shall discharge more at Leisure my Duty to the rest of the Court. Oh! how I find it chang'd! Tho' I can say little about it, being scarce arriv'd there. Therefore be now contented to receive this first Advice, and do not look upon it as an indifferent Proof of my Love; my stealing away from a thousand pressing Affairs, to entertain you, I hope, will convince you to the Contrary. I thought to have receiv'd your Letters here at my arrival: But I find my self  
deceiv'd,

deceiv'd, either by the number of the Days, or the Impatience with which I expected that Satisfaction. My most hearty Service to the Father Confessor of the most serene Arch-Duke; and my best Wishes to your *Reverence* for your Welfare.

*Rome, March the*  
26th. 1616.

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## LETTER V.

*To the same.*

I receiv'd at last the Letters I expected from your *Reverence*, and tho' somewhat later than Ordinary, yet with no less Satisfaction. I infinitely rejoice, that the new *Nuntio* has made so good a Beginning, and hope the Progress will answer it more and more. I ought indeed, as you tell me, to hope not to be altogether out of your Memory, since when I came away I was almost more a *Fleming* than an *Italian*. Cavalier *Masio*, their most serene Highnesses's Resident, visited me much about the same time, and you may imagine whether we spoke of *Flanders*? And whether his Conversation reviv'd in me the Ideas of *Fleming* Objects? But let's leave 'em for the Present. I was received by our holy Father, and My Lord Cardinal *Borghese* with great Demonstrations of Kindness, and I cannot express how much they seem'd satisfied with my past Services;  
which

which gives me reason to hope, that they will not leave me idle, if a new occasion offers to employ me. There's already a talk of two Employments; the one is the Nunciature of *France*, which of necessity must speedily be supply'd; and the other that of *Germany*, which is also lookt upon as vacant; the Nuncio there, having several times desir'd to be recall'd. The sentiments of the Palace are not yet penetrated into; but it seems those of the Court, (which is ever curious, and often times chuses before the Prince himself) design me hitherto, before any other Person, for either of these two Employments. In *Germany*, the Cold, the Stoves, and the Tables frighten me more than Business. In *France*, on the contrary, 'tis Business, deters me more than the Climate or way of Living. During so many Years I was in *Flanders*, I saw nothing from that Shore but Storms, Tempests and Shipwracks in the Sea of *France*. The King is still a *Minor*, or but just got out of his Minority; and consequently the Government is unsettled, or in manifest Danger of being Stagger'd. Therefore I have reason to fear that Sea, which is Naturally Tempestuous, even when it looks most Calm. As to the Nunciature of *Spain*, there's nothing to be hop'd for, because the Nuncio will not be chang'd this long time. But rather than live idle, I shall be glad of any other Employment, besides the two foremention'd, which are the most considerable that the Apostolick See can bestow. In the mean time, the life I now lead at *Rome* seems to me extream Slavish and Tiresom: Chiefly when compar'd to that sweet and free way of Living I enjoy'd  
in

in *Flanders*. Here visits are continual; Attendants frequent; Eating and Sleeping got by stealth; Wines Luscious; the Air intemperate; endless Conversations; Slaveries without any seasoning of Liberty; in short, a Life quite different from what I past. And which is worse I shall want here the cool Air of *Flanders*, and the pleasant Walks of *Brussels*. But enough of that in this Letter: My usual Compliments to our Father Confessor; and may Heaven pour down his choicest Blessings on you.

*Rome, April the*  
10th. 1616.

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## LETTER VI.

*To the Duke of Monteleone, a Grandee of Spain.*

First of all, I must beg your *Eminence's* leave to complain of the Heat: Oh! what a cruel Heat! What a fiery hot Weather! A Weather which has brought the Air of *Spain* into *France*, and of *Sevil* to *Tours*. Indeed I am concern'd for your *Eminence* if your Heat has been, in proportion, as violent as ours. That which we now feel here, is the more intolerable, as that we only had before a Summer by Name; for indeed most Days were like the Spring, and the Month of *July* like that of *April*. But this *August* is a continual Flame. There's no Sleeping in the Night, nor Reposing

ing in the Day. For 'tis usual to turn the Night into Day. Accordingly, the great Master of the Horse came two Days ago to Visit me at the Abbey of *Marmontier*, where my Lodgings are, towards the beginning of the Night; and the Duke of *Guise* came there yesterday Morning, almost at break of Day. However this Fury will be soon over: And your *Eminence* very well knows how the Violence of the Elements like the Passions of this Nation, are transitory: I have sufficiently complain'd of the Heat, let's now speak of other matters. I am at present at *Tours*, because the Court is there. As for publick Affairs, there are no others here, but what relate to the Queen Mother, and we may hope to see them terminated in a short time according to the Wishes of all good Men. The Queen is already resolv'd to come directly to *Tours* to meet the King. The Prince of *Piedmont's* Journey to *Angouleme*, has not a little contributed to this Reconciliation. The Duke of *Monbazon* went afterwards thither twice from his Majesty, and gave the Queen more particular Assurances of the sincere intention of Monsieur de *Luyne* his Son in Law; which at last inclin'd her Majesty to banish all Suspicions, and come to meet the King. As the Passions and Interests of People differ'd, so her Councils were various; Nay, a great many advise her still not to trust any Body. I confess, I am one of those that have been most earnest in perswading her Majesty to come: I wrote to her by the good Father *Joseph*, a *Capuchin*, who went some Days ago to *Angouleme*; and told her freely, that she

she ought not to fear any thing, or put off her Journey any longer; for I had great Reason to assure her Majesty, that things could not be here in a better Posture. I have since receiv'd a very obliging Letter from her, whereby she approves of my Advice, and the Liberty I had taken. And indeed no Man could get a clearer insight into the King's and *Monsieurs de Luynes's* intentions than I have done. We therefore expect her here ere it be long; and 'tis wish'd, if possible, that her first interview with the King may be on *St. Lewis's Festival*, to make that Day still more solemn, which of it self is already so remarkable in *France*. We may without doubt expect a great Good from this Reconciliation; as on the contrary, we ought to apprehend no small Danger, if it were not accomplish'd; especially at present, because of the Assembly which the *Hugonots* design to hold the next Month; for nothing could so much favour their ill Designs, as the continuance of a Division in the Royal Family. That's the condition the Queen's Affairs are in at present. Thus *Tours* will now become as famous by the Queen's Arrival on this Occasion, as *Blois* was some Months ago by her Flight from thence. In my journey to the Court, I saw the Casement thro' which she went down at Midnight; and view'd likewise all the rest of the Castle, which seems destin'd for the most tragical Accidents of *France*; particularly, I was conducted to the King's Appartment, where the Duke of *Guisse* was killed at the States General held by *Henry the III.* There, said they to me, *he came in, here*  
he

be receiv'd the first Blow; there he drew his Sword half way; here they made an end of him, and in that corner stood the King, unperceiv'd, to see him Die. My Horror was still greater when I came to the Place where the Cardinal his Brother was cruelly Butcher'd with Halberts. I saw the Room where Cardinal *de Bourbon* was Imprison'd at the same time; and finally I view'd the Chamber where Queen *Catherine* Died eight Days after, oppress'd with Grief for these fatal Accidents, and in the Apprehension of consequences yet more fatal, which she foretold a little before she gave up the Ghost. I consider'd likewise with great Attention, those animated Walls, which represent to the Life the Miseries of Crowns amidst their greatest Splendor. But let's return to *Tours*, and that delicious Country round it. It might justly be call'd the *Arcadia* of *France*, but that it wants a *French Sannazarus* to describe it. Yet if they do not give it here the Name of *Arcadia*, they call it however the *Garden of the Kingdom*; and that too with a great deal of Reason, since the fine River *Loire* carries its gentle streams so agreeably thro' its Plains; so delicious are its Banks, so rich and fruitful the Fields all around it, and so delightful the Prospects which they yield on every side. But what does your *Emi-nence* say of the situation of *Tours*, with the Village which stands opposite to it, where is the Abbey of *Marmoutier*? What do you think of these little Islands, where Art and Nature have form'd that Bridge, which serves for a Passage over the River, and an Entrance into the City? And again, what do you think of  
all



all those fine Trees, which, with a kind of Majesty, raise their lofty heads among the Houses both in the City, in the Suburbs, and in those little Islands, which sometimes unite several Objects together, and sometimes present on every side a various, but still agreeable, Prospect to the wondring Eye? Your *Eminence* may perhaps have observ'd all these Things much better than my self, when you were last at *Tours*; but nevertheless I was willing to refresh the Remembrance of them in your Mind, and at the same time to renew your Pleasure. Thus far of the Affairs of this Country. Count *Bucoy's* Successes in *Germany* encrease daily, since the Arrival of the Troops from *Flanders*; and the Electors have already acknowledg'd at *Frankfort*, King *Ferdinand* for King of *Bohemia*, which is a great Point towards his being chosen Emperor. Nothing could be done here more advantageous for those Countries, to serve at once both the Catholick Religion, and King *Ferdinand*. I shall conclude by owning the Receipt of your *Eminence's* last Letter, dated the 27 of the last Month; and expressing to you the great Joy I have conceiv'd, at the most serene *Infant Don Ferdinand*, his Catholick Majesty's third Son's being promoted to a Cardinal's Dignity; which adds a great Ornament to the sacred College, and heightens the Glory of the whole Church. I remain, &c.

*Tours, August the*  
20th. 1619.

LET-

## LETTER VII.

*To the Same.*

**Y**OUR Eminence distinguish'd very right, when you answer'd the *French* Gentleman, as to the Embassy which is sent from hence to *Germany*. It ought indeed to have been an Embassy of Protestation, and not of Negotiation; because, by this means, both the Emperour and the Catholics of *Germany*, would have reap'd a great Advantage by the Troops that were on the Frontiers, whereas now we can hope but little from a Treaty. Besides, this Court had promis'd to succour *Germany* by Arms, and not by a Negotiation. But your Eminence sees in what a perplex'd Condition *France* finds herself at present. In short, 'tis plain that this is a sickly Body; which as long as 'tis troubled with the Palsy, (if I may so call it) of the *Hugonot* Faction, can never recover its Health, but will still be subject to Convulsive Fits, and have but a quaking Strength. 'Tis principally from this Faction her whole Disease proceeds, because it foments Seditions among the Catholics themselves. Therefore 'tis sometimes one and sometimes the other of these two reasons, nay sometimes both together, which occasion those commotions that generally distract this Kingdom; in so much that this Monarchy shall never recover its pristine Vigour, till it be settled in a Condition quite opposite to what it is now in; because the Common-Wealth, which the *Hugonots* every Day endeavour more and more to bring

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into

into the Kingdom, is without doubt entirely opposite to the Regal Authority. Their late Assembly at *Loudun* lasted six Months together; during which they have still sent new Deputies to Court, who spoke like Sovereigns, and as such design'd rather to prescribe Laws, than receive any from the King; and after all, the Court was oblig'd to use a Stratagem, instead of its Authority, to separate them. I mean by this, that *France* in her present Condition, is not able to do what she would, either to serve others, or to supply her own Necessities. Your *Eminence* knows all this very well; and therefore to be plain, we ought every day to despair more and more of the Succours which were to be sent from hence to the Emperour, and the Catholicks of *Germany*; for the Queen-Mother's Affairs keep the Kingdom so much in suspense, that they cannot spare Forces to relieve Strangers. Nevertheless, there's no hopes the Emperor and the *Catholicks* of those Parts, should prosper, without a supply from *France*. The late Defeat of the *Bobemians*, by Count *Bucoy*, was very considerable; and 'tis believ'd for certain, that the Duke of *Saxony* will absolutely embrace the Emperor's Party. We shall see e're it be long what Effect the Monitory is like to have, which was signified to the Elector *Palatin*, to Summon him to quit *Bobemia*, and the other Provinces that have been usurp'd. In the mean while, we are here very much in suspense, as I said before, upon account of the Queen Mother's Affairs. The King sent lately *Monsieur de Blainville* to supply her with Money, and offer her new Conditions towards a Reconciliation.

ciliation. By all which 'tis plain, that in this Negotiation all possible means are us'd on this side to accommodate Matters, and bring her to Court. But on the other the Queen is fill'd with Suspicions; she would, and she would not; she desires and fears at the same time; and is more perplex'd by the Artifices of others than by her own Reasonings. We are now in these Uncertainties, and amidst the Dangers which may probably ensue.

*I remain*

*Your Eminence's*

*most humble Servant, &c.*

*Paris, June the  
5th. 1620.*

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L E T T E R VIII.

*To Signior Antonio Querengo; at Modena.*

**M**Ethink 'tis altogether a Dream that your Muse, which formerly was so lazy, shou'd now produce at once so many fine Things in Verse and Prose, both in Print and in Manuscript; and that the same Muse should take a flight into *Flanders* to Sing my Praise in an *unsettled, boisterous Climate*, is more than I can well

well comprehend, tho' my Eyes be open——. Yet, I have your Letters in my Hand; I read your Verses, and hear the Singing of your Muse which flatters me with my own Glory. Oh! what a charming Letter! what excellent Verses! what a noble Sonnet! I receiv'd at *Cambray*, (where I now am on a Visitation) all those Pleasures at once, which are really so great, that I am no more Angry with you, for that cruel silence, which you have kept with me so long. I am extreamly glad, you have at last resolv'd to suffer your Poems to be publish'd; which without doubt will soon gain the universal Applause of *Italy*. I came to *Cambray* on the forementin'd Occasion, this being the last Arch-bishoprick I wanted to see, to finish the intire Visitation of all these *Catholic* Provinces, which I have run over in five several Journeys. I have seen the famous Cities of *Ghent* and *Antwerp*, and the other principal Towns of this Country. I have view'd those Places where the most celebrated Actions of War have been achiev'd; and perhaps, (I shiver with horror to think on't) I have trod on the very Bones of my Brother *Alexander*, and of my Nephew *Cornelio*, in that fatal Field, where the memorable Battle of *Newport* was fought, among those great Heaps of Sand, which the *Ocean* has gather'd in this low Country, for a Rampier aganst it self. I went thro' that Field accompanied by the Governour of *Newport*, a Soldier of Quality, who having been himself in the Battle, took great care to give me a particular Account of every Thing as we went along. On this side, said he, the *Catholicks*

*tholicks* were incamp'd, on that the *Hereticks*: Thus our Men March'd out, thus the Enemy; Here the two Armies Engaged; and here was the greatest Slaughter. There Prince *Maurice* commanded all the *Dutch* Ships to retire from the Shore, on purpose to put his Soldiers to the necessity either of Vanquishing or Dying. Here the Arch-Duke fought with great Valour; Here he was wounded; there he was like to have been taken; and lastly, here his Army was routed, tho' not without a considerable Loss on the Enemy's side. Thus methought I was in the Fight my self, by hearing so particular a Relation of it on the very Spot. You may easily imagine I wish'd to have seen *Holland*, if I could have had an Opportunity: However I have since seen it, in some measure, and at the same time penetrated into the Deepest Secrets of this new Republick of the United Provinces, by the means of an exact Information, procur'd me from several Places. I lately sent to *Rome* a very full Relation of all, divided into three Books, and each Book into divers Chapters. From thence I took occasion to speak, tho' as briefly as ever I could, of all that has hapn'd thro' the whole course of the late Wars. And in this short historical Narration of mine, I have still kept an Eye upon the elegant Abridgment of the *Roman* History of *Florus*, as a Pattern to imitate, at least as far as my weak Pen could reach the admirable Vivacity and Graces of that Author. How often have I wish'd that I might have communicated my Work to you! how passionately desir'd, it might

first pass the Examination of your refin'd Judgment, that so it might not fear the Censure of others! But now 'tis no more in my Power, tho' at a nother Time it may. I can no longer entertain you in this Letter: My Ecclesiastical Functions call me away, and time presses upon me, being to set out to morrow morning for *Donay*, and *St. Omers*, to visit two *English* Seminaries there. *St. Omers* is not above four Leagues distant from *Calais*, that is say, it is almost in sight of the *British* Channel; I shall come back hither to *Cambray*, and from hence afterwards repair to my usual Residence at *Brussels*.

*I remain,*

*Your humble Servant, &c.*

*Cambray, Sept.  
the 28, 1611.*

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LET-

## L E T T E R IX.

*To Count Annibal Manfredi Ambassador  
from Ferrara, at Rome.*

THE Troubles of *France*, have occasion'd my long silence, so they ought to excuse the same to you. When I first came to *Paris* the last Storm was ready to break out; Tumults increas'd in an instant; *France* was all up in Arms; and 'twas thought she would be quickly be turn'd upside down. The Military Tragedies that were apprehended throughout the Kingdom, ended at last in some dismal Scenes at Court: And as things are now, we enjoy a little quiet; which makes me take Pen in hand, to repair the Fault I have committed in not writing to you all this while. I recover'd my Health by degrees during my Journey, (as I acquainted you before) and my stay in *Paris* has settled it in a perfect state. I found here the sweet Friendly Air of *Flanders*, by reason these Countries are so near one another that there's hardly any difference betwixt their Climates. I feel at *Paris* the same cool Weather I enjoy'd at *Brussels*; for the Month of *June* in *France*, is much the same with that of *April* in *Italy*. But then as for the People, their Customs and their Courts, they are intirely different. The very first Month of my Residence in *Flanders* suffic'd to bring me acquainted with almost all the Passages of the Princes's Lives during my *Nunciature* of Nine



Years. But were I to stay here Nine Ages together, I never should find one Day at this Court like one of those at 'tother. There, an uniform conduct reigns, and here a continual change; There they are too slow, and here too eager; and in short the same contrariety is to be found almost in every thing. But all Courts and Nations deserve to be commended for some things, and blamed for others; and a publick Minister ought to accommodate himself to that Diversity of Humours which reigns in every one of them. There generally arise great Noveltyes in *France*, because of the continual change of Affairs. During the few Months I have been here, there have happen'd such great and strange Revolutions, that those very People who were Eye Witnesses of 'em, can scarcely believe them. *France* was in one moment all up in Arms; and divided almost into as many Factions as there are Governours, and tho' every Faction had a various Pretence, yet all was done in outward appearance in the King's Name. 'Twas under this sacred Name, those Commotions of War were raised, whereof *Concini* Marechal *d'Ancre* was the principal Author; and the contrary Parties were those of *Nevers*, *du Maine* and *Vendôme*. Several other great Men in the Kingdom were upon the point of rebelling, under the same Pretence: As were also the *Hugonots*, who amidst the Divisions of the *Catholicks*, constantly endeavour to encrease their Heretical Faction. But at last the King shew'd himself a King, and set up his Royal Authority every where. And to speak Truth, in relation

lation to the Mareſchal *d'Ancre*, his Pride and Arrogance were grown to that height, that none here could bear them any longer. Therefore *France* demanded the Blood of this Victim, and there has been a neceſſity to Sacrifice it. I ſuppoſe, the particular News of theſe Tragical Accidents has already reach'd *Italy*. And I muſt confeſs I ſhould feel too much horror, ſhould I attempt to write a Relation of them in this Letter; I was ſufficiently ſtruck with it, when I beheld here that cruel Spectacle. They ought not to have been Surpriz'd at *Rome* at theſe Events, for I had often Writ, that according to the general Opinion, Mareſchal *d'Ancre's* Violence, could not be laſting; and that the more his Ambition rais'd him on high, the greater his Fall was like to prove. This was the end of *Cenci's* Greatneſs, and 'tis thought his Wife will alſo loſe hers in a tragical Manner, and be ſoon put to Death by this Parliament, in the publick Place of *Paris*. 'Tis not to be imagin'd how much the Memory of both is deteſted, principally becauſe they are lookt upon as the Authors of the Diviſion betwixt the King and the Queen his Mother: Who ſhewing now no leſs Wiſdom in quitting the Management of the Kingdom, than ſhe did before in ſupporting the weight of Affairs, has rather thought fit to retire to *Blois*, and there to ſtay for ſome time. But 'tis to be hoped that Time it ſelf, will ſhortly exert its Efficacy in the reuniting the Minds of their Majeſties. In the mean time, the King has taken the Command into his own Hands; and the Death of one ſingle Man ſeems to  
have

have appeased the Indignation of the whole Kingdom, and settled every where Obedience and Tranquillity. But nevertheless the fiery, boisterous Humour of this Nation still remains which, as I said before, will naturally produce Novelties in abundance. And besides the changeable Temper of the Nation, we must consider the Distemper which Heresy ingenders here: This is the Plague of the Kingdom, for it has disunited all the several Governments. The Heresy of *\*Calvin* is an extream, entirely opposite to the *Catholick* Religion: And the Commonwealth which the *Hugonots* endeavour to frame here, is another extream no less opposite to the *French* Monarchy. We therefore ought to pray God Almighty to take this Kingdom into his Protection, particularly the King, who is yet very Young. His Majesty has hitherto given Proofs of a great Judgment, and singular Piety. He is born a King; bears the Name of a holy King and had a most glorious King, to his Father; all which are Characters that promise him also to be a very great Prince. During this Conjunction of Time and Affairs I have had hitherto a great deal of trouble, neither am I like to have less for the Future. I am us'd already to the Forms of this Court, and the way of Living at *Paris*, where indeed I receive all the honour imaginable. The Court is very fine; particularly at present, when all the Princes, and almost all the other great Men of the Realm attend the King. But 'tis not to be imagin'd what a great Confusion there is: And they are so far from endeavouring to remedy it,

it, that the more this Greatness is confus'd and Noisie, the more it is counted pleasant and delightful. The Noblemen, and Persons of great Quality, as also those of an inferiour Rank, esteem it a piece of extraordinary Greatness, and a Majestick Pomp, to thrust themselves into the King's Chamber, and are not content to be in his View, but they must crowd his very Person. I am sometimes out of all Patience, because at the Audience I can hardly get Room to reach the King's Ear. *Paris* is a City worthy of so great a Court; and the *Seine* a River worthy of so great a City; whose Situation deserves also to be the Center of the Dominions of so noble a Kingdom. *Paris* is surrounded with an infinite Number of great Villages, and most fruitful Fields. There are in it above Six hundred thousand Inhabitants; and therefore so vast and populous a Place could not have had a more pleasant, and commodious Site. But having thus long been writing, I do but just begin to perceive that I write; for being deceiv'd with the Pleasure I find in entertaining you, I only thought I was speaking. Neither did I imagine to be in the *Rome* of *France*, but in that of *Italy*, sitting by you, and discoursing with you after our usual Freedom and Confidence. I conclude, with the Tender of my best Affection, &c.

*Paris, June the*  
8th. 1617.

LET-

## L E T T E R X.

*To Signor Cornaro, Clerk of the Apostolick Chamber, who afterwards was made a Cardinal by Pope Urban VIII. at Rome.*

**T**IS true, I own it: I ought to have answer'd yours sooner, and would have done it, as well to comply with my inclination, as to discharge my Duty. But I was first hindred by a pain in the Liver, and then my Business kept me so long employ'd, that I now find my self prevented once more by your last, and most obliging Letter. If these Reasons are good, I shall be sufficiently excus'd; but if they won't do, I must confess my self conquer'd by you; I mean, conquer'd in those external Demonstrations of Love only; for you know well enough that in Point of inward Affection you cannot have any Advantage over me. I am at present in the Country, both to take the fresh Air, and fully to recover my former Health. I arriv'd five Days ago at *Noisy*, a Country-House belonging to My Lord Cardinal *de Retz*, four little Leagues from *Paris*. The Season could not be more pleasant at this time of the Year to be in the Country; nor the Place where I am more delicious to enjoy the Season. This House is Built upon a rising Ground; there are Gardens, Woods, Plains, and Hills about it, and this Decoration cannot be finer, because it cannot have

have more Variety. It presents sometimes all these Things together to the sight, and sometimes one of them by it self, and that too with such delight, that the very sight is often confounded, not knowing what's most to be admir'd. To all these fine things, there is but one wanting, which is, Water. Had this Place Fountains, it would be perhaps the most delicious in all *France*, and exceed even St. *German's*, one of the King's Houses, a League distant from hence. I have also seen St. *German's* by reason of its Neighbourhood: Its Situation is on a Hill, and certainly one of the finest in the World. Amongst other things that are truly Royal, there's a great Descent of Stairs, adorn'd with a Balustrade, which parting majestically from the Palace, in a double row, descend, with easy steps, thro' a long piece of Ground, almost as far as the Banks of the *Seine*; which in a gentle Stream carries its Waters thro' the Plain, and by several turnings and windings, seems to fly from it self, and then to seek its own Channel again. In short, Imagination it self cannot frame a Country more delicious than this. Neither are the Hills here, as amongst us, High, Craggy, and dreadfully steepy in several Places, and when cover'd, 'tis only with an ugly, dead Green. But these verdant Hills of *France*, preserving the lively colour of the Spring, as long as they are Green, rise gently amidst great Tracts of Fields, which yield a pleasant fragancy. This renders the *Vistas* so fine and so extended, that oftentimes they stretch farther than the Eye can reach, and the

the last appear still more agreeable and charming than the first. I have been these Six Days in this House of the Cardinal *de Retz*; and would have staid sometime longer, but that the Courier from *Rome* is arriv'd, who calls me back to-morrow to *Paris*; perhaps to drive me from thence to the Court at *Monceaux*; which is also a very fine Place, by reason of its Situation, Gardens and Buildings. When the Court is return'd from *Monceaux* to *Paris*, the King may perhaps go to *Fontainebleau*, which is the largest House the Kings of *France* have in the Country; but which has no Prospect, being Seated in a great Forest that stretches along the Plain, and is full of an infinite number of Stags, which is the Game that Kings generally Hunt. These three Country-Houses, viz. *Fontainebleau*, *Saint Germans*, and *Monceaux*, are the nearest to *Paris*, and where the Court stays for the most part. As soon as the Court comes to any of these Places, it turns them presently into Cities, so great is the Number of the Persons who usually attend the King, besides those who at all times resort to Court from all Parts, upon extraordinary Affairs. Yet I have been from it these Six Days past, particularly from *Paris*, where the great Noise and Hurry of so many People, Carts and Coaches, sometimes blinds my Sight, and stuns my Ears. Whilest I enjoy this Tranquility and Silence here, I answer your Letter, and am wholly with you: For indeed I may be said to be wholly with you, since I have given you so particular an account of this Country-House, and of myself, who have liv'd in it. Let that suffice for  
private

private Concerns. As for the publick Affairs of *Italy*; I see both what you Write and fear concerning them. Nevertheless I still retain my former Hopes, and firmly believe that after so good an Agreement about Sea-Affairs, no Difference shall happen at Land. God grant a speedy Conclusion of all these Troubles, that our *Italy* from the Miseries of this War, may learn for the future better to enjoy the Blessings of Peace. We live here at present in a great Tranquillity; but it is such a one as is agreeable to the Genius of *France*, which has nothing certain in it, but Uncertainty it self. Much like the Sea, which when most Calm, is neither less Deep, nor less subject to Storms; thus when *France* promises a great Tranquillity, 'tis then we ought most to distrust its Promises. But in the mean time we shall enjoy the present Calm, and leave to Providence all future Accidents. How great is the loss we had lately in Cardinal *de Perron*? He was the St. *Augustin* of *France*; and one of the greatest Ornaments of our Age; he knew every thing; and whoever heard him speak of any Science, would be apt to think he never study'd but that single one. I return to your Letter before I conclude mine. I see your good wishes for me in Relation to Signior *d'Amelia's* Journey into *Spain*; and acknowledg your wonted and partial Affection, which makes up in Desire what I want in Merit. I pray God bless you with a speedy success in your Affairs; not only for your own Satisfaction, but also that your most Noble Family, which is a seminary of Cardinals, may



may rejoice once more by seeing you advanc'd to a Dignity, you have so justly merited. I remain with sincere Affection,

*Tours, &c.*

*Noisy, Sept. the*  
22. 1618.

## L E T T E R XL

*To Signior Paul Gualdo, Arch-Priest of Padua.*

I heard of your Nephew Signior *John Baptist's* Departure before I knew any thing of his Design of being gone. I confess, I was somewhat displeas'd at it: What! Run away from *France*, before, (if I may so speak) he was arriv'd there? Is it because the Affairs of this Court and Kingdom deserve not to be observ'd with particular Application? That Man who travels into foreign Countries, with no other Design than to make himself able to entertain his Relations at home, with a Description of the Rivers, Fields, Forests, Mountains, Towns, and Cities, and the Number and Habit of the Inhabitants of a Country, that Man, I say, takes abundance of Pains to very little purpose; for by taking notice of mute, inanimate Things, he only consults the gratifying of the Sight, and neglects what is more material, the Improvement of his Mind. Whoever leaves  
his

his own Country to see the World abroad, ought, in my Opinion, to bestow his particular Observation on the Customs and Manners of Foreign Nations; The Temper and Genius of Kings; The Constitution of their Councils; Their Strength; The Laws and Statutes of Kingdoms, The State of Religion; How the Authority of Commanding, is mixt with the manner of Obeying; Upon what Terms they are with their Neighbours; What *peccant* Humour there is in each Government; and if curable, What Remedy were most proper for it. These and the like Things which relate to Governments are such as I would recommend to the Notice and Contemplation of Travelers. Just as the Soul gives us our Being, so does the Government give Kingdoms Theirs. Wherefore we ought to make this Part our constant Study, and endeavour to be thoroughly acquainted with it. All the rest is gross matter without Life, much like to the Members of our Body, which never move, but when the Soul informs them. But the Constitution of the Government of Kingdoms, is not to be Comprehended in a Day or two: This Knowledge requires Study, and Study Time. Now if these Things deserve to be observ'd any were, they do so more particularly in *France*, which is a State so very large; so much divided in point of Religion; so often tost by Civil Com-motions; where one sees one of the greatest Courts in *Europe*, and one of the most considerable Governments in the World; in short, where one meets with so many other things worth taking notice of, that whole Years would

not suffice to get a Competent Knowledge of all. But what deserves more peculiarly to be consider'd are the continual changes which are seen in this Kingdom. And if nothing contributes more to the Capacitating a Man for the Management of publick Business, than the viewing the Succession of several Events, all other Countries must yield to *France*, because, in this particular, *France* may be a School for all other Countries. Therefore Signior *John Baptist* should have staid here, at least as long as Signior *Contarini's* Embassy lasted. You see already he might have observ'd a very considerable Passage, at his first Arrival at *Paris*; I mean the sudden Retreat of the Queen Mother to *Blois*, which occasions such great Troubles here. Oh! that I were now with our Friend Signior *Bono!* to discourse him of this unforeseen Accident, as we did two Years ago of that which the World so little expected, when the Queen retired from *Paris*. No doubt this Accident will seem great to him, for it is really great in it self, and yet greater still in its Consequences, with regard to the Publick. We are here already in Alarms, and upon the Point of seeing strange thing, if God Almighty casts not an Eye of Compassion upon *France*. But I leave *France* to return to your Letter; 'tis a shame they did not deliver it to me sooner: For if I always with those Letters that are Written to me had Wings, I should do so much more particularly to yours; so much I value the new Testimonies of your Affection? and so great a Delight I find in any fresh Account of what happens at *Padua*. As for  
Signior

Signior *Tedeschi*, I thought indeed I might safely believe he would want Courage to come hither. But I find he now takes no more the Trouble upon him either of Writing to me, or making Verses in my Praise. You have fill'd me with Joy, by sending me news of *Signior di Feliro*, our Friend. 'Tis almost an Age since he has been so cruel as not to Write to me. What a fine Pretence can he find in the *Northern* Climate for his new residence in the Winter? For my part I have resided nine Years together in *Flanders*, without being Frozen: If ever he returns to *Italy*, let him look to himself——. But I'll threaten no more at present. My hearty Service a thousand times to Signior *Bono*; and tell him a thousand times over, that I envy that soft Repose he enjoys at *Padua*, which every day seems more and more agreeable to me, either because I am depriv'd of it, or in Comparison to that busie, tumultuous Life I lead here in *France*. I conclude with wishing you all the joy and content imaginable.

Paris, March the  
20th. 1619.

## LETTER XII.

*To the Queen Mother, at Angouleme.**Madam,*

AS nothing did more afflict our Holy Father, than to hear of the Misunderstanding that was between your Majesty, and the King your Royal Son, and which disturb'd every where the Peace of this Kingdom ; so nothing could be a greater Consolation to his Holiness, than to receive News of the Reconciliation between your Majesties, and at the same time to see *France* restor'd to its former Tranquillity. The Joy his Holiness felt on this occasion was yet the greater, by having this News from your Majesty's own Hand, with so many particular marks of Confidence and Affection. Your Majesty will see his Holiness's Answer in the inclos'd Brief, and by the Letter that goes along with it, you will find how much Cardinal *Borghese* is sensible of the Honour your Majesty has done him by condescending to Write to him concerning this matter. This very occasion emboldens me to take Pen in Hand, to rejoice with your Majesty at so happy a success ; which Duty I discharge with all the sentiments of a Person intirely devoted to your Service, both with Respect to the Public Good, and a particular Regard to your Majesties Royal Person. God grant so prosperous a success may be attended with many other

others no less welcome; and that your Majesty's private Satisfaction may daily increase amidst the universal Felicity of your Kingdom. I remain with all Humility and Respect,

*Madam,*

*Your Majesty's, &c.*

*Tours, July the  
4th. 1619.*

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L E T T E R XIII.

*To Cavalier Marini, at Paris*

WHY did I not see you, my Dear Cavalier, before I went for *Fontainebleau*? Certainly I had either brought you with me, or else dragg'd you along. Tho' after all, I believe you would have come voluntarily and without force, for I imagine you would have been glad to have seen *Fontainebleau*, which holds the first Rank amongst the Royal Country-Houses of the Kings of *France*. But if I was depriv'd of your Conversation, I have however been entertain'd by the Reading of your Verses, and enjoy'd the sweet harmony of your charming Muse. This was all my Diversion during my Journey, and now I'm arriv'd, 'tis the greatest Recreation I have here. Good God! what a Poetical Vein! What Purity! What noble and uncommon Thoughts! But

what do you design to do with all your other Compositions, which are either finish'd, or want little of being so? Indeed you would very much wrong your own Glory, the Liberality of so great a King, and both *France* and *Italy*, (which agree in the same wishes, or rather contend for the Honour of that high Reputation you have in the World) if you should defer any longer to put them to the Press. But above all remember, I beseech you, my Dear *Cavalier*, what I have so often advis'd you to before, to purge your *Adonis* from Smut, that he may not fear the severity of our Censures of *Italy*, nor be expos'd to be put at last to a more unfortunate Death by the Violence of these Blows, than he suffer'd by those which you relate in your Poetical Fictions. Upon the whole Matter, I am certain you will not be the Parricide of your own Production. In the mean time, we shall enjoy the sweet and pleasing strains of your Muse. But why have you put after the Frontispiece that long Letter, or rather Apology, to *Achillini* and *Previ*? You have too much debas'd your own Virtue, and done too great honour to the Envy of your Enemies. The best way to punish Envy, is to despise it; never did any Arrow hit the Heavens. When a Man has reach'd that high degree to which you are rais'd, he ought little to regard four or five self conceited Men, who refuse to join their Applause to the general Approbation of the Publick. Shew me one Person amongst all the great Men, both Ancient and Modern, of what Profession soever, that in his Life time was not expos'd to Envy? And first among the  
Poets,

Poets, leaving the Ancients, to mention only the Modern, with whom we ourselves have been acquainted, have not *Tasso* and *Guarini* felt the Teeth of Malice and Envy? And yet who remembers the biting Criticisms that have been made on their Poems, or rather, who is it that does not laugh at their Authors? Now tho' those great Poets are Dead, yet their Fame is still Living. The same has happen'd to all the great Men that have been famous in Learning, War, or any other Profession or Science. After all, 'tis Posterity that gives Life that Death to the Memory of Men; 'tis she or passes the true Sentence, and we must expect it from that unexceptionable and incorruptible Judge. But enough of that matter in this place, the rest you shall have by Word of Mouth. I propose to stay at *Melun* all this Week, to enjoy some time longer this good Air, and pleasant seat. I have already been once at *Fontainebleau*, and will return thither to morrow. To speak the Truth, 'tis a great House, and worthy of so great a King; Or rather, there are several Houses join'd together at different Times, and without any Order; all which form a vast, ill-contriv'd, and confus'd Pile of Building; but that very Confusion is full of Greatness and Majesty. Its Situation is low, and something dismal to the Eye, especially at this time of the Year, when the Country is not yet Green. *Fontainebleau* is in the middle of a great Forest, and the House surrounded with several Hills cover'd with Rocks, and which yield neither Fruit, nor any pleasant Prospect. The Forest is full of Stags; and the Hunting of this Game being the chief Diversion of the Kings of



*France*, that's the Reason why this Place, which is little remarkable, of it self, becomes so considerable from the stay which his Majesty makes there, with so many other great Persons. However there are very fine Gardens; and besides the first Fountain which gave the Name to the House, there are several others which are a great Embelishment to it. But why do you not take a Turn hither your self? You may come time enough yet to see *Fontainebleau* more than once before I return to *Paris*. In the mean time, you'll see by this long Letter, (which I write before I am perfectly well) how much Pleasure I take in enjoying your Conversation in Writing, since I cannot do it by Word of Mouth. I conclude with wishing you all the Blessings and Satisfaction of this World.

*Melun, April the  
7th. 1620.*

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## L E T T E R   X I V .

*To the most Christian King.*

S I R,

G O D Almighty, 'tis Probable purpos'd, to Crown your Majesty's Victories with that you lately gain'd in *Bearn*, having conducted you into the Country, as it were, with his own hand, to produce those happy and glorious Effects, which we now behold. Your Majesty, by your Royal Prefence, has in one moment restor'd God to his true Worship; the Altars to their former

former Honour; the Church to her ancient Rights and Revenues; and the Country to its Liberty in Religion. And having made Piery to triumph, your Majesty was also willing that Justice should do so at the same time; which prov'd so great an Advantage to your Royal Authority; that it may seem doubtful, which of the two went before; either the Service with your Majesty has done to God Almighty on this Occasion, or the Recompense which God Almighty thought fit to bestow on your Majesty for it. 'Tis now plainly to be seen, as in many other occurrences, how much the Interest of the Church is combin'd with that of your Majesty; and how much both always concur to promote and favour each other. The universal Joy which *Paris*, and the whole Kingdom in general have felt at these important Successes Emboldens me to express mine to your Majesty, with all Dutiful Respect, Tho' on the other side, I am the more prompted to it by the Obligation incumbent on me to represent at this very juncture to your Majesty, the satisfaction our Holy Father will receive by it, which undoubtedly must be infinite and unexpressible. I pray God to bless your Majesty with a long Course of Life, and that in proportion of the increase of Years, he may also augment your happy Successes. I remain with profound humility and Respect, &c.

*Paris, Octob. the*  
26th. 1629.

LET.

## L E T T E R   X V .

*To Pope Paul, V.*

**Y**OUR Holiness was pleas'd, thro' your excessive Goodness, to make me share your Graces from the very Beginning of your Pontificate; and to compleat your Favours, have been willing to continue the same to me ever since. That which I now receive with the Dignity of Cardinal is so very great, that the more your Holiness's Benevolence towards me appears infinite, the more I am at a loss to find Words to shew my Gratitude. I must therefore be contented with an humble and respectful silence to acknowledge so signal a Benefit, whose Greatness renders it impossible to be express'd. However, I hope thro' God's Assistance, to exercise this Dignity, with so much Zeal for the holy Apostolick See, and so great Devotion for your Holiness, that you will have no occasion to repent, either the Favour you were graciously pleas'd to bestow on me, or the Honour you have by the same means done to my Family. Now having been honour'd with so great a Dignity, I have still reason to be Proud of being rais'd to so high a Degree by a Pope endow'd with such eminent Qualities, that he was esteem'd worthy of the Pontificate, a long time before he was advanc'd to it, and who afterwards has brought new Blessings on the Church by his wise Administration. To conclude, I with all humility Kiss your Holiness's most sacred Toe.

*Paris, January,*  
the 31st. 1621.

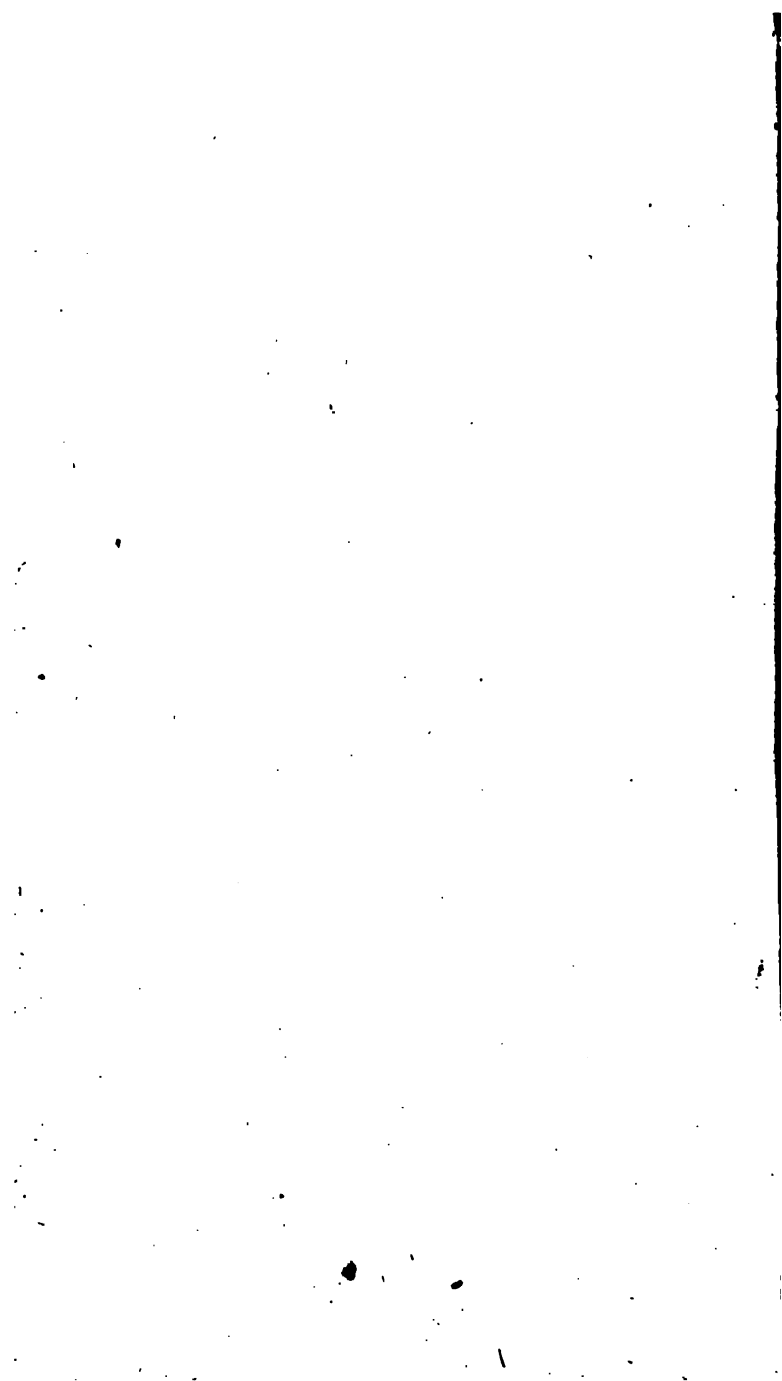
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SIX  
SELECT EPISTLES  
OUT OF  
**Aristænetus.**

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*Translated from the GREEK, by*  
**Mr. A. BOYER.**

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## EPIST. I. Lib. II.

*Ælianus to Calycas. He intercedes with a Lady in Favour of her Lover.*

GIVE me leave, Madam, to intercede with you on behalf of my Friend *Charydemus*. And all ye Powers of Eloquence assist me, to persuade this cruel Fair——. You know, charming *Calycas*, how passionately *Charydemus* Loves you, and how fondly he cherishes the pleasing, lingring Flame which consumes him to nothing: You see he is become the very Picture of Death, and can make but a very short stay here among the Living, unless you vouchsafe to apply a present Remedy to his Distemper——Heaven forbid so Beautiful a Creature as as your self should ever have the crying Sin of Murder laid to her Charge! I know you're angry with the Youth, because he formerly offended you; but has he not suffer'd enough for it since? And can you in Conscience punish a trifling Fault as if it were a Capital Crime? Rather imitate the Goddess of Love whom you resemble as nearly as a mortal can approach a Deity: She carries Fires and Darts about her, but then she's attended by the Graces. Thus, as your bright Eyes wound our Hearts, and kindle a Fire in our Breasts, so let your kind Smiles, and gentle Graces cure the Wounds you make, and quench the Flames you kindle. Hitherto, I have address'd my self to you by Petition, now take what follows by way of Advice

vice——. I grant, 'tis a useful Policy in you Ladies, at the beginning of an Amour, to keep your Lovers at Arms-Length ; for by that means you both encrease their Passions, and preserve your Dominion over 'em. But if you strain this Trick too far, you'll run the hazard of losing your Admirers for good and all ; for some Men rather than see themselves disdain'd, will presently break off their Chains, and offer their services to a less rigorous Mistress. You should remember that *Cupid* is an unsettled Deity, soon come, soon gone. Hope gives him Wings, but Despair clips 'em ; and therefore all prudent Women entertain their Lovers with fair Hopes. Now tho' abundance of Ladies have already Endeavour'd to engage *Charidemus*, yet is he still constant to you, and swears no other Beauty shall ever captivate his Heart. I will allow you to treat Dissemblers as ill as ever you can, but I conjure you be more gentle to a Sincere Lover. Be advis'd to be moderate in your Rigour : And as the saying is, bend not the Bow till it cracks again. Nay have a care lest by being over-cunning, you grow ridiculously Proud ; for *Cupid* alwaies loves to humble Pride——. The Favours a Woman grants are oftentimes compar'd to Fruit, which serves to teach you that as Fruit is good for nothing unless it be gather'd in Season, so your Favours will not be worth Accepting, unless you grant 'em while you are Young. For as most Men love Women for the sake of their Beauty, so their Passions decrease so soon as ever their Mistresses are past their Prime. I will instance in another Simile. A Woman may be compar'd to a Meadow, en-

mell'd

mell'd with fine Flowers ; for what these are to  
 the Meadow, the same is Beauty to a Woman.  
 Whilst the Field is verdant, the Flowers retain  
 their lively Charms, but when the Spring of  
 the Year is past, the Meadow ceases to look  
 Green, and the Flowers fade and die. The  
 same happens to a Woman: As soon as her  
 youthfull Days are over, her Beauty begins to  
 decay, till at last all her charms are quite  
 extinct: And what then remains but Repen-  
 tance, and a forc'd Reserve, whereby antiqua-  
 ted Ladies fancy they secure themselves from  
 Contempt. As *Cupid* admits none to Fight un-  
 der his Banner, that are too young to bear the  
 Fatigue, so, for the same Reason, he disbands  
 all that are old ; for he thinks those only fit  
 to serve him, that are in their full Vigour,  
 Strength, and Beauty. But why should I use  
 Arguments to you, who are in all these Matters  
 wiser than my self. I'll add but one Word more:  
 As you are the Fairest of your Sex, so let your  
 Goodness equal your Beauty, that we may di-  
 stinguish you by those two shining Characters.  
 Well, dear Madam, will you not suffer your self  
 to be intreated yet ? Yes, you will—— I know  
 your easie, tractable Temper, I depend upon it,  
 and shall wait on you with my Friend *Charide-  
 mus*, he shall acknowledge his Fault, and beg  
 Pardon for it, you will forgive him ; and if you  
 consent to chuse me for your Mediator, I will  
 make such a Treaty of Love and Friendship be-  
 tween you, as shall render both you and him  
 happy, as long as you live.

EPIST.



EPIST. XXVII. Lib. I.  
 Clearchus to Amyndrus.

**T**HIS comes to give you an account of a pleasant Dialogue, with which I was entertain'd last Night. As I was walking in the Piazza, observing two Ladies, that stood before their Door, there happen'd to come by a taring Beau, humming a Song as he went along: My Dear, says one of the Ladies to the other, pulling her by the Sleeve, my Life on't, that fine Gentleman Sings upon your Account: For observe how languishingly he looks on you! Bless me! how Handsom, how Tall! how well Shap'd he is! how sweetly he Quavers, how nicely his Hair is Curl'd, For 'tis the Property of Love, to render those very People curious in their Dress, who otherwise would be meer Slovens—— Well, reply'd the other, you may say what you please of him, but for my Part, I vow by all that's Good, I detest the Fop, let him be never so Handsom; for he is so conceited of himself, that he fancies all Women must necessarily be in Love with him, and Court him on account of his Beauty. See how proudly he tosses up his Nose; and with a Supercilious Frown, and affected Gravity seems to command the Admiration of all that look upon him. For my part, I hate a Lover that thinks himself in any thing more deserving than his Mistress. But prethee, my dear, mind how I will make sport with him —— There's a certain proud, conceited Fop, Continued she, that Loves me passionately, and whom I do not think worthy of my bare Smiles——.

He

He never misses going to and fro every Night by our Door, still plaguing me with his Serenades; but I assure you, I no more mind him, than I would do a Ballad-singer. I wonder the Fool has the assurance to play his Apish amorous Tricks over and over to no more purpose; I protest I cannot but blush for him. *With these and the like Words she insulted over the Spark; and the more to enrage him, she feign'd, stooping, to tie her shoe, to have an opportunity of shewing her pretty little Foot; and with the same Artifice discover'd those Parts which are most potent to inspire Love, as a lilly white Hand, a snowy Breast, and so forth. The youth nettled at her speech, for she took care to whisper so loud that she might easily be overheard: Well, cruel Fair, said he, you are free to think and speak what you please, but it moves not me in the least; for 'tis not me you mock, but Almighty Cupid, who will certainly revenge the Affront, and pierce your scornful Breast with such a Dart, that I hope to see you prostrate at my Feet to beg me to take pity on you, and ease your amorous Pain—. At this the Lady bursting out into a fit of Laughter, and clapping both her Hands in Admiration, with a side, disdainful leer reply'd—, sure, I hope, I shall never be so unfortunate—. But as for you, may you still be fool'd by vain Conceits; may you still admire your dear, pretty self; may you Sing, Serenade, flutter about, and watch all the Night long to no purpose; may you still be tost by your boisterous Passion, and yet make no Progress in your Love-Voyage: In short, may you never receive any Favours from me, no, not so much as a touch of my little Finger, or have the*

## EPIST. XI. Lib. II.

*From a young Man who lov'd his Wife and  
his Mistress equally at the same time.*

*Apollogenes to Sofia.*

I'D fain put this Question to all Lovers one by one; whether any of them ever lov'd two Persons equally at the same time? For this is my case: I Lived in a great Familiarity with a Woman of the Town, and to free my self, as I thought, from this dishonourable Love, I Married a lawful Wife——. Now it so happens that my Passion for my Mistress is not in the least abated, altho' I have an extraordinary Fondness for my Wife. For whenever I am in the Company of either, my imagination is presently haunted by the remembrance of the other, whose bewitching Image, like a bold Intruder, comes to disturb my present Joys. I am just for all the World like the Steersman of a Ship driven at once by two contrary Winds, the one from the East, and 'tother from the West; both these contend for the Mastery of the Ship, and raise opposite Waves, whilst still the Vessel follows but one Course——. Oh! how happy were I, if as these two Passions converse together in my Breast, so both my Wife and my Mistress would live together without Jealousy.

EPIST.

EPIST. XII. Lib. I.

Euhemerus to Leucippus.

*He excuses the Passion he has for his Mistress, upon account of her extraordinary Charms.*

**T**HE World is unjust to censure my Passion for *Pythias*. Let those who have seen the Beauties of the *Eastern* Countries, or the celebrated fine Women of *Italy* and *Great Britain*: in a Word, Let all the Admirers of the Fair Sex repair hither from all Parts of the Universe to view my charming Mistress: Then let them speak their Thoughts, and confess they never beheld so beautiful and so admirable an Object. What part soever of her Person you cast your Eyes upon, you meet with a Beauty; Every Feature in her Face, has an attractive Charm, and every Motion of her Body, a peculiar Grace——. Whoever comes to see her out of a Malicious Curiosity, is ready to burst with Envy, finding his Endeavours to discover a defect in her Beauty miserably disappointed. For my part, I am wrapt up in Admiration when I behold her fine Shape, her Majestick Mien, her Noble Gate, and Graceful Air. Nay, her very Feet raise my Wonder. For, you know, a handsom Foot is not the least Charm of an Accomplisht Lady, and will sometimes make an indifferent Beauty go down. But I am no less enchanted by the Perfections of

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her Mind: For tho' my *Pythias*, prest by Indigence, was forc'd to grant her Favours upon Dishonourable Terms, yet did she still retain her native Modesty, a Winning sweetness of Temper, a lasting Good-humour, free from any Coquetish Affectation, and a Soul rais'd above the meanness of her Condition. Over and above all this I am charm'd by her generous Innocence; for if I bestow on her never so trifling a Gift, she alwaies receives it with abundance of Gratitude, contrary to the common Practice of your greedy-Town-Jilts, who will undervalue your Presents, let them be never so considerable——. Blest in each other's Company, she and I live together like a Pair of loving Turtles——. But here I should stop my Narration, for 'twere a Crime to disclose the delightful Mysteries of Love——. However this I will venture to reveal, that she resists only with a Design to yield, and struggles no longer than is necessary to make me feel the Pleasure of Conquest——. Her Neck sends forth a Natural Fragancy infinitely beyond the Choicest Odours, and her Breath is so exquisitely sweet, that when you fix a Kiss on her soft Lips, you would Swear you were drinking out of a Cup ring'd with the most delicate Perfumes. Oh! How happy am I when in a long sleepless Winter-Night, to fill the Intervals of more transporting Joys, I gently recline my head on her tender Bosom, and with repeated Kisses keep time with the Panting of her Breast! From this it plainly appears that we find in a beautiful Mistress a Thousand Endearments, equal, in some measure to, the very Pleasure of Fruition: Whereof

*Aristanetus's Epistle.*

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Whereas a deform'd Woman yields none of these refined Delights. The difference, in my Opinion, betwixt a deform'd Woman and a handsome one, is much the same as we may observe betwixt coarse Meats and made Dishes; the first presently cause Satiety, nay sometimes turn our very Stomachs; when the other both please the Palate, fill the Belly, and excite our Appetite—. 'Tis my dear *Pythias* that renders my Days Happy and Serene, and makes my Life slide away smooth and easy—. I have often heard a Song beginning with *Absence is a cure for Love*, grounded I suppose upon the common saying, *Out of Sight, out of Mind*: Yet by all the Charms of my *Pythias* I swear, that even when absent, I Lov'd her to the highest Degree imaginable,

*I fled from her but fled in vain:  
Absence, which often chills desire,  
Encreas'd my amorous fire,  
And forc'd me back again.*

I thank my propitious Stars that never suffer'd me to forget my Dear, but brought me back again to her longing Arms, where I find a continual Succession of fresh Delights.

## EPIST. XXIII. Lib. I.

Monochorus to Philocubus.

*From one who was unfortunate both in Love  
and at Play.*

Cease, my Dear Friend, cease to wonder at my Melancholy : For I am plagued with two Evils, either of which is sufficient to make my Life Miserable. Know then, I dote on an expensive, Extravagant Mistress, and love Dice as passionately, tho' I still lose all I Play for, and, which is the height of ill-luck, to my very Rivals. For if I Play with 'em either at Tables or at Hazard, my Head runs so much upon Love, that either I make *Blots* when I could take *Points*, or mistake the *main* and *chance* to my Disadvantage, so that I am a Bubble to those very People that understand Gaming worse than my self. If afterwards I visit my covetous Mistress, I am sure to meet there with a more shameful Defeat; for my Rivals grown Rich by my Losses, give more liberally than I can afford, and beat me with my own Weapons. Thus you see what a wretched Condition I am reduc'd to, and how I am curst with two evils, which mutually encrease each other.

LET-

L E T T E R.

*A Lady having granted her Lover an Assignment, and he not behaving himself like a Man, she sends him the following Letter.*

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*Done out of Petronius, by Tho. Cheek Esq;*

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**I**F I where very fond of loose Desires, I should be angry at a Disappointment; but I am so far from Complaining, that I think myself oblig'd to your Infirmary. For by that means, tho' I miss of the Pleasure I might reasonably have expected from you, I have enjoy'd others by Imagination, which have lasted much longer, than any you could have given me, had you behaved your self like another Man. I only send to you now to know how you do, and whether you were able to get home to your Lodging? It is not without Reason I make this Enquiry, for I never saw you in so wretched a Condition as that in which I left you. I advise you to settle your Affairs as soon as you can, for it is impossible that a Man with so little Natural Heat should be able to subsist any considerable Time. I vow, Sir, you move my Compassion, and notwithstanding the Affront I have receiv'd from you, I cannot forbear giving you some good Advice: If you would retrieve your expiring Vigour, avoid your Page; you may probably recover your



your Health, if you are some time without seeing him, for certainly your Weakness proceeds from no other cause. As for me, if my Looking-glass, and the Opinion the World has of my Beauty don't bely me, I need not fear this Accident should be imputed to me.

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## LETTER II.

### *The Gentleman's Answer.*

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*By the same Hand.*

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I confess, Madam, I have been guilty of a great many Faults in my Life Time, for I am but a Man, and indeed a very young Man; but I never offended so enormously as I did last Night. There's no excuse to be made for't; and you cannot condemn me to suffer more rigorously than I really deserve. I have Murder'd; I have Betray'd; I have committed Sacrilege: And for all these Crimes you have no more to do but to invent Punishments. If you would have my Life, my Sword is at your Service; if you think a good Whipping may suffice, I'll undress immediately, and wait upon you in my Shirt. However, Madam, be pleas'd to consider, that it was a Defect in my Power, and not in my Inclination. My Case is not unlike that of a Valiant Soldier, who is ready to

to fight, but wants Ammunition when he should charge the Enemy. To tell you whence this proceeds, would be a very difficult Matter. Perhaps it was with me, as 'tis with those who lose their Stomachs, when they have too much Victuals set before them. Or perhaps the force of Imagination overcame the force of Nature. This 'tis, Madam, to make a Man so much in Love with you : A moderate Beauty would not have troubled the order of Nature, and would have been better satisfied. Adieu, Madam ; I have nothing more to say to you, but this ; that perhaps you will pardon me what is past, if you give me an opportunity to do better for the time to come ; in order to that I desire I may wait upon you to Morrow at the same Hour I did Yesterday.

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SELECT  
LETTERS

Historical, Satyrical and Moral.

WRITTEN

In *Spanish* by the Famous Don *Antonio de Guevara*, Bishop of *Mondonedo*, chief Minister of State, and Historiographer to the Emperor *Charles V.*

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*Made English by Mr. Savage:*

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L E T T E R I.

To Don Ignigo Ofreio; *Acquainting him  
how little we know of the Good or Harm  
attending us in this Life.*

*Reverend Sir,*

**C**'Ornelius Rufus, in the Consullship of *Quintus Cincinnatus*, going one Night to Bed in good Health, Dreamt that he had lost his Sight, and was led Blind about the City, which prov'd so very Ominous, that the next Day Morning he could not discern any thing before him. *Phalaris* the *Theban*, having been long afflicted with an Impostume in his Lungs, hapned to be engag'd in a Battle, where receiving a Wound in his Breast, his good Fortune so order'd it, that he at once got rid of both Maladies. *Mamillus Bubulus* King of the *Hetrurians*, being Shot thro' his Cheek with an Arrow, which broke within him, by a fall from his Horse discharg'd the Arrow-head at his Mouth. By these Examples may be collected how little we know of what we ought to receive, or what we are to avoid, since we find *Cornelius Rufus* lost his Sight by a Dream, *Phalaris* the *Theban* was cur'd by a Wound, and King *Mamillus* by a Bruize. All things therefore of this Life have no more Good or Harm in 'em than what happens in the Event; in a manner that here on Earth we have nothing to hope for, nor any thing to despair of. I have said thus much Sir, to Congratulate your Health and Recovery  
from

Doni *Antonio de Guevara's* Letters. 60

from your late Distemper, for having had a quartan Ague for three Years, it seems a little Grief suffic'd to drive it away. Upon this occasion, give me leave to affirm, that we have not what we request, nor consider what we would have in asmuch as we often seek after that we should avoid, and fly from what we ought to embrace. Among those excellent Precepts of Divine *Plato*, none was more to the purpose than *that we should not Pray to the Gods out of this or that Fancy, but rather earnestly implore 'em to bestow on us what best consisted with their Heavenly Pleasures and our Benefit.* The *Jews* having for a long time been govern'd by Judges, at length requested a King of God, which was granted them, tho' rather to comply with their Importunity, than his liking, whence it follow'd that they had better never have petition'd any such favour. But however it were, and whatever befell them; I return again to rejoyce with you for the happy riddance of your Ague, tho' I must, at the same time, confess, I never before, heard from any Person, nor read in any Book, of any good effected, either by Grief or Sorrow. Wherefore, Reverend Sir, give me leave to tell you, that if all Diseases were to be cur'd like yours, Cares and Troubles would be in greater Request than both the *Indies*. And moreover that if Sighs and Sobs were to become Market Commodities, many would grow Rich and Fortunate, who are now Poor and Contemptible, Sorrow being almost as universal as the Air we Breathe, or the Spheres we survey. As for my own part, I'll assure you, if Medicines could be extracted from Misfortunes,

*Don Antonio de Guevara's Letters.* 61

tunes, I have had sufficient to furnish all the Apothecarie's Shops in *Spain*. I have observ'd many in this World that have wanted Eyes, Ears, Limbs, Bread and the like, but never knew of any Man that could say he had not Vexations and Perplexities to spare, there being no Condition so very prosperous wherein Money is not sometimes wanting, and Cares and Disappointments always abounding. If henceforward I should ever come to Visit you while Sick, I find I must rather make it my business to Torment than Comfort you, for where others would be content to purchase their Quiet at the price of Gold, you recover your health (a much greater Treasure) by being Plagu'd and Disoblig'd. But *De hoc hactenus Sufficit*. In this Court there be many things to be talk'd of in Secret, but few to be divulg'd by Writing, for Complaints must be made in private when my Letters pass thro' too many hands to be well constru'd. No more but God always keep and preserve you, and give me Grace to serve him.

*Toledo, the 5th of  
January, 1530.*

E

L E T.



## L E T T E R II.

*To Don Lewis Gonzaga ; severely reprove-  
ing him for not yeilding to his Request.*

**I** Underftand, Sir, you were as forward to boast of denying my Request, as I was backward to ask the Favour, and therefore I must tell you this conduct of yours has rais'd no ordinary Debate between your Authority and my Judgment. A Man that does barely ill, is but simply Wicked, when he that boasts of it to boot, is not without a Spirit of the Devil. As it is the business of this Fiend to deceive, so it is the nature of Vain, and froward People to be Obstinate, and therefore where it is in vain to give Council, it must needs be the same to Administer Correction, for in such cases the Mind is always turn'd into partiality, and all the Senses resolved into Faction. I mention all this not only on account of your refusing to favour my Friend, but also because you could not vouchsafe to Answer my Letter, which is an Injury, rather to be felt than Publish'd, and which ought either to be thoroughly reveng'd or altogether dissembled. I am not much concern'd that I entreated you, because the Law of Nature leaves Liberty for one Man to be beholden to another, and among Friends that Request ought not to be refus'd, where there is as much reason for it to be granted as required; and wherein the greatest prejudice is commonly to the  
the

Don *Antonio de Guevara's* Letters 63.

the Receiver. As concerning the wrong I have receiv'd, I will not enforce it with Arguments, since my Heart is not unarm'd with Patience to sustain it ; Esteeming it a thorough Proof of my Virtue to suffer the Injury, since you made no Conscience to offer it. One of the things wherein *Cæsar* shew'd most Courage, was in seeming best pleas'd when the *Senate* had deny'd him any favour, affirming there could be no greater Glory than to be refus'd when he was most importunate ; whereby he intimated that his Virtue of Selfdenial had more influence over him than their Affronts. The Letter I sent you contain'd things neither unmeet to be requested, nor worthy to be refus'd, perswading you only to have greater regard to my Friendship, than my Friend's Affronts, and this both because of his Repentance and my Petition. The Man that is neither to be mov'd by Words, nor enclin'd by Tears, must needs be a very Tyrant, refusing even what God holds acceptable from Sinners. As it is Dishonour to Revenge, it is highly reputable to Pardon, tho' there can be no general rule for forgiving Injuries, some being of that black dye, that the offence brings along with it a quality that cannot be pass'd by without committing a new Crime. But this Fault of my Friend's being not of that dark hue, deserves both to be forgiven and forgot. Suffer your self to be sought to, since even the greatest Princes are bound to hear Sutors. Withstand no Opportunities when the Partie's necessity deserves to be Pitty'd, and disdain not my Interposing, since there can be no greater Treasure than good Counsel. Other-

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wise,

64 Don *Antonio de Guevara's* Letters.

wife, if you be rigorous and obstinate, tho' you may have many Neighbours, yet you will find but few Friends. So God Grant you what you desire, and Defend you from what you have deserv'd.

*Offuna*, the 6th. of  
*March*, 1529.

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L E T T E R   I I I.

*To Don Pedro Bernardino; Consisting partly of Rebuke and partly of Perswasion.*

S I R,

W HEN another's Misfortune will not prevail upon you, to Live equal to your condition, nor the experience of past Calamities serve you for a Warning, I can see no safety remaining but what may be hop'd for in a Ship, which when tost by many Storms seeks her security where the Sea runs highest. But, I suppose, being happy in Friends, you live altogether regardless of chance, not thinking your self at all subject to that Sentence of *Solomon*, which says, *that that which the Evil Man fears shall infallibly happen unto him.* By yours I understand the state of your Perplexity, as likewise the probability of your Peril, if present Policy be not apply'd, for which I am so much the more concern'd as our Friendship is ancient, and will be the more careful, as it may fortifie our early Alliance, two considerations, which nothing can set-

Don *Antonio de Guevar*'s Letters. 65

set aside; our Alliance being fix'd in the Blood, and Friendship rooted in the Heart. In regard you are my Friend, I wonder I have not heard from you all this while, for when Friends are once divided, their next Office is to communicate their Thoughts; but still, calling to mind that Forgetfulness is a Sweet Error, I have long since laid aside all Expectation of hearing from you, especially since I understood you have wholly Dedicated your self to Sanctuaries, Churchyards and Churches of Refuge, where I presume you have establish'd your Station, not so much out of Devotion, or Remorse, as to give the better colour to some Transgression or Wrong. Be assur'd Sir, that to offend God and disobey Justice, is a Crime so well deserving Punishment, that tho' it do not happen to fall on the Person of the Offender, yet will it not fail to be redoubled on some of his Posterity; God Almighty always proportioning his Vengeance to his Delays, in expectation of Repentance. I would fain have you satisfy me, if it be ill done, to prejudice your Neighbour, why is it your Practice it? And if it be a Virtue to make Restitution, why do you not do it? For my part I esteem it neither Honour nor Courage to fly the face of Justice, nor can I doubt but at this Juncture you stand in need both of Council and Relief. As to Council, I desire you to believe, that of all your Friends, I am the least capable, and for Relief, as I am a Religious Person, one of the most Charitable, yet what I can be suppos'd to spare, will only extend to shew my Good-will, without being able to do you any great Service As to yours

66     *Don Antonio de Guevara's Letters.*

Affairs, I Advise you to withdraw from where you are, and come towards us, by which means you will be farther off your Enemies and nearer your Friends, so that you may have an opportunity to be known to your Judges, and forgot by your Adversaries. There is no Love, which time will not wast, nor Hatred, but it will conclude, they being always accompany'd with Oblivion both towards an Enemy and a Friend. By your Importunities for me to Solicit your Cause, you seem to question my Friendship, which obliges me to tell you that from the beginning, my Diligence has all along exceeded your Merit, so that I could wish either your conditions were better temper'd, or your occasions to trouble me less frequent. You ought not to be Ignorant, that there is a Mean in all things except Friendship, wherein you are either altogether, to forsake or wholly to confide Among true Friends; nothing ought to be rejected, nor any thing to be suspected, and tho' it be not consistig with Policy, not to doubt of one's Enemy, yet ought we to be so sincere towards our Friend, as to trust him with all wek now, and be guided by him in all we do. Let this suffice at present to convince you of my Truth, as I have no other designs but your Advantage. God bless you, and give me Grace to Serve him.

*Valladolid, May  
the 31st. 1526.*

LET-

L E T T E R IV.

To the Emperour Charles V. Congratulating his Victory, and taking the King of France Prisoner. Likewise enclining his Imperial Majesty to Mercy towards the Spanish Rebels.

Imperial, Catholick, and Sacred, Sir,

Solon of Salamis, in his Laws, commanded the Athenians, that whenever they gain'd any Battle they should forthwith offer up Sacrifice to their Gods, and reward their Soldiers plentifully, and this that the one might not be wanting to influence their Victories, and the other to procure 'em. Plutarch says, that when the Gracians became Conquerors at the Battle of Marathon, they instantly sent so vast a quantity of Plate to the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, that it was very much to be question'd whether the like were left behind in all Greece. When Camillus had overcome the Hetrurians and Volscians, both mortal Enemies to the Romans, the Women agreed to send all their Gold and Silver to the Oracle of Apollo, without reserving the least part to themselves. The famous Scipio having worsted his powerful Antagonist Mithridates, was so overjoy'd that he not only offer'd all the Spoils to the God Mars, but also Sacrific'd to him a Vial of his own Blood. The renown'd and great Commander of the Jews, Jephth made a solemn Vow, if he return'd Victorious, to offer upto God the first Creature that

68 *Don Antonio de Guevara's Letters.*

came to meet him after his Victory, and which he perform'd tho' it hapned to be his only and beloved Daughter. From these examples, Sir, may be gather'd what great Acknowledgments Kings and Princes owe to the Almighty, for the Favours and Triumphs bestow'd upon 'em; for tho' it be in their power to begin a War, yet is it not to be secure of Victory. Nothing so much provokes God as Ingratitude for benefits receiv'd, and this because where Men require an adequate Return, He expects only an Acknowledgment. Princes are to be more than ordinary cautious how they receive the favours of Heaven, for Ingratitude in that case oftentimes renders Men incapable of a future Mercy. Neither will God Assist; nor do Men care to Serve an Ungrateful and Forgetful Prince. I say all this, Dread Sir, on occasion of your late Victory near *Pavia*, wherein *Francis*. King of *France*, was taken and brought Prisoner in his own Gallies to *Spain*. An accident so great, News so strange, a Victory so rare, and success so compleat, as surprizes all the World, and at the same time lays an Indispensible Obligation on your Majesty, to be thankful to God for your Success, and grateful to your Soldiers for their Diligence. By this, Sir, you may perceive nothing is so much the pastime of Fortune as the event of War; since the King of *France* was not only assisting in Person, but had also all the Potentates of *Italy* on his side, yet lost he the Battle, was himself taken, and had his chief Nobility there Slain. Your sacred Majesty would commit no common error to attribute your Conquest either to your Conduct, your Power, or  
your

Don Antonio de Guevara's Letters. 69

your Fortune, since so heroick an Action and glorious an Exploit, could not be within any humane reach, but no doubt proceeded from Divine help. *Quid retribuam Domino pro omnibus quæ tribuit mihi*, cry'd David, who tho' a King, Saint and Prophet, and made after his Maker's own Heart, knew not what to return to God for so many favours shower'd down upon him. What then shall we Wretches do? We who have not only nothing to say, but also nothing to give. Alas! we are good for so little, can do so little, are worth so little, and have so little, that unless God Almighty gives us first, we cannot have wherewithal to give him. What God can give is his Grace to Serve, and no liberty to Offend him. I will not advise you like the *Romans*, to offer up rich Jewells, like the *Grecians* to give Gold and Silver, like *Sylla* your own Blood, nor like *Jephthæ* your only Child; but only to make an Oblation of the Disobedience and Rebellion of the Commoners of *Castile*; for no Sacrifice whatever is so acceptable to God, as for a Man to forgive his Enemies, and be grateful to his Friends. The Jewels we might offer to God, come out of our Cabinets; the Gold out of our Coffers; the Blood out of our Veins; but the forgiveness of Injuries proceeds from our very Souls, where they before lay Raking, Tormenting, and Gnawing us, persuading our Reason to Dissemble, and Heart to take Revenge. I look upon it much safer for Princes to be belov'd for their Mercy, than fear'd for their Justice: For as *Plato* was wont to say, *a Man that is fear'd by many, must likewise be afraid of many*. Of those  
that



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that so Undutifully offended your sacred Majesty in the late Commotions, some are Dead, others Banish'd, some Fled and others Absconded; therefore it is but reasonable, most Serene Prince, that upon the occasion of so glorious a Victory, they who remain living, shold have rather cause to Magnifie your Clemency, than complain of your Severity. The Wives of these unhappy Men are Miserable, their Daughters in the way to ruin, Sons Fatherless, and Kindred Disgrac'd; therefore the Mercy which is shewn to few, will hereby be extended to many. There is no condition in the World so exalted, in which it is not safer to put up an Injury, than resent it, for it very often happens that a Man seeking a Revenge upon another, utterly ruins himself. *Julius Caesar's* Enemies rather envy'd his Glory in pardoning *Pompey's* Followers, than his Honour in subduing them; it being reckon'd as the greatest Commendation of this Emperour, *That he never forgot any Service done him, nor rememberd any Injury offer'd him.* There were two Emperours in *Rome*, not more unlike in their Names than Natures, one whereof was *Nero* the Cruel, and the other *Antoninus* the Pious, the first making it his business to Execute or Murder, where the other was accustom'd to Indulge and Forgive. Tho' a Prince be Extravagant in Gaming, Niggardly in Rewarding, Extravagant in Talking, Careless in Governing, Arbitrary in Sentencing, Leud of Life, Immoderate in Eating, and Intemperate in Drinking, we say only that he is a vicious or a bad Man; but if he be Cruel and Revengeful, all term him Tyrant, for

Don Antonio de Guevara's Letters. 71

for as Plutarch says, a Man is not to be so call'd for what he takes from us, but for what he does to us. Now because, as Calisthenes says, Princes must be persuaded but to few things, and those necessarily to be good and deliver'd in good terms. I must conclude my Letter with this Maxim, That Piety and Mercy always cause Princes to be forgiven by God, and Belov'd by Men. The Almighty ever Preserve your Imperial Majesty, and grant you a long and Prosperous Reign.

Valladolid, the 5th.  
December. 1524.

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L E T T E R V.

*The Author to his Sister, residing at Court;  
Instructing her how to behave herself  
there; and partly satisfying her Request  
under a short description of Love.*

Dear Sister,

CONSIDERING, together with the Nature of the Place you live in, the Quality of my Affection towards you; I doubt whether I had better to use Plainness according to good Meaning or Dissemble according to Custom, and so, one way, leave you better satisfy'd, tho', on the other, I am less contented; I being naturally unable to forbear Instructing you, and yet the Court will not give you leave to relish my Instructions. But, as I am your Brother, I think my self oblig'd to use my Authority

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thority ; and tho' I may not happen to writ to your mind, yet am I notwithstanding resolv'd to Perswade you and Acquit my self, tho' my business be rather to direct Consciences than Advise in Affairs of Love. Where you writ, that he who presented your last Jewel, was both your Lover and your Friend ; I must needs take the liberty to question it, there being no common Difference between one that professes himself a Lover, and one that approves himself a Friend ; for a true Friend will always Love, where a Lover may not, in like manner, continue his Friendship. This, no doubt, has been experienced by many of you Ladies about Court, who may all have had Sparks to serve, Gallant and Court you, yet who, nevertheless, more like Lovers than Friends, have intended nothing but their own private Satisfaction and to gratify their secret Wishes, being no doubt as far from thoughts of Marriage as they were from inclinations to Virtue, and so oftentimes procur'd both Dishonour to their Mistresses, and shameto themselves. One of these, I fear, was he that presented your last Jewel, as you may quickly discern when you shall find how much his Performance will fall short of his Promise, for Lovers, like Fowlers, only jug the Birds with pleasing Notes, the better to decoy them under their Nets. Consider, therefore where you are and whence you Descend, the Court always affording liberty to do amiss, but seldom allowing opportunities to do Good ; wherefore, if you do not strictly adhere to the Virtues of your Ancestors, you will find your self often subject to slip. I have often Insinuated,

Don *Antonio de Guevara's* Letters. 73

ated, that if Devotion and Conscience lead some Women to Religion, Virtue and Reputation raise more to Preferment, therefore, I advise you, not to presume upon your Beauty, nor value your self too much upon your Race, for at Court where one makes Love to your Person, fifty will make it their business to pry into your Life: Since Beauty without Virtue, and Descent without Reputation, is no better than a flourishing green Tree, that brings forth bitter or no Fruit.

You, and the other Ladies, your Companions, would needs know of me, what Love is, wherein it consists, and what are the best signs and tokens of its sincerity? And this, you say, because you esteem me both a Scholar and an old Courtier. Truly, in my Opinion, this Office is more proper for your selves than me, your Eyes enclining Men to Serve, Solicit and Love you, and therefore methinks, your business should be to describe Love, and mine to Inform ye what Sorrow is; my Employment being to Weep, Fast and Pray, where yours is to Dance, Sing and Trifle. Nevertheless, since you so earnestly desire it, as I have given a short account of Friendship, I will also not grudge you the like Description of Love; and this not only to Instruct, but also Warn, and Advise you, in this Passion, to act rather like a Christian, than Courtier.

I Recommend to you first, to be Wise in your Words, Discreet in your Actions, Secret in your Thoughts, Particular in your Friendships, Modest in your Demeanour, and, above all, to follow the Dictates of your Conscience and  
Vir-

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**Virtues.** Take care that you be not light in your Looks, Vain in your Life, lavish in your Speech, nor a Scoffer at our Sex; for with such Ladies, Men may often think fit to converse, but seldom or never care to Marry 'em: So that the best Dowry to advance a young Lady's Fortune is, where she brings Mildness in her Countenance, Wisdom on her Tongue, Modesty in her Behaviour, and a good Name throughout the the whole Course of her Life. But to come to our purpose; I know it is an Opinion amongst you Ladies that Love, and to be a Lover consists only in gay Apparel, being Pensive, Passionate, Impertinent in Addresses and Frivolous in Speeches, Things no less vain and light than distant from the true Property of Love, since the Qualities of that Passion are to supply force in these that want it, and to confirm it farther in such as have it. To the Heavy it gives Quickness of Spirit, and to Cowards Courage and Bravery. The Covetous Man it makes Liberal and Generous, and sets open the Purse of the Niggard; insomuch that wherever it takes the least Possession, it suffers neither Imperfection nor Indecorum to Inhabite, but immediately lifts up our Thoughts to Power and great Actions, and Depresses and Discourages what was before mean and amiss in us. Where we cast our Eyes upon any object, there is difference betwixt bare Praising and Loving; for we may commend what we don't like, but what we Love we immediately treasure up in our Hearts, Plant in our Wills and bring forth the Fruit of upon all occasions. Love is best known to the Heart which only feels what it  
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Don *Antonio de Guevara's* Letters. 75

approves or Dislikes, Favours or Slights, Suspects or Trusts. To Instruct you in the Symptoms of Love, you must observe the parting of Lovers: which if sincere, will appear to be no less Torment than to divide one Heart into two halves. You shall likewise know true Love by its engaging its Votaries to great Actions and Encouraging daring Attempts. He that Loves truly never stays to be commanded; but thinks to Merit the more by Prevention. He offers no excuse, but is immediately dispos'd to Execute. He is not requir'd to be liberal, but only Endeavours to be Acceptable. He suspects not his Mistress, but takes all in good part. Believes no report in her prejudice, but is always well assur'd of her Virtue. He is not over-importunate, but entertains Hope and Patience for his chief Familiars. If she encline but to like him, he immediately adds Wings to his Affection, and makes her the very Idol of all his Thoughts and Wishes; nay lives so entirely dedicated to her Devotion, that his chiefest care is to please, Fear to Offend, Desire to suffer, and Caution to disclose any Favour granted him. Moreover in Loving much, he thinks nothing too good to part with, for being outbid by another, he imagines he has nothing left of his own. In like manner a True Lover must be circumspect in his Conduct, Esteeming it no ordinary Happiness, to have his Thoughts and Delights to himself. He would do well likewise to appear bashful, the better to blind the Eyes of Spies. Also where true Love is found, Injuries must be born with Patience and Affronts with Resolution, is being  
base

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bafe to return any Dishonour to an Object in the least belov'd, for in such case, mildness is the best Advocate, and Silence the surest Solicitor, the Trumpet of Love, not being the Tongue which Speaks, but the Heart that Sighs and Heaves. As the Tongue is restrain'd from Talking, but not the Heart from Loving, so I esteem it better to Love with Sincerity, than Delude with Flattery ; since the one is a Vertue, which brings its Reward along with it, when the other, being a Vice, is sure of its Punishment. Thus, good Sister, if any of your Sparks hereupon conclude me a Lover for having written so feelingly of that Passion, you may acquaint 'em, that, being once a Member of the World, I behav'd my self accordingly, and might have so continu'd, had not Religion and Philosophy taught me a better Lesson

No more, but God endue you always with his Divine Grace.

*Medina, Feb. the*  
5th. 1529.

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L E T.

L E T T E R VI.

To Alonſo Suarez; *In Answer to a congratulatory Epistle ſent the Author upon his Promotion to a Biſhoprick.*

SIR,

Yours I received here in *Ocana*, which I had preſently known, without either Hand or Seal to direct me; your reaſons being every where ſo copious and expreſſions ſo concise. Your Letters are always ſo very entertaining, that I never ceaſe Reading 'em without the greateſt Diſcontent, and that becauſe I cannot there fail to meet with both a winning Eloquence and a Surprizing Gallantry. In three things a Man diſtinguiſhes himſelf, which are, by bridling his Anger, Governing his Family and Writing a Letter. The moſt famous *Epistolizers* of the Antients were *Plato*, *Phalaris*, *Cicero* and *Seneca* all who have come far ſhort of you in my Eſteem, there being ſome thing ſo exceedingly engaging in your Lines, that not only pleaſes, but alſo raiſes the higheſt Veneration. But to paſs by all farther *Encomiums*, I muſt acquaint you that the Horſe you ſent I have refus'd, tho', at the ſame time, I heartily accept your good Will, and this not that he was unworthy, but rather becauſe I am curious, reſerving ſuch as you to give me good Council, where any body elſe may ſerve to relieve my Wants. Being in Salary for ſo many Offices, how can you wiſh me well if

G

you



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you would have me to have more Wealth ? Where Riches abound, for the most part, Virtue is an utter Stranger, therefore the Wise will be contented with little, where Fools won't be satisfy'd with Plenty ; infomuch that from Superabundance they commonly degenerate into the extreamest Want. It is a great trouble to the Poor Man to supply his Necessities, but a much greater to the Rich to keep up his Superfluities, and this because, tho' in raising his Estate he was all alone, yet in enjoying it, he will have but too much Company. Another Mischief attending Wealth, is that where a Man rises in Authority, he commonly encreases in Necessity, for then his Business will not be so much to maintain his Family, as to Support his Luxury. Altho' every Man be oblig'd to provide against Want ; yet is he nevertheless to take care that he do not distract himself with overabundance, since doubtless many would not so exceed in Vice, did they not so much abound in Wealth. I neither commend nor approve Neglecting necessary Subsistence to undergo this miserable Life ; because a wanting Man can scarce ever have too great Content : Nevertheless, in my Opinion, God Almighty befriends him most to whom he allows a Competency, and delivers from a Necessity, to the end he might neither want wherewithall to suffice nor have sufficient to ruin him.

I have been variously Inform'd of the Pleasure you conceiv'd and the many Rewards you gave the Messenger that brought you news of my Election, but, at the same time, where I cordially accept your Kindness, I can by no means

*Don Antonio de Guevara's Letters* 79

means correspond with your Joy, for if you knew, as well as I, what is requir'd to discharge the Cure of Souls, you would rather be sorry for my Insufficiency than rejoyc'd at my Advancement. Believe me, Sir, the Art of Governing a Common-wealth, and much more a Church, tho' sought after by many, yet is rarely attain'd to, but by few. He that Governs must be learn'd to know what he does, Wise to find out how he is to do it, Discreet to wait a fitting opportunity, Just, that he may not fear being brought to Account, and lastly Patient to amend what he does amiss, otherwise he may both Injure himself and endanger the Common-wealth besides. I'll assure you Sir, I am already so apprehensive of the fatigue of a Bishop's Office, that as I have determin'd it with Reason, could I but resign it with Opinion, I would as willingly refuse the Offer as some others would gladly Accept it; and this because I am naturally more enclin'd to the sweets of Philosophy than Perplexitys of Policy. But all this while I may well seem to write against my self since most Worldlings, such as I, employ themselves more in search after Superfluity than Mediocrity, and therein may well be said to have a greater regard to their Fancies than their Judgments. There are many in this World to whom, even of the little they have, there would yet remain something, had they no body to content but themselves; but their inclinations leading them more strongly to satisfy what may be said of 'em, than to do what ought to be done by 'em, neither the Inheritance of their Fathers, nor

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the Assistance of their Friends can a whit suffice their Prodigality. Very Dangerous, Troublefom and chargeable is the Condition of a great Man; for tho' he got his Estate only himself, yet he must nevertheless share it with many. Nay I can hardly forbear terming him a Vassal and Tributary, since of all he possesses, he enjoys but the least Part himself. The good Emperour *Marcus Aurelius*, writting to a Friend of his, has these Words. *I would have you to know, my Dear Friend Pollio, that it is often convenient for a Man to do what he would not, but never what he ought not, for to make War upon Men is sometimes Glory, when to contend with Reason is always Folly. There be many in the World Wise, but more the contrary, yet still the greatest Fool will be He, who having it in his power to be quiet at home, does nothing but hunt after Plagues and Disturbances abroad. Who will not be apt to think an Emperour of Rome the happiest Person in the Universe? But, at the same time considering the Cares and Snares of a Crown, who would not wisely prefer a Private Life before it? And now, my good Friend Pollio, because thou art so near and dear to me, I will debate my Condition with thee, and that not so much to gratify thy Request, as to ease my self by communicating my Fortune. This was my Case. The Emperour Antoninus Pius adopting me for his Son, gave me his Daughter in Marriage, and for Dowry declar'd me his Heir, two things very Honourable, tho' not a little troublefom; his Empire being difficult to Govern, and my Wife not easy to Please. I would not have thee wonder so much at what I now write, as that I have been able to Endure so this long, the Burden of*

Don Antonio de Guevara's Letters. 81

*a Kingdom, shortening my Life and the Freedom of my Faustina, diminishing my Honour; for she being Daughter of an Emperour, and Wife likewise, and moreover Rich, Powerful and Beautiful, makes use of her Liberty, not as she ought, but as she lists; yet still the worst is that she can never be reform'd without the extreamest Prejudice to my Honour; so that Considering the Life I lead, and the Wife I live with, I had much better have been a Plowman than Emperour; for where there is little Land, that cannot be turn'd up, there are few Men that care to be Enslav'd by that Sex. I was never better Serv'd than when I had but one Page, except when I had none, but now that I am an Emperour, tho' many call me Lord, I am rather a Servant to all, insomuch that if they pretend to obey me, I am likewise oblig'd to maintain them. You must know, my good Friend Pollio, that the difference between what I am and what I was, is, that then being a Philosopher, I was always at rest, but now I am an Emperour, am seldom or never at quiet: Nay more have forgot what I knew and neglected what I ought most to Value my self upon. When I was a private Man all fixt their Eyes upon me, but now I am an Emperour, most employ their Tongues against me, so that there will never want some thing to say of great People, nor as much to punish in Inferiours. All this, good Pollio, I have thought fit to debate with thee, that thou mayest envy what I was, and Pity what I am, having now no time to converse amongst those I was Bred with, nor leisure to enjoy the knowledge I then acquir'd, the Affairs of the Kingdom transporting me into Thoughts and Heaviness, and the Vagaries of my Wife leaving me as many troubles of Conscience.*

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Thus, Sir, you have your Congratulatory Letter Answer'd by *Marcus Aurelius*, from whom you may collect, that it is much safer for a Person of Learning and Religion, to exercise himself in Study and Contemplation, than to Aspire after Government and Command. No more, but God keep you, and give me Grace to Serve him.

Ocana, the 4th. of  
December, 1531.

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LETTER VII.

To Moses Ruben of Valencia, *who was in Love in his old Age.*

SIR,

THE 4th. of *August*, I read a Letter of yours here in *Madrid*, but the hand being somewhat wild, and the Name much blotted, I protest to you on the word of an honest Man, I could not for a long while either read or imagine, who 'twas writ from; for altho' while I was Inquisitor at Valencia, we were very well acquainted, yet it is now an Age since we have seen each other. But at length, having rubb'd up my Memory and perus'd it over and over, I bethought my self it might come from my old Neighbour *Moses Ruben*, I mean the Amorous old Gentleman of *Valencia*. When we us'd to play at Draughts together at my Lodgings, I remember that not understanding the

Don *Antonio de Guevara's* Letters. 83

the Game well, you would needs give me a Man, but at the same time, I have not forgot you would never let me see your Mistress. I remember on the Mountains of *Espadan*, in the Rencontre we had there with the *Moors*, I came off Wounded and you with a broken Head, yet we could neither find Surgeon to dress us, nor so much as a Rag to bind up our Wounds. I remember that both of us going to wait on the King of *France* at *Requena*, when we came to *Siete Aguas* I complain'd that I had nothing to Eat, and you, that you had no Lodging; whereupon I receiv'd you immediately into my Room, and you went out in quest of Provisions. I remember, when the Emperor commanded me to *Toledo*, you gave me a letter for the Secretary *Urias*, concerning a Business which I did not only speak to him about, but also got speedily dispatch'd. I remember that you quarrelling once with your Wives Chaplain in my presence, and he saying *you should not abuse him, for he had the cure of Souls*; you answer'd, *he was no Priest, but a Sot and a Madman*. I remember when we were at *Xativa*, I advis'd and press'd you to cast off the Love of you know who, because it was both Troublesom, Dangerous and Costly. Afterwards I remember you told me at *Alzira* with Sighs and Tears, that you could by no means remove it from your Heart: Whereupon I again demonstrated it was not an *Amour* fit for you to Entertain. I remember we afterwards met at *Torres-Teorres*, where I ask'd you *what had been the event of your Love*; and you answer'd, *not only infinite Trouble, but exceeding Sorrow, for that you had been Wounded, Enrag'd, impos'd upon, Shamed*

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*and Stript, and all on account of that Passion:* I remember many other passages whilst we were Neighbours in *Valencia*, which tho' they might afford matter of discourse, are yet by no means proper to be written. By your last you let me understand you are again fallen in Love, and that since I guess'd so truly at the sequel of your former Amours, you now desire I would give you my opinion of these; being, it seems, assur'd, that I am better able than another to apply Balm, and heal your Wound. Truly, Sir, I wish with all my Heart your Letter had been about something of another Nature, for to deal ingenuously, I must tell you, it is neither proper for your Age to ask Advice in affairs of Love, nor consisting with my Profession to grant it. With Men of my Function, you ought rather to Consult Cases of Conscience, than a Remedy for Love-diseases, I being much better vers'd in *Hosienfis* that instructs in Confession, than *Ovid* that writes of love Affairs. In good truth, my old Friend, neither you nor I are fit to engage in these matters, you being now grown old, and I in religious Orders; so that as you are of too great an Age, I likewise have too little leisure. Believe me, Sir, where a Lover wants Youth, Liberty and Liberality his Passion becomes a Plague; his Mirth full of Crosses; his Pleasure Imperfect, and Delights confus'd. When such as you strive to appear Youthful, and manage Intrigues, none afford them the Title of Sparks, but all that of decrepit impotent old Leachers; and on my Conscience, they are much in the right; for in my opinion such decay'd rotten old Fellows, are much

Don *Antonio de Guevara's* Letters. 85

much fitter to dung Ground, than keep Mistresses. *Cupid* and *Venus* entertain none but those that are young and can Serve, Liberal and can Spend, Free and can Enjoy, Patient and can Endure, Discreet and can Talk well, Private and can keep Secrets, Faithful and will be Grateful, and in a word such as are Resolute and will Persevere. It were better for him that is not endu'd with these Qualities to end his Days in the Field, than to make Love at Court; for certainly no Person in the World is so unhappy as the senceless Lover. He is impos'd upon by his Mistress, Laugh'd at by his Neighbours, Cheated by his Servants, Buffeted by Bawds, and fed with empty Words. Moreover he continually misemploys his Talent, Lives uneasily, Believes every thing, and at last finds himself entirely Ruin'd and Undone. All other Arts and Sciences may have some account given of 'em, except Love only, which neither *Solomon*, could Describe, *Asclepius* Paint, *Ovid* Teach, *Hellen* Explain, nor *Cleopatra* Learn. Every Man's Heart is the best School where it is Taught, and his Discretion the surest Preceptor that dictates Rules. Nothing requires so great circumspection as Love; for Hunger, Thirst, Cold and Weariness afflict the Body only, when this Passion likewise torments the Mind. That Love may be firm, secure, lasting and real the best way were for the Lovers to be equal in all respects: For if the Man be young and the Woman old, or the Woman young and the Man old, he Sober and she Wild, or he Wild and she Sober; he Prudent and she a Fool, or he a Fool and she Prudent; he Love her and she Hate him,



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him, or he Hate her and she Love him ; you may be well assur'd this ill-match'd Affection, will soon end in real Enmity. But in case your Mistress were 63 years of Age like your self, there will be no great danger of doting on one another ; therefore you might spend the best of your time in telling her what Ladies you had formerly had, and she in requital might give you account of her Sparks. But on the contrary, to come to particulars ; I wonder to what purpose a Man of your Age should have a fancy to a young and beautiful Bedfellow, who will rather make it her business to get what you have from you, than to have the least kindness for you ? To what purpose would you have a Mistress that can only serve to dress your Issues, Pare your Corns, and keep the Flies from your Beard ? To what purpose would you have a Mistress, since the greatest Discourse and Pastime between you, will be to tell her Stories, give an account how little you Eat to Day, and how often you counted the Clock at Night ? To what purpose would you have a Mistress, when you are too weak to oblige, have no Fortune to maintain her, want Patience to bear with her, and are too old to Enjoy her ? To what purpose would you have a Mistress, who will no longer endure you, than you can continue to present and make much of her ? To what purpose would you have a Mistress, whom you dare not refuse any thing she asks, nor correct for what ever fault she commits ? To what purpose would you have a Mistress, who will never suffer you to proportion your Expence to your Fortune, but rather expect you should suit it with

Don *Antonio de Guevara's* Letters. 87

with her extravagant Desires? To what purpose would you have a Mistress, whose Favours you must always acknowledge, and never complain of hard Usage, tho' she be unreasonably Loose? To what purpose would you have a Mistress, who will seem fond only to beg something of you? To what purpose would you have a Mistress, whom you must always be oblig'd to smile upon, tho' at the same time the Gout makes you roar? To what purpose would you have a Mistress, on whom you may spend all your Estate before you can thoroughly know her Qualities? To what purpose would you have a Mistress, whom you are to purchase with ready Money, retain with continual Presents, and at last be will forc'd to part from with Discontent? If on these Terms, Sir, you think fit to be a Lover, much good may it do you, for I am sure before many minutes Enjoyment, your House will be untild and your self expos'd to bad Weather; it being much fitter, in my opinion for your Age and Infirmities, to have a Friend to Divert, than a Mistress to Torment you. *Samocrotius*, *Nigidius*, and *Ovid* have writ several Treatises of Remedies against Love; but the Jest is they all sought Cures for others, but propounded none to themselves, all three dying Miserably in Banishment, not on account of Crimes committed at *Rome*, but Amours perpetrated at *Capua*. But however let *Ovid*, *Nigidius*, and *Samocrotius* say what they please, I dare affirm, the best and surest Remedy against Love were to avoid, as much as possible, the sight of the party belov'd; for in matters of this Nature, many we find escape, that fly the Encounter, but few or none come off fairly that stand

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stand it. In a Word, Sir, my Advise is that you suffer not your self any more to be decoy'd into the Amorous Snare, it being neither good for your Health nor consistent with your Honour, and this because you may be assur'd the Plagues you shall receive with your Mistriss, will be sooner able to dispatch you, than the Gout. I have enlarg'd farther on this subject, than I at first design'd, or perhaps you desired, nevertheless since it was you first took up the Cudgels, you ought not to complain, tho' you come off with a broken Head. I herewith send a rich Cope to the Prior of *Porta Cæli*: Pray, order it to be forthwith deliver'd, and moreover be so kind, as to wait on him in my Name, I having receiv'd several favours from him, and therefore take this occasion to make some tolerable Return. No more at present, but that God always keep and deliver you from two dangerous and troublesome Diseases, *viz.* LOVE and the GOUT.

*Madrid, March*  
the 3d. 1537.

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LET.

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Letters out of Don Quevedo's Cavallero de  
la Tenaza. All to Kept-Mistrisses.

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Made English by Mr Savage.

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L E T T E R I.

*Madam,*

**Y**OU hit upon an Unlucky Hour, to fend your dirty Messenger to me ; for while the Solicited my Generosity on your behalf, I was casting up an Account of my Profusenefs. By a just Calculation, I find that your boasted Benefits have all along fallen short of my Returns, and that in the smallest Distribution of my Bounty, I have still over-ballanced your trifling Favours. Upon this Reflection I have not only rejected your Request, but also wonder at your Impudence, to ask 30 Ducats for new Rigging, when you ought rather to be turn'd Naked into the Woods. Such Beasts as you are dangerous in humane Conversation, and therefore an Irrational were much fitter for you than a Rational Cully. Like Squirrels, you are sayd to cover your Backs with your Tails ; and to say truth, 'tis pity that any thing but Fur should come



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LETTERS  
OF  
GALLANTRY.

WRITTEN

*By the famous Mr. de Fontenelle, under the Name of the Chevalier d'Her----*

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*Translated out of French. By Mr. Savage, and Mr. Boyer.*

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For my own part, I desire no more than what just necessary, which, I'm sure, you shall ever be Mistress of. Suppose you bestow on me that Time I ask you——'Tis but what you would have bestow'd upon making Reflections, and I may flatter my self, I am still better than Meditations, and can entertain you with more delight. The least sentiments of Love are worth all the finest Reflections in the World: Therefore instead of being in a deep brown study, or thinking sometimes upon nothing, you may think on me. Adieu, Madam, till our Amour begins.

## L E T T E R II.

*To Madam C—— newly arriv'd from  
England to France.*

I write to you, Madam, in a Language, which you know little of, as yet: But then to make you Amends, I have chosen a Subject to write upon, which you will easily conceive. When I tell you that I think you the most amiable Woman in the World, I believe you will have no need of an Interpreter. You might understand me even in *Arabick*, for after a Man has once seen you, what can he say else? I have known Ships which having sail'd almost round the World, came at last into *France* freighted with foreign Curiosities, but none ever yet brought so great a Rarity over as yours, tho' it came but a short Voyage.

Indeed,

Mr. de Fontenelle's Letters. 97

Indeed, Madam, 'tis not because you are a stranger that I like you so well; were you a French-Woman I should love you yet more. Nevertheless I fancy that pretty foreign *Jargon* contributes not a little to make me over-joy'd at the sight of you. You cannot imagine how your looks are enliven'd, and how many new Charms are to be found there whenever you are in search of a Word. All the Eloquence which your Mouth then wants, is to be read in your Eyes. I am then ready to wonder how one can be in Love with those that speak *French* without any Difficulty. For God's sake learn to speak it no better, for fear there should be a thousand little Cupids lost. You will have need only of three or four Words, which are absolutely necessary, *Aimer*, to love, for the purpose; *Soupirer*, to sigh; and *Tendresse*, Tenderness, will carry you a great way into People's Favours. How I envy him, on whose account you shall slip out those endearing Words! Adieu.



## L E T T E R III.

*To Madam J——.*

**M**Y Duty, Madam, obliges me to entertain you with something, I have long since conceal'd from you. I am very sorry I can dissemble no longer, and am forc'd to acquaint with what, perhaps, may displease you, But no matter, I must tell you, of it, rather than endure the Reproaches and murmurs of my Conscience. This day, Madam, just a Month I am fallen in Love with you——, You may take it as you please: you may frown, and be very angry; but for my Part, I only had a mind to discharge my Conscience, which done I shall trouble my self no farther. I think nothing can be more unjust, than to see so charming a Creature as your self without Loving her. Love is a Tribute due to Beauty, and whoever beholds Beauty without Love, commits a Sin which cries to Heaven for Vengeance; and this Sin I felt ly heavy on my Soul. Perhaps, you'll say, I ought to love you without telling you of it. I understand your Policy, Madam; But you know that when a Man pays a debt, 'tis but prudence to see himself crost out of the Book, or get an Acquittance. I discharge the Love I ow you, and at the same time, declare that I am out of your Debt. How do I know but you might one Day or other sue me for it? There's nothing like going upon sure grounds. You'll tell me, I had no Reason to fear any such Thing——. Who knows what may happen?

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happen? Perhaps your humour may change, but however, 'tis certain there is no harm done if I let you know,

*I am*

*your devoted Servant.*

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LETTER IV.

*To the same.*

WELL, Madam, you was very angry at my free Declaration, and now are highly pleas'd with your self for it. Your Virtue has bluster'd and kept a heavy do; but for all this what will you lay that at a long run you will not hate me? Yes, you shall love me: I feel something within me, which assures me I shall cause my self to be below'd. Do not entertain so good an Opinion of your indifference, for my Constancy is able to conquer an indifference twenty times as stubborn as yours. I matter not my Time, when bestow'd on such charming Persons as you are. Will the Business require Years? With all my Heart, I'm sure I cannot bestow my Time better—. Will you grant me but small Favours? These shall appear great to me because granted by you; And if you grant me no Favours at all, then I shall love you even for your Cruelty; you will oppose Rivals to me? I shall make all desert your House by my constant Visits. In short, take what

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## L E T T E R   VI.

*To the same.*

I am going from you, Madam, for a while, that is, I'm going to love you more extravagantly than ever I did. Absence has a peculiar Virtue with me, which, I think, it has not with any Body else; I mean, it adds to my Tenderness. I always imagine those Persons I am absent from, the most amiable in the World, and I never fail being pleas'd with them. My Fancy shall represent you to me both tender and grateful; I shall think that if I were with you, you would grant me a hundred small Favours, and upon that score I shall be more charm'd with the Idea of you, than ever I was with the real Person. If by your Severity you think to gain from me the character of a Heroine, indeed you'll lose your labour; for as soon as ever I lose sight of you, I no longer remember your Cruelties. I have a tender Imagination which is not us'd to reflect such rough Ideas, so that I cannot believe 'em, unless I feel 'em. I know well enough at my return you will make it your Business to set the ill Ply of my imagination to rights; but however I shall enjoy some good minutes during my Absence in spite of you. I should be too happy if I could keep from the Folly of returning as soon as possible. Yet, if my Fidelity be not altogether indifferent to you, I'll engage to be rather more faithful when absent than present. I can nowhere behold a more charming object than your  
ima-

image furnishes me with, when abstracted and clear from all your Faults, and therefore I shall think on nothing else; but when I see you rigorous to the highest Degree, I then may meet with some Beauty or other, whom I may prefer to you. To be plain, I love you only because I know no Body at present that deserves so much to be belov'd; and if ever I should find a Person, whose merit were greater than yours, you must no longer depend on my Constancy. I were right enough in my Accounts, if your Wit and Beauty, whereby you excell all others, could ballance what you want in Tendernefs. Upon computation, I found they did, and thereupon I began to love you. However, I will not warrant but that some Person or other may be found, who may love so well, as to regain by her kindness the other Advantages you might have over her. In such a case, I give you a fair Warning to look about you; for after all, you must not imagine that Wit and Beauty are the only charms that can engage a Man; Tendernefs has also its Value, and 'tis written on my Heart in Capitals, as upon the apple of *Discord*, TO THE MOST LOVELY.

## L E T T E R IX.

*To the Marquis of C—*

I must, dear Marquis, make you the confident of my Misfortunes. I lov'd, you know, Madam L. M—, but now I love her no more. She reproaches me with Indifference: I hear nothing but continual Expostulations: *What's become of my Protestations of Faithfulness and Constancy?* This drives me almost to Despair; for in good Faith, is it my fault if I love her no more? Let her restore me my Love—, I ask no better; I were too happy if I were still in Love. I surrender, I abandon my self to her charms; let her give my heart mortal Wounds, I'll help her to the utmost of my Power; let her give me a Gallon of Philters, I'll drink 'em all. What can I do more? I still pay her the same Respect and Affiduity as I did before. But, says she, all these want their former Air—Ay—there lies the mischief: I can give her no Tidings of that Air; I know not what's become on't. She calls me ungrateful, but without any manner of Reason. What I now do for her costs me a great deal of Trouble, and she ought to thank me for it; whereas formerly she thank'd me for that which cost me none. We little know in this World the true value of Things: I began to love her without knowing why I did it, and now I make a thousand Efforts to love her again, which are the

the effects of an extraordinary Respect I have for her. I often prepossess my Eyes in favour of her Beauty, before I see her; I compare her with Millions of Women less handsom than she; I study all the graces of her Carriage, that I may be affected with them; I find, or at least, I suppose I find Wit in every Thing she says; in short, having thus excited my Heart, I fancy I love her: I feel I know not what, for an instant, but the next moment, 'tis all gone, and I feel nothing. My dear Marquis, why must we love, and yet not love for ever? Or why do not a Couple of Lovers love both at once; and cease to love at the same time? I am so angry with Love, that at this Moment I wish he were exterminated out of the World.

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L E T T E R X.

*Don Guevara, to a Lady, his Niece, who fell sick for the Death of a little Bitch.*

*Madam,*

**B**Eing inform'd of the slight occasion of your Melancholy, we all thought it impossible your Grief should ever exceed our Mirth, for so it is, Madam, that whilst one bursts his spleen with Laughing, another breaks his Heart with Sighing. We have been acquainted different way of the Death of our Lap-Dog, which we understand has not only afflicted your Mind,

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but also occasioned a Fever to confine you to your Bed, and to tell you Truth, this your distemper has been the cause of our Merriment. All matters of this Life are to be dealt with three ways, either to be lamented, laugh'd at, or not regarded; now this business of yours is rather to be ridicul'd than flatter'd, since you fixed your Affection simply, as you continue it foolishly. My Nephew has earnestly entreated me to go see and comfort you in your illness, and told me you were as sensible of the Death of your little Bitch, as I concern'd for the loss of my dear Sister. A Child when new born knows neither how to walk, eat, nor talk, yet is presently able to cry; therefore the crime lies not in that we mourn, but what we mourn for. Our first Mother lamented her Son *Abel*, *Jacob* griev'd for *Joseph*, *David* for *Abolom*, *Mary Magdalen* lamented her Sins, St. *Peter* his Apostacy, our Saviour his Friend *Lazarus*, and you, Madam, mourn for your little Bitch. Tears being as drops of Blood distilling from the Heart thro' the Eyes, we may be confirm'd by the Eyes of the Affections of the Heart, for if the one did not mourn, the other would never Weep. I say this, Madam, that you must needs love that Spaniel exceedingly well, since you have shewed so great concern for the loss of it. What Men commonly say of Women, that their Tears are fictitious, is not true; but nevertheless they may weep for one thing, and say they do it for another; but to cry in jest is neither in their Power, nor ought any Body to believe it. To lament for one Thing, and pretend it for another, I neither commend nor

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condemn, for in a generous and brave Soul, nothing ought to be more conceal'd than what we love most. This I thought fit to say in defence of your Sighs, and to favour your Tears. To confess the Truth, I cannot have patience to see you fix your Love so low, as upon a despicable Creature; for as *Plato* prudently says, *such is the Lover oftentimes as is the beloved*. Love is of so great force, that both Parties commonly become alike by its Power; So if I love a Rational creature, I am Rational; but if a Brute, a Brute; whence we may infer, that, you do not all differ in this from your Lap-dog. I have been much ashamed, I could almost say angry, at your Affliction, which has not only been admir'd at by many, but also complain'd of by a greater number; and for my part, I think they had reason, for we ought not to place our Affection, but only where it may be both well employed and well receiv'd. The best part of the Body is the Heart, and the best Affection of the Heart is Love, therefore if this be not advantageously bestowed, the Person must be very unhappy that admits of it, it being impossible he should know how to live, that knows not how to Love. Also I cannot imagine what pleasure you could take in loving such a creature, or what returns it could make you, unless it were to fill your Cloaths with Hairs, dirty your Rooms, sleep upon your Squab, load you with Fleas, trouble you to wash her frequently in Summer, and lie upon your Petticoats all the Winter. But yet for all this, you did not content your self with giving her the best bit out of your Mouth, and furnishing



assure you, at the same time, I got your order Signed, I was very sensibly Afflicted with the Gout. Sir, I procur'd the Herbs and Roots, and bruiz'd and drank 'em according to Order, but better regard may God have to your Soul, than they brought relief to my Pains, for they not only fir'd my Liver, but also benumn'd my Stomach. And I must tell you plainly, in this Distemper you have been so far from performing a Cure, that you have done me a great deal of injury ; and every time the Cold of my Stomach obliges me to Belch, I presently resolve never to have any more to do with Doctor *Mcigar*, since he could not distinguish a Malady above, from one below ; for I did not desire you to purge the Humours, but rid me of my Pains ; not being able to guess why you should punish my Stomach, when all the Pain lay in my great Toe. I once consulted Doctor *Soto* about a *Sciatica* in my Hip, and he prescrib'd a Blister on my Ears, but which only occasion'd all the Court to laugh, and my poor Soules to suffer. Another time I had recourse to Doctor *Carthagena* in *Alcala* about the same Distemper, and he order'd me Cow-turds, Rats-dung, Nettle-leaves, Rose-buds, and fri'd Scorpions to make a Plaister and apply to the part afflicted : But all the good I got, was, that it did not suffer me to sleep one wink in three Nights, and yet I paid the Apothecary above six Reals for making it. Whereupon, for the future, I utterly renounce any Man's Friendship that shall advise me to the Aphorisms of Hyppocrates, Maxims of *Avicenna*, Experiments of *Ficinus*, Treaties of *Racis* and *Re-*  
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cipes of *Erophilus*, providing in any of their writings there be the least mention made of this cur'd Plaister, I remember in *Burgos*, about 20 Years since, Doctor *Soto* cur'd me of an intermitting Feaver, but withal, made me eat to much Sallery and Barley, and drink to great quantity of Endive-water, that for a time I was quite depriv'd of the use of my Pallat; nay more could scarce Smell. Some few Years afterwards happening to visit the same Doctor when sick at *Tordesillas*, I observ'd he Eat an Orange and Drank a Cup of good Canary, at the very time his hot fit came upon him, which I not only wonder'd, but was very much offended at, since he treated me after another-guess-manner. Whereupon forcing a smile I thus accosted him, *Tell me, I beseech you, good Doctor, what is the reason you Cure your self of your Feaver with Wine of St. Martin, and me of mine by Endive-water?* To which he readily replied with a great deal of assurance, *you must know, Mr. Guevara, our great Master Hyppocrates, under penalty of his displeasure, Commanded us his Successors to recover our own healths with the Juice of the Grape, when he order'd nothing but still'd Water for our Patients.* Altho' this was spoke out of Raillery, yet I am apt to believe it in some measure, for I well remember you told me once in *Madrid*, you never took a Purge, or knew what belong'd to still'd Waters in all your Life.

Of all Arts, the Practice of Physicians surprises me most, since they always seem desirous of Curing others, yet care not to be Cur'd by the same means themselves. But since you desire it of me, generous Doctor, I

will give you my thoughts of Physick in general, as also what I have read concerning its first Inventors and Origin, and herein I shall endeavour to comply with your Inclinations without any regard to many others, for I know Blockheads will be offended, where I doubt not the Ingenious will be pleased.

If we may believe *Pliny*, none of the seven liberal Arts were ever so variable and fallacious as this; for he tells you, there was scarce any noted Kingdom or Nation in the World, were it was not almost thrown out, as soon as receiv'd. As Physick is a Foreigner, many are the troubles it will tell you it has undergone, and more the Kingdoms and Provinces it has travel'd thro'; but the cause was not that People had then no mind to be cur'd, but rather because they always found that Science very uncertain. The first among the *Grecians* that happen'd upon this Art, was the Philosopher *Apollo*, and his Son *Æsculapius*; both which grew exceeding famous. But at length *Æsculapius* being left young, and not having yet communicated his Secrets to any Successor, a Thunderbolt at once depriv'd him of Life, and the Art of an Instructor. Four hundred and forty years remain'd this Science interrupted, till the famous *Hippocrates* was born, in the Reign of *Artaxerxes* the second. While there were no Physicians in the World, the *Grecians*, when they made any Experiment with success, specified it in a Table, and hung it in the Temple of *Diana* at *Ephesus*. These Physick-Tables *Hippocrates* reduc'd to a method, and added some observations of his own. This Physician was the

the greatest that ever was known in the World, both because he was the first that writ and put that Art in order, as also because he it is said of him, he never was deceiv'd in any Prognostick, or mist the cure of any Disease he undertook. When he came to die, his Disciples began to cure, or rather kill, many People in Greece, the Art being then young and their experience but little; whereupon the Senate of Athens not only forbid any farther Practice, but also commanded them forthwith to leave the Country. They being thus excluded Greece, this Art was not only banish'd but forgot 160 Years, till another Philosopher and Physician arose, call'd *Chrysippus*, who soon became as famous among the *Argians*, as the former had been among the *Athenians*; and who made it his chief business to lessen *Hippocrates* and cry up himself, being the first that wrested Physick from the Protection of Reason, and plac'd it in the custody of Opinion. This Physician dying, there grew great contentions among the *Grecians*, which of the two methods was best, that of *Hippocrates*, or the other of *Chrysippus*: But at length they agreed in this, that they would neither follow one nor admit the other; affirming, that Honour and Life ought never to become matter of Dispute. Thus the *Grecians* continued another 100 Years without Physicians, till *Aristrato*, Nephew to the great *Aristotle*, arose and rescued Physick from Oblivion. This Man having cur'd *Antiochus* the first of an Infirmary in his Lungs; the King gave him his Daughter, 1000 Talents of Silver, and a Golden Cup. So that he not only gained great Repute but also

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enrich'd his Family. But nevertheless, he first brought a scandal upon his Profession, it having been never before known that any cur'd for hire, but only out of Friendship or Charity. *Aristrato* dying, his Disciples soon became more covetous than wise, and had greater Skill in draining Purles, than relieving Maladies; insomuch that the Senate of *Athens* was once more set to work to forbid any Physick being read, or practis'd among them. Another 100 Years was Physick Exploded in *Europe*, till *Euphrices* restor'd it in the Kingdom of *Trinacria* (*Sicily*) But he and a Quack quarrelling about curing King *Chrysippus*, it was agreed, that for the future, no mixt Potions should be used, but only Simples prescrib'd. A long while was *Sicily*, and the greatest part of the World, without profess Physicians, till *Herophilus*, a Man of great skill, both in Physick and Astrology, started up in *Rhodes*. After him, and his Learned Pupils, Physick lay dead for almost 800 Years, as well in *Europe* as *Asia*, till the great Philosopher and Physician *Asclepiades* appear'd in the Island *Mitilene*, (formerly *Lesbos*) a Man learn'd enough, but withal extremely fortunate. During all this while we do not read of any Physicians in *Rome* or *Italy*; for 'tis well known, the *Romans* were the last of all the World that had Clocks, Buffoons, Barbarians and Physicians introduc'd amongst them. Four hundred and 60 Years was the City of *Rome* without either Physician or Surgeon, and the first we read of, was *Antonius Musa* a *Grecian*. The occasion of his coming thither, was a *Sciatica*, the Emperour *Augustus* had in his Thigh, which he having totally cur'd, the  
*Romans*

*Romans* in Gratitude, rais'd him a *Porphyry* Statue in the *Campus Martius*. Prodigious wealth and great Fame might this Man have got, had he made Physick his sole Business, and not pretended to Surgery; for it being often necessary in that Art to cut off Arms, Legs, Fingers, fear Flesh, and apply Cupping Glasses, the *Romans* not accusom'd to see such Cruelties, or undergo such Tortures, at length ston'd and drag'd him dead thro' the City; immediately resolving never to admit Physician or Surgeon more among 'em. This continued till the Reign of infamous *Nero*; who in his return from *Greece* brought Physicians and Vices good store along with him. During his Reign, and that of his Successors *Galba*, *Orbo*, and *Vusellius*, Physick was in great Esteem in *Italy*; but after their Deaths, the good Emperour *Titus* banish'd both Orators and Physicians; his reason being that the former were Destroyers of good Customs, and the latter Enemies to Health.

However, Physick is to be priz'd, first, because the Creator of all things design'd it as a Relief to his Creatures in time of need, by placing a Vertue in Plants, Herbs, Waters, Minerals, and even in Words; to which they might have easy recourse, and find speedy benefit by.

*IIly.* When it lights into the hands of a Prudent, Knowing, Discreet, and Experienc'd Practitioner, who may sooner find out a Distemper, think of a proper remedy, and administer it surer than another.

*IIIly.*

*III<sup>dly</sup>.* When the Physician only uses it in acute and dangerous cases; such as a Plurisie, Quinzie, Imposthume, Scarlet-Feaver, Apoplexy, &c. in all which, means must be diligently sought, and a good Doctor credited.

*IV<sup>tly</sup>.* Where a Flux of Blood, can be cur'd by washing; a Head-ach by a good scent; a Pain in the Stomach by a quilted Stomacher; a heat of Liver by an unction; a Scalding of the Eyes, by cold Water; a Tympany by a Glister, and a Calenture only with good Diet.

*V<sup>tly</sup>.* Where I could find a Physician that would rather chuse to cure me with Natural simples, than *Hippocrates* his compounds; and prescribe fair Water, before juice of Endive.

*VI<sup>tly</sup>.* Where a Doctor in a simple Feaver, not only waits till the third Day be over, but also looks into the Patient's Water, to see if it be high colour'd, tries the Spleen if it be stop'd, has regard whether the Lungs be damag'd, or Tongue rough, and opens the Eyes, if they be heavy; so that he never pretends to prescribe, till the Disease be perfectly known.

*VII<sup>tly</sup>.* Where the Physician finding the Case dangerous, calls others to his assistance, to enter into Consultation, not Contention and Wrangling, about the Patient's Distemper.

He that is willing to comply with these Rules, may be safely sent for, and confided in;  
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and moreover ought to be well paid for his pains, Physick chiefly consisting in Ability to find out a Distemper, and Experience to apply a proper Remedy.

But I complain to you, noble Doctor, First, of many Lazy, Blockish, Rash and unexperienced Physicians, who for having only heard of *Avicenna*, &c. resided in *Guadalupa*, or being Foot-boy to the Queen's Physician, presently post away to the University of *Merida*, where by a Letter from *Rome*, they soon get to be Batchellors and Graduates in that Profession, *but who nevertheless* verifie the Proverb which says, *Physicians of Valencia have large Gowns, but little knowledge.*

*IIly.* Of many Ignorant and Vulgar Doctors, who having to deal with a dangerous Malady and after Purging, Syruping, Blooding and Anointing, not knowing what to do next, at length prescribe prepared Brickduft before supper, and clarified [redacted] at Day-break.

*IIIly.* of many Boy Doctors, who not having the least insight into their Profession, prescribe the Alphabet quite through for an ordinary Feaver, and often make use of the same dangerous Remedies as are proper against a Pestilence, insomuch that it were far safer for the miserable Patient to sit down at quiet with his Distemper, than hope to be cur'd by such Means.

*IVthly.*



*IVtly.* Of many of your Companions, nay, and Scholars, who prescribing against a weak Stomach, overflowing of the Gall, common Scurvy, or a little Flushing of the Blood; all which might be remedied with three days Temperance, Sugar and Water, or Honey of Roses, nevertheless order their poor Patients to be tormented with Cupping Glasses, and plagued with Juice of Endive, in a manner, that instead of easing, they rather keep 'em continually on the Rack.

*Vtly.* Of many others your great Cronies, who think themselves wise, and it may be are so, yet never prescribe any common Remedy for fear they should be thought not to know what belongs to Foreign Plants and Distant Drugs.

*VItly.* Of many ignorant Prentices whom their Masters, intrust with their Business, giving 'em an Ephemeris of Critical days, and Symptoms to walk by it, who nevertheless neither regard when the Distemper began, or whether it increase or diminish, but still load the miserable Patient with repeated Doses, till at last they reduce him to great danger of his Life.

*VIIItly.* I complain, that generally your Profession are at variance one with another, disagreeing in Humours as in Opinions, which is demonstrable in that some follow *Hippocrates*, some *Avicenna*, some *Galen*, and some none but their own Suggestions. But still the mischief

chief is, that the Poor Patient suffers, while the Doctors wrangle and dispute.

VIII<sup>thly</sup>. Of many Beardless Practicers, who being Novices in their Art, and but very slender of Judgment, whatever Experiment they have once seen tried, heard or read of, they immediately prescribe without the least regard either to their Patient's Constitution or Disease.

Lastly, I complain to you, and even of you, good Doctor, that generally you all wrap your Recipe's up in such obscure Terms and unintelligible Cyphers, that it is impossible for any but your own Profession to understand 'em. The reason of which I cannot guess at, for if your Prescriptions be good, they need not be conceal'd, and if bad, ought not be order'd. Nay neither ought they to be kept from our knowledge especially since it is our business both to swallow the Potion and pay the Apothecary.

Thus, Sir, I have hinted at the good Knowledge Physicians do, and the many Injuries occasion'd by the Ignorant, and to deal sincerely I am of Opinion, tho' my Misfortunes are many, yet the Villanies of your Profession are more; since at the hazard of our Lives you both purchase lasting Fame, and heap up vast Estates. No Power can contend with yours for Pre-eminence, for no sooner are you entered our Doors but we part with all we have, and approve of all you do; and where the Surgeon takes 'but 10 Ounces from our Arm, you infallibly draw  
twice

grav'd on his Tomb, *Perij turbâ Medicorum*, as if he would say, *It not being in the power of my Enemies to kill me, my Physicians did it in a trice.* There is a pleasant story goes of *Galenus* the Emperor, who being grievously afflicted with a *Sciatica*, and a Physician undertaking to cure him, perform'd indeed his Promise, but nevertheless made him undergo a thousand painful Experiments, whereupon the Emperor one day sent for, and thus said to him, take, Fabatus, *Two thousand Sesterces*, but wishal be inform'd, I give 'em not for curing my *Sciatica*, but that thou mayst never cure me more.

Wherefore, noble Doctor, I think it much more advisable to reward Ignorant Physicians for doing nothing, than for the greatest Care and Pains they can take; since we daily see they kill more by their Medicines, than their Ancestors destroy'd *Moors* in the Wars. But to conclude my long Epistle, I Accept, Approve, Commend, and Bless the sacred Mystery of Physick, when at the same time I cannot but Curse, Reprove, and Condemn the Physician that knows not how to make right use of it, for as *Pliny* says, *Non Rem Antiqui damabant sed Artem*, which to make plainer may be thus express'd, *The ancient Sages did not find so much fault with the Art, as Artist, and Method of Curing; since Nature having plac'd sufficient Remedies in Simples, Men altogether confounded them by Compounds.*

L E T.

## L E T T E R XII.

*The same to Mr. ———; Concerning the qualifications of a true Friend,*

S I R,

HAVING read your Letter over and over, I found in it many things worthy to be answer'd, and more to be blam'd; for considering what you write, and how you write, it is impossible but you should weary your Pen, and tire out your Reason. You ought not only to have regard what, but to whom you address your self; for Men of Quality and Slaves are not to be accosted after the same manner; too much haste and negligence for the most part favouring of Disrespect. Take it for granted, Sir, the Reader's Authority is very much less'n'd by the Writer's Assurance; and therefore I would advise you for the future to sit down, and consider what you are to say, and how you shall express it before you begin your Letter; for an Absurdity, if it be folly to speak it, it will be much greater to write it. Never begin any Letter of importance, till you have first made a rough Draught of your Design, for otherwise you will write what will certainly be laugh'd at; and request what will as surely be rejected. Sir, you say you desire me for your Lord, yet have chosen me for your Friend, but I must tell you there is so great difference between these two offices, that were you sensible of it, you would neither ask the one, nor think of

the other at the same time ; for where a Friend is engag'd at liberty, a Lord is taken thro' necessity ; a Friend serves, a Lord requires service, a Friend gives, a Lord takes ; a Friend endures, a Lord blusters ; a Friend is silent, where a Lord condemns ; and lastly, a Friend Pardons, when a Lord Revenges. So that this being true, I hold it impossible they should ever agree together ; You, to be my vassal, and I to be your Friend. In making me your Lord you must serve, follow, obey, and fear me, all which are both prejudicial to liberty, and Enemies of Repose ; so that you must often feel disquiet and likewise cause me some trouble. It may also happen, where I command you as a Lord, you may think to obey me as a Friend ; and so believe your self justified, where I am disappointed and wrong'd. To ask me likewise to be your Friend, is to require the greatest slavery imaginable, for I am thereby oblig'd to be yours all my life long ; for true Friendship cannot be such where the Person belov'd does not continue the same with the Lover. Friends are to be so absolutely united, that they are to have but one Tongue to talk with, the same Feet to walk with, and but own Heart to produce inseparable Affections ; in a manner, that one Life supports, and one Death ends 'em. It is very strange for one Friend to tell another, he won't do such a thing, or, he cannot, when the Laws of true Friendship oblige him to give all he has, and do all he can. In a Friend's House ought neither to be Weights nor Measures ; Bonds nor Bills ; Property nor Thivery ; for there we may enter without knocking, and take without asking.

ing. He ties himself up very strictly that enters the Lists of Friendship, for in such case he has neither power to deny, nor leave to excuse. I cannot take him for my Friend, or even a good Neighbour, that when he gives, does it by Weight and Measure, and sometimes when I ask refuses me; for where is the reason that he should not partake of my wants, who is the only object of my best wishes? *Seneca* in his Book, *de Ira*, says, *a wise Man ought to have but one Friend, and likewise, must take care he have no Enemies*; which was well advis'd, since Enemies are dangerous, and too many Friends troublesome; for the Rules of Friendship are so very nice, that where many pretend, few are able to perform 'em. A true Friend's *Motto* is, *that he would sooner suffer for our Honour, than be reliev'd by our Fault*. The Philosopher *Mimus*, said, *He had a greater regard to the Love in his Friend's Heels than Grief in his own Heart*. Also true Friends, are oblig'd to have the same sense of another's Misfortunes, as they have of their own; and at the same time, are not only to be sensible, but also assisting in a Remedy; for otherwise where they accept their Tears, they will have reason to complain of their stinginess or neglect. The Philosopher *Eschines*, being ask'd, *what was the greatest trouble of this Life?* Answer'd, *To lose what one wins, and part from what one likes*, which was happily spoken, for in the one a Man loses his pains, and in the other his pleasure. It is another privilege of Friendship, that we resent a wrong done to a Friend in the same degree as to our selves; for no sooner can he be afflicted, than we are to be disquieted. We ought

to make choice of such as are Discreet to Advise, and Powerful to Defend; for if they want Discretion, we shall need Counsel in Prosperity; and if Power, Relief in Adversity; So that even amidst our Pleasures we may as well be lost, as in our greatest Troubles ruin'd. Great occasion has every Man for a true Friend, who may assist when present, and defend him when absent, insomuch that he that has met with such a one may well boast himself possess'd of the greatest Treasure upon Earth; for he is to Relieve him with his Estate, Counsel him with his Prudence, Defend him by his Power, and Correct him when he does amiss; so that it is both his Duty and our Happiness to keep us from falling when staggering, as to lift us up when down. It is also requir'd in a true Friend to be both Discreet and Secret? for if he be a Fool, he is not to be endur'd, and if a Babler may soon ruin us. Our Estate, Person, Conscience, or Life may be entrusted with a Relation, Acquaintance, or Neighbour, but our Secrets must only be confided to a Friend. It also comes under the Rules of Friendship, not only to conceal all one hears, but also to be silent of all one sees; for Men have ever valued themselves upon holding their peace, when they generally repent of too much talking. Never must one Friend flatter another, for the more we Love, the more we are oblig'd to Favour, Defend, Counsel and Correct. Also never reproach for Benefits done, but be satisfied with our bare trouble for a Reward; for the Heart is never more at ease than when it has discharg'd it self honourably to a Friend. Also in a dangerous Distemper,

per, we must not always expect a Friend should ask our assistance, for oftentimes he may grieve long before he cares to complain. Virtue has sometimes Friends, and Prosperity is never without 'em; but be they what they will, they are both known in Adversity, for where the better sort follow Virtue, the greater part will be sure to wait upon Fortune. All Acquaintance are not proper for Friends, for tho' they may be honest enough, yet they are generally indiscreet; and where we may be allow'd to have a respect for their Persons, it will not be prudence to trust 'em with our Secrets. These and many other Qualities are to be requir'd in a true Friend, all which tho' you may find in my Mouth, yet I would not advise you to expect 'em in my Heart, and therefore you would do wisely, neither to think of me for your Lord, nor choose me for a Friend; for as to one, I am not powerful enough, and as to the other not good enough.



## L E T T E R I.

*St. Jerome to his Nephew: Being a most severe Satyr upon the Recluse part of the Church of Rome. Exposing their Intemperance, Luxury, Pride, Covetousness, &c.*

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*Written Originally in Latin and made English by Mr. Savage.*

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*Dear Nephew,*

**Y**OURS I receiv'd, and Return you for Answer that I can never enough wonder how so great Licentiousness in Meals, Habits, Beds, Equipages, &c. as you mention, could get in and be as it were establish'd among *Monks*, for those who have thus wholly abandon'd themselves to these Excesses, seem to have had but little Regard to the Spirit and Religion of their Ancestors, in a manner, that by these Excentric Proceedings, they have procur'd Vices the name of Virtues, and Virtues that of Vices. Also where a moderate Expence ought to be term'd Covetousness, sobriety, if extraordinary; Austerity, and Silence, Sadness; they on the contrary term a loose Behaviour, the effect of Discretion, Profuseness, Liberality, and much talking, but common Civility. Immoderate Laughing with them is no more a Vice, but goes under the name of a necessary Gaiety; Luxury in Habits  
and

and Pride in Horses are look'd upon as good Breeding in them, and superfluous Ornaments are the chiefeft furniture of their Chambers. Are not their Mouths and Ears equally filld with choice bits, and confus'd noises; and while they spin out the Immoderate Feast, Is there any among them, who offers to regulate the *Debauch*? No certainly! Dish Dances after Dish, and for Abstinence which they Profess, two Rows of luscious Fish, appear swimming upon the Table. Are you cloy'd with these? The Cook has Art sufficient to trick you up others of no less charms. He'll provide Sauces as different as your Palates. Thus Plate is devour'd after Plate, and such natural Transitions are made from one to the other, that tho' they fill their Bellies, they seldom blunt their Appetites, for the Palat is always so agreeably entertain'd with Novelties, that it has not leisure allow'd it to be satisf'd. Now Hunger is reviv'd, and the Appetite awaken'd, and they fall on afresh with the same greediness and Gust. The Belly having no Eyes, sees not how much it takes in, and at last is rather fill'd than Cloy'd. And since the simplicity of Nature is not entertaining enough, they make mixtures and horchpottes of various kinds, and by their exquisite and elevated Sapours, support and encourage their Intemperance: Notwithstanding, tho' they recede so much from Nature, yet are they not able to fill the vast capacity of their Desires. Likewise they dont think themselves well dress'd, unless they have the best of every thing on their backs; they don't look after the most Decent and Commodious, but the gayest Apparel; they

they don't enquire for the warmest, but the finest Cloth; in a word, they don't desire (pursuant to their Vows) what they have no occasion for, but what may cover them more with Vanity. Don't we see every Day, that those Habits which were given Monks, as marks of Humility, are so contriv'd that they serve rather to exalt their Pride? Scarce can a whole Kingdom furnish them suitably to their extravagant Desires. The Soldier and the Monk almost partake of the same Habit in the Field and in the Cell. Will not a Monk's Cowl now adays become a Man of the World? But you tell me perhaps with the Proverb, *That the Habit does not make the Monk*, and that it is Virtue alone which governs the Heart, tho' the Person be never so splendidly cloath'd. Very well, then would I fain ask you what make them traverse the Town, visit Fairs and Merchants Warehouses, overturn their Merchandizes, unfold their Silks, essay them with their Fingers, view them with their Eyes, hold them up to the Light, reject some and like others; if they were not more addicted to Vanity than Virtue? Perhaps I may hereupon incur the Character of an Arrogant Person, abounding in my own Sense, but it is no matter, I cannot hold my Tongue, but must always take liberty to enquire how the Salt of the Earth comes to be so deprav'd; what occasions Men, whose Lives ought to be Examples of Humility to others, to give rather, by their ill Practises, Instructions and Models of Vanity. For to pass by many other things, what a proof of Humility is it to see a vast Retinue of Horses, with all their Equipage

page

page, and a confusion of Valetsdechambres and other Servants crowding after a venerable *Abbot*? In a manner, that now-a-days the Train of such a one far out-shines that of two Bishops put together. May I be thought a Liar, if it be not true that I have seen one *Abbot* only, attended by above 60 Horse. Who would take these Men for Fathers of *Monks*, and Shepherds of Souls? Or who would not be apt to take them rather for Governours of Citys and Provinces? Why tho' the Master be 4 Leagues off, must his Train of Equipage extend even to his very Doors? One would take these mighty preparations either for the subsistence of an Army, or for provisions to travel thro' a very large Desert? Also cannot Wine and Water be pour'd undefild out of the same Cup? Cannot a Candle give light, but in a Gold or Silver Candlestick? Cannot you sleep upon any other bed than one of Tissue? Will not one Servant suffice to guide your Horse, serve at Table and make your Bed? If you tell me it is to save charges in an Inn, that you carry all these things; then will I ask you why every Person does not carry his own Provisions? But all this is little or nothing; let us proceed to matters of more consequence. I shall then take notice of the unreasonable Dimensions of their Churches, their stately Heighth, their excessive Length, and superfluous Breadth, of their sumptuous Ornaments and curious Pictures, which attracting the Eyes of the Congregation do not a little, I fancy, divert their Devotion, and which seem to me not much more allowable than the Ceremonies of the Ancient *Jews*. As for my part

I would have all Devotions and Places of Worship tend to the Glory of God. Now I would fain ask these Monks one Question, which a Pagan heretofore demanded of his fellow Pagan. *Tell me, Priests*, said he, *what has Gold to do with Holy Places?* Tell me Poor Souls (then say I, if you may be call'd Poor Souls) what has Gold to do in the Sanctuary? I do not here mean Bishops and their Churches, for we know that they are indebted both to Wise Men and Fools, and must be allow'd to stir up Devotion in People by Images, whom they are not able to move by their Preaching. But they that are no more of the World, that have forsaken all the Pleasures and Riches of Life for Christ's sake; that have cast at their Feet, all that glitters in the Eye of the World, and have fled from Concerts of Musick, Fragrant Smells and Feasting their other Senses; Ought those, I say, to Interrupt their Devotion with these Stumbling-blocks? What could they expect, should they acquiesce in all these Vanities, but the Admiration of Sots, and the Satisfaction of Fools? Is not the commerce they entertain with the World, the cause of their Offering Incense to these Idols? Or to speak more plainly, is not Avarice rather the cause of it, the very worst of Idolatry? Is it not true that they have more regard to the People's Riches, than their Salvation? Perhaps you'll here reprimand me, and cry what! will you then discover the great Secret? Have not we an Art to multiply Riches by Exhausting them, and like a River to make them encrease, while they flow in the most rapid manner, for with us Profuseness is the cause of their Abounding?

ding ? With you indeed the Minds of the Auditors are seduc'd by costly Vanities, insomuch that instead of Offering their Hearts to God, they Sacrifice their Purfes to Man. Thus you may proceive Dear Nephew, how Riches hamper Riches, and how the Money of the *Monks* prove a bait for the Caution of Fools. These *Monks* cover their Richies with rich Attire, and Pilgrims for fear of being dazled, approach them with shut Eyes and open Mouths. The best Adorn'd of Images, are ever the most Holy. Men crowd to pay them Devotion, but first must be Consecrated with Holy Water before they come near, then and even then for the most part, they are enclin'd to admire at the Ornaments more than either the Representatives or the Representation. Next their Churches are hung round, not with Crowns of Thorns, but Ropes of Pearls ; the lights of the Lamps are heightened by the lustre of Diamonds, and instead of Candlesticks, you see branches of Brass mounted, whose Weight and Workmanship are equally to be Admir'd. What do you think can be the cause of all these fine things ? Are they more to put you in mind of your Sins, than to move your Admiration ? No certainly ! O Vanity of Vanities ! But this is not so much a Vanity as it is a Folly. The Church here shines in its Walls, and suffers in its Poor ; It covers its Stones with costly Ornaments, but leaves its Children, the misfortune of being Naked. Here the Eyes of the Rich are fed with the Bread of the Poor : The Curiosity of Men is Indulg'd where the miseries of the Indigent are neglected. Nevertheless if we are insensible of the wants of  
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Men, we ought to have more Respect to the Images of our Saints, than to pave our Churches with them; what a shame is it for us to Spit in the Mouth of an Angel, and tread on the Face of a Saint? But all this while, tho' we have an Indifference for the Carving, why do not we spare the beauty of the Painting? Why do we Paint with our Hands what we intend to deface with our Feet? Why do we take so much pains in embellishing what we intend to defile the next Minute? What signifie so many fine strokes, when they are immediately to be cover'd with Dust? In a Word, what occasion is there for all these Vanities amongst poor *Monks*, who have renounc'd the Follies of the World? Thus, Dear Nephew, you have your Letter answer'd, I hope to your satisfaction. God continue you always in the good Course you have begun, and enlighten your Mind with his Divine Grace.

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L E T.

L E T T E R. I.

*A Letter from Cato Uticensis to his Son Marcellus.*

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*Done out of Latin by Mr. Savage.*

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*Son Marcellus,*

**I**N yours, and my Case, it is evident the Love of a Father outdoes the Duty of a Son, for where you have forgot to write to me; I not only take care to send you Letters, but also provide you necessaries to boot. If you will not converse with me as a Father, Pray Write to me as a Friend, and tho' you cannot respect my Grey Hairs, have at least regard to my good Works. You know, Son *Marcellus*, I have been now for these five Years in *Greece*, and resided for the most part at *Athens*, where are the most famous Philosophers, and most celebrated Academies in the World. If you would know my Opinion of these *Grecians*, it is this: They talk much and do little; call others *Barbarous* and themselves only *Learned*; are Friends to those will be guided by them, and Enemies to such as will not, dissemble Injuries, but never forgive them; are constant in Hate and variable in Love; hide-bound when they give, and Covetous when they get. And in a Word, Son *Marcellus*, they are naturally Proud and Imperious where they Command, and Slavish when they Obey. This is what



what the Philosophers Preach and People Practise, and whereof I thought fit to Inform you, that you might have no Inclinations to leave *Rome*, to come hither; for you know well the Prudence and Staidness of our Country would suit but ill with the Levity and Novelties of *Greece*. The Day our Sacred *Senate* shall permit the *Greek* Arts and Sciences to enter *Rome*, that very Day our whole *Republick* will be inevitably Ruin'd, for where the *Romans* may have reason to boast of Living well, the *Grecians* only busy themselves with talking of it. Altho' the *Grecian* Arts are all either Dubious, Pernicious or Scandalous; yet let me tell you, Son *Marcellus*, Physick is like to prove most dangerous to our Common-Wealth, for the People here have long since resolv'd to Murder those by Potions, they cannot Conquer by Arms. I every Day Observe these Doctors quarrelling among themselves, not how they shall Cure, but after what manner kill their Patients. But I enjoin you, Son *Marcellus*, forthwith to Advise the *Senate* of the first Arrival of Six Physicians lately sent from hence, that they may not be suffer'd either to Read or Practise they Pernicious Mysteries among you. Fare you well from *Athens*.

Two Letters of the Emperor *Aurelian* and Queen *Zenobia*. Done from the Original by Mr. Savage.

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LETTER I.

*Aurelian* Emperour of Rome, and of all Asia, to the Honour'd *Zenobia*, Queen of *Palmyra*, Health and Prosperity.

Altho' such Women as you, ought rather to be treated like Rebels than Friends, yet to shew you my Clemency superlede my Justice, if you will yield me Obedience, I will not only Pardon, but Honour you and yours. The Riches you enjoy, I am content you shall continue in the Possession of, and likewise hold your Kingdom of *Palmyra* during your Life, and dispose of it at the time of your Death, providing that you for ever renounce your Pretensions to any other Dominions in *Asia*, and likewise acknowledge *Rome* for your Sovereign. Your Subjects I do not require for Slaves, but Confederates and Friends, but this on condition that you forthwith disband your Army in *Asia*, and return to your Obedience to *Rome*, yet I am willing to allow that you should be permitted to keep up such a Force as may be sufficient for your private Guard. As for your Sons you have had by *Odenatus* your Husband, I am contented you should choose which of them you please to continue with you in *Asia*, but for the rest I must carry them with me to *Rome*, yet that not as Captives but honourable Hostages. As for our Prisoners taken on both sides, I am

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willing they shall be exchange'd Gratis. Thus you may continue Honour'd in *Asia*, while I return to *Rome* satisfy'd and well pleas'd. The Gods be your Protectors, and always preserve our Antient Mother *Rome*.

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## LETTER II.

Queen *Zenobia's* Answer ; suppos'd to be written by the great Philosopher and Critick *Longinus*, who lost his Life on that Account.

*Zenobia Queen of the Palmyrians, and Sovereign Mistress of the East, and of all Asia, to the Emperor Aurelian Health and Consolation.*

**Y**OUR Entitling your self Emperor of *Rome*, I have nothing to say against ; but when you extend it to that of the *East* and of all *Asia*, I must tell you, *Aurelian*, you claim what is none of your own ; for you know well, that part of those Dominions I have Inherited from my Ancestors, and the other part have conquer'd by my Arms. You write, if I will yield you Obedience, you will not only honour but pardon me and mine ; to which I answer, that it would be a most unjust thing in me, if since the Gods have thought fit to make me capable of Governing the Empire of the *East*, I should submit my self a Vassal to *Rome*. You say you will permit me to enjoy my Riches, and to Dispose of my Kingdom of *Palmyra* only, in case I will acknowledge *Rome* for my Sovereign : To which I must answer that you give what is none of your own to dispose of, and pretend to

Queen *Zenobia's* Letter.

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to what you shall never be Master of, for I hope sooner to be in a condition to give away what you enjoy in *Rome*, than you shall be able to dispose of what I possess in *Asia*. The War you wage against me, *Aurelian*, is most unjust; since you take up Arms to deprive me of what is my Right, both by Nature and Conquest. Do not think that the Name of *Rome* frights me, for if it was in your power to begin a War, it is only in that of the just Gods to dispose of the Victory. Remember you have to do with a poor Widdow, disconsolate whom it will be no Glory to Conquer. And on the contrary if she should Conquer you, as who knows but she may, consider what shame it will bring you. A Troop of Highway-men, have already defeated your Army in *Syria*. The *Persians* come to my aid, the *Saracens* arm for me, and the *Armenians* have declar'd in my favour, and I doubt not but the Immortal Gods will likewise assist me, their delight being to protect the Innocent and Chastize the Haughty. But if they should not, and my bad Fate should permit you to triumph over me and deprive me of Life, yet I Comfort my self, in that it will still be said after my Death, that the Unfortunate *Zenobia* lost her Life in defence of her Country and Honour. Do not, *Aurelian*, seek to win me either by Entreaties, Threats or Flattery, for all those Methods will be alike unsuccesful. As for my Sons, you must not think to gain any of them for Hostages, unless you can force them, for I have long since taught them to defend themselves, and not to betray their Country. Fare you well from *Palmyra*, and the Gods be your Advisers.

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L E T

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FAMILIAR  
LETTERS

O F

*Gallantry and Friendship:*

WRITTEN

By, and to, the famous Count *Bus-*  
*sy Rabutin.*

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*Translated from the French, by the Honour-*  
*able H--- H--- Esq; Mr B--- and others.*

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## L E T T E R I.

*Count Buffy, to Madam——*

**T**IS an easie matter for the King to buy all that he cannot conquer : Thus either by Sword or Money he will at last be Master of the largest Part of the World. But I admire at the King of *England*, who drives a Trade in Towns, and sells *Tangiers*, after having sold *Dunkirk* : If I were in his place I would likewise sell *London*, for he has as little reason to keep that, as any of the rest.

Since Cuckold-making has been in Fashion, there never was a Man that deserved more to be made one than Mr——. and every Day of his Life adds something to the Esteem I had for his Wife, when she chose rather to turn Common, than live again with him. Well, Madam, I must be in Love with Madam——. Since my Railing at her in Rhime persuades you I am. Now suppose it were so, you must own she's an ungrateful creature for not returning me Thanks, for all the repeated Proofs I give her daily of my passion. But let her use me as she pleases, I do assure you I'll not be discourag'd to go on.

## L E T T E R II.

*The same to Madam——.*

**T**HE Ink you made use of to write to me was so white, that I could read but ten or twelve Words here and there in your Letter; and 'twas

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only your good sense and mine, that made me guess at the rest. This is the best Ink in the World to write Promises with, that one has not a mind to keep; for by this time, 'tis all blotted out; but however I remember you wrote to me some very obliging Things. I hope those Civilities have made a deeper Impression on your Heart, than on your Paper; else you'd be the most fickle creature in the whole World. As for that Affection, Madam, which I have sworn to you, 'tis written in my Heart with such Characters as nothing shall ever be able to deface.

## L E T T E R. III.

*The same to Madam——.*

I was so uneasy about you, Madam, that I am over-joy'd to hear you were only sick: 'Twas so long since I had heard from you, and I so much depend upon your Friendship, that I had reason to fear you were dead; but as long as 'tis nothing but choler that you are troubled with, I hope you'll get rid of it, as I have done. 'Tis not to be imagin'd what a perfect Health I enjoy; God almighty, sure, makes me amends by this, for all the other Blessings he has taken from me. Whilest I was at Court, I was continually toss'd betwixt hope and fear, which so heated my Blood, that I was often oblig'd to have part of it let out; that is to say, compounded for one half of my Life to save the other; but at present my ill Fortune puts me in an admirable Temper. You cannot imagine,  
Ma-

Madam, how much a Dose of Adversity is sometimes beneficial. I own that Potion tastes somewhat bitter, and one must have a strong Head, not to turn giddy with the Vapours it sends up to the the Brain ; but with a little Trouble at first, one may use one's Palate to it, and then this Remedy works wonderful Effects. You that live in the world will call me a Quack, and I'm sure, you'd rather take a Vomit than my Medecine ; in Truth, few People ever us'd it but upon a forc'd put. I am sorry for the Ill Treatment our Friend meets with at Court, and I had rather any other Man of Merit, should contribute to comfort me, for the usage I have receiv'd these three Years past, by the Example of his Sufferings.

Before I conclude I must desire you not to shew my Letters to any Body except Mr——. You know Men in my condition can say nothing but what will be found fault with : If we are merry, we exasperate our Enemies; and if sullen and peevish, People are afraid of our Resentment. As for me, they would not allow me to be sufficiently cast down; and tho' I have Resolution to spare, yet I shall be glad to have no fresh occasions given me of exercising that Virtue.

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#### LETTER IV.

*The same to Madam —.*

**T**Here's a Time, Madam, when 'tis to be construed a neglect not to write to our Friends, and there are others where 'tis Discretion. Me-



thinks, it becomes a Man in disgrace, rather to be silent than to speak, for either, he is troublesome if he talks of his Misfortunes, or ridiculous if he pretends to be merry. For my Part, Madam, I have not hitherto done my self the Honour of writing to you, for fear of falling into either of these Inconveniencies. I have more Respect for you than to fatigue you with my Sorrows, and I am wiser, than to laugh at them. I know very well, Madam, there's a Medium between those Exreams; but nevertheless the Conversing with the unfortunate is ever unpleasant, especially to those in Prosperity. Which obliges me to conclude by assuring you, that no Man in the World esteems and honours you more than I do.

## L E T T E R V.

*Madam S ——— to Count Buffy.*

I wonder, Dear Cousin, that it should be precisely in our little Sister of *St. Mary's* (a Nunnery so called.) Chamber, where the Fancy takes me to write to you. One would be apt to think our Friendship were grounded on our Grand-Mother's Devotion; else how comes it to pass that so many other Places where I have seen you, do not put me so much in mind of you, as this where I never saw you in my Life? You have here a Daughter that contributes to that Miracle. She's as witty as if she convers'd with you every Day, and as modest as if she had never stirr'd from *Saint Mary's*. Indeed, She's a young Per-

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Person of very strict Christian Principles, adorn'd with certain Graces inseparable from the House of *Rabutin*, which render her wonderfully charming. I doubt whether any of your other Children are better than she ; but let this suffice to make her Proud. I have been eight Months in *Brittany*, during which time I never could find my self witty enough to write to you. At my return I was willing to renew our accustomed Inter-course, and I begin with this : The better Day, the better deed. I send you no News, either private or publick ; you know all that passes, at least I will think so, for I fancy 'tis not safe to write about some Things. There are new Plays, on which, I have the Vanity to believe, you will pass the same censure as my self have done. Farewell, Dear Cousin ; you cannot imagine how much I covet the honour of your Friendship.

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LETTER VI.

*Count Buffy's Answer to Madam S-----*

**D**O you know the reason, Madam, why you write to me from a Place where you ne're saw me, rather than from many others where you have seen me a Thousand Times? 'Tis because my Daughter puts you in mind of me, and growing soon weary of the common Discourse of a Nunnery, you pass away part of the Time of your visit in writing to her Father. Thus, Madam, as far as I can perceive, you chuse rather to converse with the World than me, but then you have rather  
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converse with me than with a Nun. This you will own if you are sincere. When I perus'd that part of your Letter, wherein you say, *That my Daughter is as witty, as if she convers'd with me every Day, and as modest as if she never stirr'd from Saint Marys*, I thought you had written, *as modest as if she had never convers'd with me*. For indeed a young Lady may become agreeable by conversing with me, but she can hardly grow a Saint that way. My Daughter proves such, as I have been told by a great many, besides your self, she would do ; and the Testimony you give me of the Charms of her Wit, is what we call *the Approbation of the Judicious*. Her Sisters have also their Merit ; and if by my Disgrace they have lost some Advantages as to their Fortune, they have gain'd others with respect to their good Education, and their improving of their Judgment. You should have written to me from *Brittany*: Both of us are losers by your silence. 'Tis a jest to tell me you did not find your self witty enough. What ! do you design to write fine Letters to me ? In my Opinion they can never be such when written with design and study. I confess I know what passes at Court ; but I should be ignorant of it, if all my Friends were as cautious as your self.

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## L E T T E R   V I I .

*Madam — to Count Buffy.*

**I** am so seldom at *Paris*, that it has never been yet in my Power to obey your Lordship's

Count *Buffy's* Letters.

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ship's Commands, however, I am very sorry for't, because I LOVE you very much. Were I some few Years younger, that word LOVE in Capitals would look very terrible to me; but since it goes for no more than Friendship between us, I speak it boldly. I send you here enclosed the Ballads, which Monsieur *Benferade* sent lately to the Duke and Dutcness of *Orleans*; you'll judge of them better than any Body else. The Countess *D*— will not follow the Court, because she goes to drink the Waters. For my Part I use my self so much to Solitude, that were I at my own Disposol, I should certainly turn *Anchorete* for good and all. I know not whether you can conceive, that one may sometimes grow weary of ones self, as well as of other People; but for my part, I experience it to such a degree, that I grow very *Singular* in that Respect, not to say *Mad*.

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LETTER VIII.

Count *Buffy's Answer*.

**T**IS to no purpose, Madam, for you to exaggerate your Age: For when you tell me you *Love* me, I account it as a very great Favour, and do heartily rejoyce at it. But without pretending to lessen my obligation to you, I dare assure your Ladyship, that let your sentiments towards me be what they will, yet they can amount to no more than Gratitude, since I began to Love you first.

The Ballads you sent me, have been very enter-

tertaining : No Man but *Benzerade* can write Trifles so genteelly.

I can conceive, how People may grow weary of themselves, as well as of other People. This proceeds from Idleness ; for if you kept your self employ'd, you would not be unnease as you say you are. You mention solitude as a Remedy against Melancholy, whereas in Reality 'tis the true cause of it.

Would you not think it very strange to see Madam C—— Marry the Abbot L—— ? But would you not be more surpriz'd, if after that she did not cuckold him ?

## LETTER IX.

Count *Buffy* to Madam M——

I receiv'd your Lordship's Letter, but yesterday ; by which, you very obligingly expostulate with me concerning my long Silence. This, by your favour, is an odd way of proceeding, for you know very well you ow'd me an Answer, which perhaps, I would patiently have expected a little longer.

I find you want to know what I do ? I must tell you, I never was so well in Health, so merry, nor so desirous of seeing you as I am at present. As for the Lady you speak of, who was like to die in the Country, I heard the extréam Danger she was in, with as much Resolution, as she receiv'd the News of my being a Prisoner in the *Bastille* ; and for all you are pleas'd to say in  
your

Count *Buffy's* Letters.

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your Letter, you know very well, I have reason to have no better sentiments towards her.

I know not what to think of my Return, at least at this present time. If I reflect upon my Faults only, I should be recall'd to morrow—, but then if I think how unlucky I am, I find it cannot be so soon. However, that Day must come ; and I do assure that when ever 'tis, I shall be very glad of it, merely upon account of my Friends; for you know well enough, I am not such a Fool as to have any ambitious Thoughts in Prospect. Then I shall be intirely at my Friend's Service, and Fortune shall no more divide my Heart. You need not ask what share both you and my little Cousin shall have in it, for I can assure you 'tis so much your own, that you may dispose of it at Pleasure.

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L E T T E R X.

*Madam B—— to Count Buffy.*

I must acquaint you Lordship with a piece of News, that will certainly make you merry ; which is, that Mr—— was reconcil'd to his Wife, but is now so asham'd of it, that he only sees her in private. 'Tis thought the Reason of this Reconcilement was, that he might engage his Wife's Interest to gain her Sister's favour, whom he Loves to distraction, and who desir'd of him that Proof of his Love. Farewell, My-Lord ; give me leave to tell you by the by, that 'tis very ungenteele in you, never to write to me, till I have answer'd yours first, when People Love their Friends never to little, they don't use to stand upon Punctilio's.

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## L E T T E R XI.

Count *Buffy* to *Madam B*—

**Y**OU tell me, Madam, you know not what I can think of your being silent this long while? Truly, I cannot but think that you Love me but very indifferently; for your little Journey into the Country did not interrupt your Corresponding with your Friends at *Paris*; and you might as well have sent thither, from time to time, a line or two for me. I grant you I might have done the same, but I fear'd either that my Letters would never come to your Hands, or else that you would care but little for 'em. For, Madam, you cannot imagine, how much People in disgrace are apt to be mistaken, and full of Suspensions.

I am very angry with your Husband's Rheum, since it robs me of the Pleasure of seeing you here. You would have been welcome to a pretty, clean, pleasant House, and been entertain'd with our homely Country-Fare, and above all, a great deal of Mirth. You do very well to Nurse up your Husband your self, and not to trust him with the Physicians, who have not so great a concern in him as your self have,

The Death of *M*— does not render the Court more melancholy than it was before; This Reflection ought to redouble our care of Life, since People are no sooner dead than they are forgotten. 'Tis true it would avail them but little to be remembred; therefore we must endeavour to live, for living sake. *Mr*—*S. Re-*  
conciliation

Count Buffy's Letters.

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concilement with his Wife is pleasant enough : I apprehend his Reasons for it, but cannot conceive his Wife's; unless it were that when she liv'd from her Husband, she had not the Pleasure of deceiving him, which gives a wonderful Relish to an Amour. I ever lookt upon the poor Lady as a *silly Goose*, and could not imagine how any Man would trust her either with his secret or his Heart. Madam, Adieu—. Be for the future a little more exact in answering my Letters, for I am not a little desirous of having all I can from you.

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L E T T E R XII.

*The Marchioness of — to Count Buffy.*

**Y**OU ought to suppose I cannot write to you, whenever I happen to be silent; for I discharge this friendly Duty with too much Pleasure, to be wanting in any opportunity.

I am over joy'd to hear you are in good Health, and I thank you heartily for it: That's a Blessing for which your Friends are beholden to your good Temper, which makes you to comply with the Times, and renders you the delight of all that approach you; whereas the generality of other Persons in Disgrace are insupportable.

I am not a little oblig'd to your Lordship for being somewhat uneasy at my absence; I return you the same Compliment: Indeed I had rather be your Neighbour than any Body's else in *France*.

L E T-



## L E T T E R XIII.

*Count Bussy to Madam———.*

I admire, Madam, both at the continuance and Exactness of our Correspondence : Were it not supported by a great Esteem and Friendship on both sides, it had often been interrupted ; but I take great delight in writing to you, and you are alwaies so kind as to answer me without any delay.

Had poor Madam— been dead these hundred years, she should not have been more forgotten than she's already : However we must not wonder at it : We often forget the Absent who are dead but for a while ; how then should we remember the dead, who are absent for ever ? I would lament 'em more, if I thought they remembred us ; but I believe they have other business to mind, and therefore, Madam, let us remember, and make much of one another, whilest we live, since we have no other time to do it in ; and for that very Reason, let's live as long as we can —. The Company, which, I told you, I expected here, is not yet arriv'd ; but in recompense I have many other Visitors both from *Paris* and the Country. The Neighbourhood of St. *Mary's* Wells brings us a thousand People, who are not one jot the more troublesome for their Distempers. Formerly the conversing with those *Pilgrims* was dangerous, but now adays a great many Ladies come hither to refresh themselves, who, in my Opinion, are not the less lovely, for having their Blood a little upon the Ferment.

L E T-

## LETTER XIV.

Madam Scarron (now Madam Maintenon) to  
Count Buffy.

I Write to you, my Lord, as soon as I am able:  
For I have been troubled these twelve days  
with a continual Fever, attended with such a  
Head-ach, that I was ready to run distracted. As-  
soon as I receiv'd your Letter to the Duke of  
St. A — I dispatch'd it to him. I have not  
heard from him this long while, but I know  
how to awake him, if he should chance to be a-  
sleep. He is a very good Man, and one who is  
ever ready to oblige his Friends to the utmost  
of his power. I have been alone this Fortnight;  
which is the reason I have no News to send you.  
I am so silly whilst I am sick, that I am well-  
enough pleas'd to have no Visitors. What do  
you think of Madam — and her great affliction  
on the Death of the Abbot of — For my part,  
I commend her for it; tho he were a *Friend* or  
*Gallant*: For after all, when a Woman is infatuat-  
ed by either of these, and that he proves faithful,  
if she loses him, her loss is certainly very great.  
Do you not think it a very grave business for  
Madam R — to be a Widow the three first  
Months? Afterwards she will like it well enough;  
for of all conditions that's the most free: And  
indeed the opportunities one might have of do-  
ing ill, is apt to lessen the desire of being distor-  
t. Adieu, Dear Count, my head turns gid-  
dy.

M

dy, and were it not that I have a great esteem for you, and that I cannot live easie without your Letters, which are become a necessary good to me, I had not been able to write at all.

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## LETTER XV.

*Count Buffy's Answer to Madam Scarron.*

**Y**OUR Reason, Madam, does not seem to me impair'd in the least by your Head-ach, and I believe that proof against the severest Megrimms; however I am extreme glad you are in better Health. Our Friend's fault is not to be wanting in serving his Friends, when 'tis in his Power, but only not to own his Inability offering them upon some occasions. I wonder you have been a whole Fortnight without receiving any News from your Friends; they might have thought something or other had happen'd to you, which deserv'd their enquiring after, since they did not hear from you all that while. Madam—— has reason to grieve at the Death of the Abbot of —— and not to conceal her affliction, for she expected to marry him. I know not whether she is to be condol'd with upon this occasion, and desir'd Madam —— to inform me. I do not think, as you say, that Madam —— can keep up with Dignity, the Gravity of a Widow for three Months together. Nay, I doubt whether she can forbear Laughing at those, who shall offer to comfort her. I agree with  
with

with you, that Widowhood is a pleasant Condition, especially to the Women; because they recover their Liberty, and without injuring the Memory of your poor deceased Husband, I believe, (betwixt you and I) you would not be willing to see him come to life again.

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LETTER XVI.

*Mad. Scarron to Count Buffy.*

I Will follow your Lordship's counsel, and indulge the pleasure I find in writing to you often, provided you be as willing to answer my Letters. 'Tis true, you'll make a *Negro's* exchange; That is, you'll part with *Gold* for *Iron*: And the advantage I shall find in this way of Trading, will be, that I shall grow Richer, and you never the Poorer. But, my Lord, if what I heard Yesterday be true, we are like to have War very speedily. I saw Yesterday Monsieur—— who inform'd me of a Report, as if the King had agreed with the King of *England*, to make the Prince of *Orange* Sovereign of the *United Provinces*. I cannot give credit to it; but if such a thing should happen, you *Heroes* would make the Market on't. The little Monf. —— who is in *Lorraine*, wrote Yesterday to his Father, that they were commanded to march he knows not whither; that they had taken Provisions with 'em for three days, and that their first days march was to be sixteen Leagues. Others write that *Nuremberg* is Besieg'd by the Bishop of *Munster*;

and that our Troops are marching to join him. If all this be true, will it not be a means to hasten your return to Court? A little time will better inform us of all things. You say true, that Count ———'s Letters want to be Translated into *French*, to be understood. He writes better to Madam *M*—— than to me, perhaps because he does not so much endeavour to write well to her.

Paris, June 9.  
1671.

## LETTER XVII.

*Count Buffy's Answer to Madam Scarron.*

**W**ELL, Madam, 'tis agreed we shall write often to one another: Be not in pain about my being punctual in answering your Letters; for I have more spare time than you. I know not what to say to the commendations you give me about my *Gold* and your *Iron*; but have you a mind to know why I write Letters to your liking? 'Tis because you can judge of their value, and I must confess that's an encouragement. You say 'tis thought we shall have War; for my part, I am not in this as the generality of People, who easily believe what they most wish for; to be plain, I believe nothing of the matter. I think we could make a shift to defend our selves, if we were attack'd, but we find our selves too well Establish'd in  
the

the present Posture of affairs, to desire to change it by our own choice. I warrant we shall never quarrel first. Count ———'s Friends are in the right on't, to amuse him with Presents; for in the condition he and I are in, they ought to divert us and keep us employ'd, that we may not have time to reflect on our affairs at Court. We ought to take care of nothing but to live; for let all the World be against us, yet time is for the unfortunate. I doubt not, as you say, but the obscurity of Count ———'s Letters proceeds from his endeavouring to write well. When a man has a Genius, he must give it its full scope, and never constrain it. But if the Count's Riddles puzzle you, they do you a great deal of credit in recompence. You would understand him better had he less esteem for you, or were he less desirous to please you. He renders himself intelligible to Madam ——— because he despises her. If your intercourse with him continues, he will one day or other pull off the Vizor, and shew himself to you bare-fac'd. Madam ———'s Devotion, blended with all her other affected ways, make a fine mish-mash; but I knew nothing of her being a Friend to Madam ———. Your Mr. ——— has Eyes like another Man; but it pleas'd me to see, that immediately after naming him, you should mention a Mistress of mine. I am sure you did it without minding the comparison; but it falls out every day, that some People put us in mind of others by chance, which however never fails to have the same effect as if we did it on purpose. I have the same thoughts with you about Mr. ———. He is an accomplish'd

M 3

Gentle

Note, that  
in France  
Women  
use their  
Titles when  
they Marry

Gentleman, whom I value very much. Madam — had more Love and Ambition when she Married — her Husband; but I question whether she continues in the same disposition, especially when she's in *Paris*, where she has frequent occasions to wish herself still a \* Dutches. Let a Husband be never so genteel and agreeable, yet he is no more than another Man, when a Woman is once us'd to him, and the temptation of those Honours she has quitted, will return of course. Let the Case be how it will. Madam — has reason to set a good Face upon the matter, for that's the only way she has left to justify to the World what she has done. I love her very much, and both she and her Husband have reason to love me. Nevertheless, I am mistaken, if you and Madam — do not love me better, for indeed you take place before 'em in my Heart. As for Madam — I despise her very much; tho 'tis not either hatred or spite that sets me against her; but I do it only for Diversion sake. Her misfortunes do not awake my Generosity, because I found her indifferent in my Disgrace. However, I desire this may go no farther than Madam — and yourself.

Buffy, June 20.  
1671.

LETTER XVI

LETTER XVIII,

*From Madam Scarron to Count Buffy.*

*With Father Rapin's Character.*

I Have a Book to send to your Lordship from Father *Rapin*, a *Jesuit*, who tho a stranger to you, is one of the best heads of that Society, and a man of Exemplary Virtue. Knowing the World so well as you do, you may easily imagine he has abundance of Friends among Persons of Quality. I once shew'd him one of your Letters; and to shew you his good taste, I can assure your Lordship he was so charm'd with it, that from that moment he has had a strong desire to settle a Correspondence of Letters with you, and be admitted amongst your Friends. Therefore, my Lord, I think you ought kindly to accept his Present, and honour him with an Answer to his Letter. I promis'd him to give you his Character, and I am going to make my word good. His Physiognomy discovers a great deal of his good Nature, and mild Temper: His Manners and Behaviour are free from that Affectation which is remarkable in the generality of those that wear a Religious Habit: He is contented to keep up a *Decorum*, and have that prudent Reserve which becomes a Man of his Age and Profession. He not only is morally Good, but also very Religious; his Devotion



puts him upon performing good Works, but never renders him a Persecutor of his Neighbour's Defects; for he is so far persuaded, that the turning from Evil to Good must be owing to God's Grace, that he rather chuses to pray for Sinners, than to preach to them, when he finds his Sermons would only serve to exasperate their Minds. Thus he shews no more of his Devotion than is just necessary to edifie others by it, and convince 'em, that a polite, accomplish'd Man, may be a very good Christian. He has a quality which, in my opinion, argues the Greatness of his Mind; which is, that he can raise and lower it at pleasure. Amongst Scholars he is accounted the best Scholar of the Age, and yet his Knowledge is so well digested, that one discovers nothing in his ordinary Conversation, besides Reason and good Sense. Methinks that Man deserves the highest Commendations, who being able to say a thousand fine things, yet condescends to say indifferent ones, only to adapt himself to the capacity of those with whom he speaks. This is Father *Ravin's* Talent, for no man knows better than he, how to talk with all People of what they understand best, and pleases them most; which, in my opinion, is the most difficult knowledge, and such as is most to be admired in a Religious Man. He is courted and belov'd by the greatest Men in the Kingdom, and yet he is neither pufft up with being acquainted with Persons of great Quality and Wit; nor does he despise those of an inferiour Merit. He is as upright and just as 'tis possible for any Man; neither Greatness, Favour, Rank, nor Wit, can seduce him, or so much as tempt him.

He

He is the best natur'd Man alive ; kind, obliging to every body, but to his particular Friends without any reserve ; still endeavouring to serve them to the utmost of his Power, without any private consideration. I must acquaint your Lordship, that besides the great Esteem he has already for you, he also desires to be your Friend, that in time he may have occasion to be serviceable to you ; for even thro' all the Stories your Enemies spread abroad, he has perceiv'd that you are a good Man. However 'tis upon the score of your Wit he now sends you his Book, and begs you to correct what you'll find amiss in it, because he will reprint it with some other Compositions of his. Now what is most true, and yet very uncommon in an Author is, that your Corrections, if the Book admits of any, will oblige him more than your Commendations. He has writ lately another Treatise concerning Eloquence, which he will send you as soon as he knows your opinion of this. In the mean time, if you do not kindly receive both the Friend I give you, and the Books he presents you with, I shall be very much dissatisfied. I pity you, my Lord, that must take the trouble to read so long a Letter, but then consider, I have been at the pains of writing it ; but I do assure you, were I not your very humble Servant, you'd never catch me at it again.

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 LETTER XIX.

*From the Reverend Father Rapin, to Count Buffy.*

I Confess, my Lord, that Madam Scarron having shewn me some of your Letters, I was so touch'd with your way of Writing, and began to have so great an Esteem for your Lordship, that I desir'd her to send you a Book I had lately written concerning *Eloquence* and *Oratory*, that I might in some measure, merit a share in your good Graces, and have a Correspondence with you. Nevertheless I would not be thought so vain as to court this Intercourse merely because 'tis Honourable and Glorious, but rather because I thought it might be profitable to me. I am, my Lord, so far acquainted with the Ancients, as to find you are master of a true Stile, and that you are the only Man that knows how to be plain without being low, and natural without being flat. This Talent is so very rare, that it has created the great esteem I have for your Lordship, and the desire of being one of your Friends. If what you say in some of your Letters be true, that your good Nature surpasses your Wit, you will easily grant the favour I beg of your Lordship, which is to take the pains to peruse the Book I now send you, and to write your Remarks in it; that I may either add or retrench what you shall think fit. I am about to print  
Three

Three Comparisons of six of the most Learned Men among the Antients, *viz.* of *Plato* and *Aristotle*, *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*, *Homer* and *Virgil*, to gather in the same Volume a Historical Philosophy, Rhetorick, and Art of Poetry. Now because the *Treatise* I send you is the most imperfect of the Three, a Ray of your sublime Wit, which I hope you will let flow on it, will much contribute to the mending its Faults. This is the favour I beg of your Lordship, and I presume you will not be sorry to oblige a Man who is already so much inclined to honour you; who has so great a value for your Merit, and who may teach others how to value you. Pardon, my Lord, my free way of writing, which I have pitched upon, for fear of being mistaken in the Forms wherein Persons of your Quality must be address'd to. I am, with all the Respect imaginable,

Paris, July 24.  
1671.

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LETTER XX.

*Count Buffy's Answer to Father Rapin.*

I Was highly pleas'd with the Civilities I receiv'd from you, thro' Madam *Scarron's* Hands, and your Letter has made me compleatly yours. Tho' I see in the main you flatter me, yet you do it so nicely, that you almost persuade

perswade me you speak nothing but the Truth; for let the esteem that others have for us be never so ill grounded, you know, Reverend Father, we always take it in good part. You say you will be my Friend, and I passionately desire to be yours; you write you are prompted to court a Correspondence with me, because it may be useful to you, I wish with all my heart it may; nay, I will endeavour to render it agreeable and entertaining. You ask my judgment about your Comparison of *Tully* and *Demosthenes*; I protest I was charm'd with it, and never saw any thing so clear, so well demonstrated, so natural a Style, nor an exactness so artfully managed. All I dislike is its being in Print; I wish none but such as are able to know its Beauties should have it in Manuscript; for after all, when I consider that a thousand Blockheads may read it without knowing its worth, I cannot but be uneasy at it. You tell me I shall not be sorry to oblige a Person, who has already so great an Esteem for me, and may teach others how to value me: I do assure you, my Reverend Father, that both to you, and to any man, whose Esteem and Friendship you may procure me, I shall ever approve my self most sensibly Grateful. Pray inculcate this often to your self and to others, &c.

Buff, August 18.

1674

LETTER

LETTER XXI

*Madam S --- to Count Buffy.*

Have now your great Boy in my Chamber, having sent for him in my Coach to Dine h me. My Cousin the Abbot, who was e just now, presented my Nephew with a er folded up, which having open'd, he found o be a Pedigree of the House of *Buffy Ra-* in. He was very much pleas'd with it, and ow, busie about looking from whence he cends. If all under one he considers whither is going, we are not like to dine so soon ;

I will spare him the trouble of that Medi- on, by assuring him, he goes directly to a tain, nay, a speedy Death, if he follows your ssession, as 'tis likely he will. I hope this ought will not keep him from eating his Din- ; the Blood that runs in his Veins will not er him to be startled at so sad a News. But en all is done, I cannot imagine how a man i expose his Life a thousand times, as you e done, and not be kill'd a thousand times r. This day my head is full of that Reflec- n. Monsieur *Longueville's* Death, that of *Gni-*, *Nogent*, and several others ; the Wounds of ; Prince of *Marcillac*, *Monrevel*, *Revel*, Count *Saux*, *Termes*, and a thousand others, give me very dreadful Idea of the War. I cannot com- ehend the passage over the *Rhine* by Swim- ng. For Men to throw themselves into that River

River on Horseback, like a Pack of Hounds after a Stag, without either drowning, or being knockt on the Head at their Landing, so far surpasses my Imagination, that my Head turns giddy with the thoughts on't. God Almighty has hitherto preserv'd my Son, but how can we depend on those that are in the Wars? Farewel, dear Cousin, I am going to Dinner, I find your Son handsome and agreeable; I am very glad you like my Letters; 'tis impossible to please you, without being proud of it.

Paris, June 19.  
1672.

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## LETTER XXII.

### *Count Buffy's Answer to Madam S----*

**A**T the rate you speak, one would think, Madam, that none but Soldiers die; nevertheless, 'tis certain, that the Wars hasten the Death of some few. For my own part, I have had my share of several dangerous Encounters, without being so much as wounded. My Misfortunes have been of another kind; and to be plain with you, I had rather live less happy, than have dy'd young. A hundred thousand People have been kill'd in the first Fight they were engag'd in, and a hundred thousand more in the second, but still I have escap'd. I find you are very much alarm'd; but I must comfort you,  
Madam,

adam, by acquainting you, that some People  
ake sometimes ten Campaigns, without ever  
awing their Swords, and are often in a Fight  
ithout so much as seeing the Enemy; as for  
ample, when they happen to be in the second  
ne, or in the Rear, and that the first Line de-  
des the Victory, as it fell out at the Battle of  
e Downs in 1658. In a Field-War, the Horse  
fficers run more hazard than the rest; in a War  
Sieges, the Officers of Foot are a thousand  
mes most expos'd. On account of which I must  
late to you, what Monsieur de Turenne told me  
: heard the late Prince of Orange, *William*, say,  
*that young Women thought Men always ready; and*  
*Monks believ'd Soldiers in the Wars always Fight-*  
*g.* The great concern you have in this Cam-  
aign occasions those melancholy Reflections,  
hich you never made before. Were not your  
on in the Army, you would look upon that  
ction, as upon a thousand others which you  
ave heard related without Concern, and would  
nly think the Passage over the *Rhine* courageous,  
hereas you now account it fool-hardy. Be-  
eve me, dear Cousin, most things are great or  
nall, according as our Fancy makes 'em. The  
imming over the *Rhine* is a great Action, but  
ot so bold as you imagine. Two thousand  
orse go over to attack four or five hundred;  
e former are supported by a great Army, com-  
manded by the King in Person, whereas the o-  
ners are Troops already frightened by the blunt  
nd vigorous beginning of the Campaign. Had  
e *Hollanders* shewn more Resolution on this Oc-  
asion, they had perhaps kill'd some few more of  
ur Men, but must nevertheless at last have been

over.



over-power'd by our Numbers. Had the Prince of *Orange* been posted on the other side the *Rhine* with his Army, I do not think Ours would have ventur'd to have pass'd that River swimming before him. This, indeed, had been a rash Action, had we attempted it: However, 'tis no more than *Alexander* did at the Passage of *Granicus*, which River he crost swimming with 40000 Men, in spite of 100000 that oppos'd him. 'Tis true, had he been beaten, he had been accounted a mad Man; and 'tis only because he succeeded that we say, he did the greatest Action in the World.

I am glad, dear Cousin, that your passionate railing against War, proceeds only from your Fears of what may happen, and that your Son is come off safe. We must hope he will always have the same good luck, tho' 'twas the saying of *Marschal de la Ferté*, that 'twas the Motto of War, *Stay and I shall catch thee*. Pray, inform me, whether your Son was commanded to pass the *Rhine* or not, if my Son pleases you, Madam, he may well hope to please others.

*Chaseu*, June 26.  
1672.

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## LETTER XXIII.

*Count Buffy to Madam S----*

A Scratch of ones Finger, when one is uneasy, hurts one more than a Quartan Ague with a contented Mind; I say this to you, dear

dear Cousin, because I think all the Ailments of the fair Countess proceed only from her being gone from you. Let her make much of her Life, and endeavour to live merrily. I counsel her nothing but what I have practis'd my self for these twelve Years past. No man is more touchy than I am; but so long as I was Mutinous and Refractory against Persecution, I suffer'd like one in Hell, and so augmented my Miseries by my Impatience. I had died in the *Bastile*, if a Month before I was set at liberty, I had not entirely submitted my self to God Almighty's Will. This Resignation restor'd me to my good Humour and Gayety, and saved me a dangerous Operation, to which the Surgeons had already condemn'd me. Ever since that time, Madam, having found so great a Benefit, by Patience and Mirth, you need not doubt but I have often repeated the same Remedy, which has settled me in such a Temper, that though I lost my long Services of thirty Years, yet the return of Fortune is almost grown indifferent to me; nay, I never enjoy'd the sweets of Life so well, as I have done since my Disgrace. This is my Receipt which I send to my dear Cousin, the fair *Provençal* Lady. I don't think the difference of our Constitutions can hinder my Remedy from being beneficial to her, for I look upon it as the best Specifick.

'Tis most certain, that the unhappy need but live: For as Gamesters lose only for want of Money to play on, so People remain in Disgrace only for want of Life. I think, Madam, I told you this once before; but I beg leave to repeat it at present; and you'll have good luck, if I don't tell it you ten times over and over.

N

Father

Father *Rapin* is deeply afflicted at the Death of the first President, though little more than my self. I was sensible he lov'd me as much as ever any Man in the World did, and you know how my Heart stands affected towards those, whose Friendship I am well assur'd of. Farewel, dear Cousin, I do not tell you I love you, that's to be understood. Let's do in this for the future, as those who Bet at Play, and are willing to save themselves the trouble of Staking; that is, let's love one another as long as we say nothing to the contrary.

*Buffy*, Jan. 5.  
1678.

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## LETTER XXIV.

*Madam S----- to Count Buffy.*

**I** Begin, dear Cousin, with wishing you a happy New Year, which is as much as to wish you a continuation of your Christian Philosophy, wherein true Happiness consists. I cannot imagine how 'tis possible to enjoy a Moment's Tranquility in this World, without having God Almighty in prospect, and submitting to his Will. With this Support we are able to bear the greatest Misfortunes; and therefore, dear Cousin, I wish you the continuance of that Blessing, for such it is; nor is in our selves that we can find those Resources. I will forbear mentioning  
what

what you deserv'd to have been, and what you are now: My Love for you, and for my self, has suffer'd too much by it already; let's think no more upon it, God would have it so, and I subscribe to all you say to me about it. The Court is full of new *Blow-frings*, and one cannot make a Visit without meeting with four or five of 'em. This Ornament comes very *A-propos*, to grace the Arrival of the King and Queen of *England*, who are come to *St. Germain's*, and not to *Vincennes*, as 'twas at first reported they would. This Day will be the true Feast of the \* *King's*; \* *The* very pleasant to him who receives the other under *Frenches* his Protection, but very sad to him who wants *Epiphany* a Sanctuary. These are great Objects to gaze *the Feast of* at, and great Subjects for Conversation. Politicians have now abundance to say. No body doubts but the Prince of *Orange* was willing to let the King escape, that he might be Master of *England* without a Crime; and as for the King, he did well to quit the Field, rather than hazard his Life with a Parliament that put his Father to Death, though he was of the same Religion as they. These Events are so great, that 'tis no easie matter to conceive where they will end, especially when one considers the present State and Disposition of all *Europe*. That same Providence that over-rules all, will also unravel all: We are here below but blind and ignorant Spectators. Farewel, I embrace you and my dear Niece; I am sorry she was oblig'd to be let Blood for her sore Eyes.

*Indies*, and had been taken for a Spy in *France*, as he follow'd a Vessel laden with Salt. He told us your Name was both known and dreaded in the deepest Abysses of the Waters, and that the *Whales* of the *Atlantick* Ocean were in a cold Sweat, as often as they heard your very Name. He would have told us a great deal more, had he not been in the boyling Pan, so that he could hardly speak. The like Tidings we had from a shoal of *Fresh Herrings* that came from *Norway*. They assured us that the Sea in those Parts was frozen that year two months sooner than usual, thro' the general Consternation they were under, upon the News that you directed your Course Northward. They told us the *great Fishes* (which you know eat the little ones) were apprehensive that you would do by them, as they do by others; that the greatest part of them were retired as under the *Bear*, thinking you would not go so far; that both the weak and strong are alarm'd and perplex'd; but especially a sort of *Sea-Eels*, that squeak already as if you were fleaing of 'em, and make the shore ring with their noise.

To say the Truth, you are a terrible *Pike*; and begging leave of the *Hippotamos*, the *Sea-Wolf*, or the *Dolphin* himself, the greatest and most considerable Guests of the Ocean, are but *Sbrimps* in comparifon of you; and if you go on after the rate you have begun, you will swallow up the Sea and all its Fishes. But now you have rais'd your Glory to such a pitch, that 'tis certain it can neither go farther nor higher; it would not be amifs, I suppose, after so much Fatigue, that you come and refresh your self in the Waters of the *Seine*, and sport and play

a little with so many pretty *Tenches*, fine *Perches*, and honest *Trouts*, that wait here impatiently for your Company. But let their Passion to see you be never so great, yet it comes far short of mine, and of the desire I have to express how much I am

Your GRACE'S

Most Humble and

Obedient Servant,

The C A R P:

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L E T T E R XXVI.

*Monf. St. Evremont to Monf. . . . .*

*Concerning Friends, when a Man is in Disgrace.*

S I R,

YOU blame me for not letting my Friends hear from me, to which I answer, that I must know 'em, before I write to 'em. A Man will find himself mistaken in his ill Fortune, if he depends upon old Acquaintance, which are miscall'd Friends, on very slight Grounds. We often endeavour to make some People remember

M 4

us,

us, who have a mind to forget us, and whose Spleen we move, instead of bespeaking their good Offices, And, indeed, those who are inclined to serve us in our Disgraces, are impatient to shew their good Will towards us, and their Generosity spares a Man the secret Trouble, which he ever feels in explaining his wants. As for those who suffer themselves to be courted, they are in a manner resolved to fly from us, and our most reasonable Petitions, become to them Troublefom Importunities. I will make a particular Application of this general Reflection, by acquainting you, that I have heard from all those Persons, who would be ready to use their Interest in my Favour; I should in vain Fatigue with my Letters, such as have not writ to me hitherto. Among those Friends whom I have try'd in my ill Fortune, I have found some full of zeal and tenderness; others who did not want Affection, but having a clear knowledge of their Unability to serve me, and being little concern'd to see themselves without Interest on this occasion, have easily commited all my Misfortunes to my Patience. I am oblig'd to 'em for the good opinion they have of it. This is a Virtue which a man makes the best shift he can withal, yet which he had rather his Enemy should practise. Nevertheless we ought to be thankful for the Service which is done us, without complaining for that which is not; and reject certain Suggestions of Self-Love, which represent other People more oblig'd to serve us, than really they are. During four years I have been out of the Kingdom, I have every six Months gone thro' new Rigours, which I render

as light as possible, by the easiness of Pati-  
 . I hate those unprofitable Struglings, which  
 ad of preserving us from Misery, retard the  
 liarity we ought to contract with it. Be-  
 , those whose Power has no Bounds, never  
 ce us so unhappy as they might, when they  
 us docile to their Orders. Opposition exa-  
 ates their Will, without diminishing their  
 ver. This submission to our Masters, insen-  
 y prepares me to suffer by those that are not  
 I often hear my self condemn'd without  
 se, and after a slender justification, that I  
 y not provoke People by being too much in  
 right, I wait till they undeceive themselves;  
 in Truth, in the heat of a scurvy Business,  
 must expect more from Time than from Rea-  
 s; some are unwilling to speak them, others  
 hear them; but by a turn either of Humour  
 Interest, that which was the occasion of our  
 [grace, is now accounted our merit. There  
 : few Persons at Court whose Reputation I  
 ve not seen change twice a year, either thro'  
 : fickleness of our Judgments, or the unstead-  
 fs of their Conduct. I confidently hope the  
 ne will happen in relation to me; but rather  
 ro' the Reflections of others, than thro' any  
 ange of mine. I'll make an end of this un-  
 ateful Subject. 'Tis a *Ridiculum* ordinary in  
 ose in Disgrace, to infect every thing with  
 eir Misfortunes, and as their Mind is possess'd  
 r them, they are still plaguing *others with them*.  
 he Conversation of Mr. *D'Aubigni*, whom I am  
 ow going to see, saves me a longer Imperti-  
 nence, and you the trouble you would receive  
 by



by it, with him, Mirth is of all Countries and of all Conditions, even to that degree, that a Man in Disgrace has then too much Gayety, and breaks in unawares upon the Decency of a serious Air, which is the least homage we owe to adverse Fortune.

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Original

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ORIGINAL  
LETTERS  
ON  
Divers Subjects,  
BY  
*Several Hands.*

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 L E T T E L I.

*From Ed. L----- Esq; to Mr. R----- contain-  
ing an Account of the Oxford Wits.*

S I R,

I Will not pretend to give you a particular Account of *Oxford*, 'twould take up too much time : And besides, you meet with it in so many places, you may easily spare me that Trouble. We have several things here very well worth your seeing. The Colleges and Halls are the finest in *Europe* ; the Publick Schools and Library, the Theatre, the *Museum*, and the Convenience for the Maintenance of above 4000 Students, without the least Noise or Hurry, are very surprizing to such as come from the Universities abroad. Had I more leisure, I should enlarge upon each of these Heads, but though there are some things omitted in the Accounts that are publish'd of *Oxford*, yet I should be forc'd to tell you many things you must have heard before, and not so much to the purpose, you mention, as that I am going to acquaint you. The Conversation of this Place is very troublesome to a Man who has seen the World, and cannot entertain himself with hearing two or three grave Coxcombs repeat a hundred Scraps of old Authors ; and those, perhaps, such as no body but themselves, would be at the pains to remember. Every thing is formal and stiff that comes from

from them ; they give themselves over a Bottle, the Magisterial Air of the Quadrangle, and treat *Strangers* as they do *fresh Men*, with as much Contempt, as they themselves meet in *Covent-Garden*. They will be very Drunk, but never Merry ; and the Senior of a House, if his Pension will allow it, may carry four Bottles to his Chamber, without ever having a Laugh for it ; they are all profest Politicians, and not a Youth that comes from the Tuition of a Country Pedagogue, but presently enters into the Government, and makes a part of the State. There are very few good Poets, but as many Criticks as there are Gowns ; and we damn every thing that is not our own, with as much Ease and Severity, as if we really understood it. As for Plays, the Masters and old Fellows are perpetually railing at them in publick, and improving themselves over 'em in private. The Gentlemen-Commoners, and the smaller *Fry*, are good Customers to the Book-sellers, when they pay 'em ; and there is never a Scoundrel Author, who has the Advantage of an Advertisement, but they immediately buy him. If they like any thing, 'tis commonly as the Cits take up the Fashions, when the Court has abandon'd them. Thus they are all passionate Admirers of *Collier*, who is as new to them now, as *Davenant* is to you ; and *Davenant* will, no doubt, be as dull to you too, as ever *Collier* was ; for such is the Fate of all *Temporary Writers*. *Blackamore* has a powerful Party here, and you would not be believ'd, if you should tell them, that his Books are lately sold by the Pound in *Duck-lane*. Those who write in your way,  
feldom

seldom fly higher than a Madrigal or Lampoon; and if their Songs are Amorous, you will find so many pretty Philosophical, and Metaphysical turns in them, that you wou'd think 'em rather design'd to instruct, or puzzle the Fair, than to move her. Their Language is as affected as their Mien; nothing natural, free, easie, or polite; and though they can never give Town-Poets a good Word, yet the Flowers and Graces of their Eloquence, are generally collected from the Dramatical Poems; but so awkwardly, that there is scarce a Farce, with a new Phrase in't, which they do not apply to the most serious Uses; as I heard a florid Preacher in St. Mary's tell his Auditory, *Some People give themselves strange Airs in Devotion*; and abundance of such Stuff, which had made the Pit merry in *Dur-y-lane*, and was now to put the square Caps and Bonnets into the right way to Heaven; nay, so very fond are they of getting into the Language of the Town, that there is never an *Irish Man*, who has the *Brogue of Tipperary* on his Tongue, but if he can pass with you for a Wit, he shall soon be a Pattern to our finest Orators, and his vulgar Cant be impos'd on them, for the Talk of the Circle. However, here are several very honest Gentlemen, who distinguish between a Man of Learning, and an empty Pedant, who study the best Authors, and Copy them in their Writings; in whom there is nothing of the Rust of the Schools, and from whom, in time, we may expect something extraordinary. I am in hopes to get leave of one of them to send you a Copy of Verses he has lately made, which I think

is

s admirable in its kind. I shall continue to let you hear from me, as you desire, if you continue to write me. I am,

Oxford, 1. of May.  
1701.

Sir,

Yours, &c.

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## LETTER II.

*From Captain Ayloff, to his Sick Friend,  
Mr.----- to comfort him under the Apprehensions of Death.*

SIR,

I Heard of your Indisposition with a great deal of Regret. All your Friends are extremely concern'd at your desperate Condition, but most of all, to find this last Scene of your Life, not only dissonant from, but a little unworthy of the rest. 'Tis a misery of Nature to be neither exempt from Pain, nor easie under it; but your Distemper has nothing in it but Danger. I grant it is essential to Humanity to dread a Dissolution; and that few were found so miserable, but, upon very indifferent Terms, would compound to live; but these are Men absolute Slaves to the Mechanism of their Existence, and who have not Philosophy enough to raise 'em above the Condition of animated Clay. You, Sir, have tasted all the Blandishments that Life affords, and long ago might have been thought tir'd with  
the

the nauseous Revolution of the same Delights. You were never imperious in Authority, nor supercilious to your Inferiours; you drank without Quarrelling, and play'd without Swearing; you repay'd what you borrow'd, and lent sometimes more than you could conveniently spare; you laugh'd at no Religion, though you never declar'd your own: Every one by this Discretion thought you of his, because your Morality shew'd you of the best. If you have not improv'd your Estate, you have spent it not ill, and have left enough to bury you. Methinks these Reflections might make your Mind more easie under your approaching Difunion. That you should chuse to live, (if it were in your Option) I don't wonder at; since your Life was a Pleasure to your Friends, and never a Trouble to your self. But since Necessity seems to have determin'd your Fate, the radical Moisture quite exhausted, and the Glafs, in fine, run out; why should you be anxious at the closing of a Period, you have so gloriously protracted to a good old Age? Why can't you calmly suffer, what it is impossible to avoid? And not by any Regrets and Reluctances seem too desirous of what must not, cannot be; this were by one Action to tarnish the Glories of fifty odd Years. I can't see a Blessing on Earth worth your staying for; the eternal vicissitude of things confirms you, that they were made to be chang'd, and that the Law of Succession would be violated, if you did not in your Turn make way for a new Part to be acted. Shew the World you believ'd what you practis'd, since to Dye is the consequence of being Born; let the Scene be quietly shifted, and

calmly off the Stage. As you liv'd honourably,  
die so, and then you may expect to rest happily,  
and leave a good Name behind you.

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### LETTER III.

*From the same to Mr.-----.*

**I** Wonder you should be so surpriz'd in our Friend's Disappointment. The very Reasons you urge why he should have succeeded, are to me Assurances of his miscarrying in it. His Ingenuity and Accomplishments are what will always hinder his rising in such a Post, as you mention'd. Persons of Quality can't always chuse for themselves, the rest of the Family have too great a share in their Preference, and too great a Power over 'em, to let any Gentleman of extraordinary Merit be with 'em. His Sense might be fatal to their Interest, and his Ingenuity destroy many of their sinister Advantages. The whole Family must be of a Knot, and this is the reason why some of our Noble-men are so very contemptible at Home, and so seldom welcome Abroad. A Man must be half blind, and quite a Blockhead, to make his Fortune under a Peer. They are so capricious, that Men of Merit would undervalue themselves, if they submitted so servilely to 'em, as all must do, to live easie under 'em. Generous Tempers can't brook it; make him something else, and his Parts will help his Fortune; or, if possible, make him a Fool, and then you'll be sure to prefer him to my Lord, &c.

Q

LETTER



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 LETTER IV.

*From a French Gentleman in London, to his Friend in Paris, giving him an Account of the Court of England, particularly of the Assemblies at Kensington; and of the Celebrated Beauties there.*

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Made English.

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SIR,

YOU engag'd me, before I left *Paris*, that I should send you an Account of the Court of *England*, and I would have discharg'd my Promise sooner, had I not committed the same Fault, which most Foreigners are guilty of when they come to *London*, without being recommended to some Person of Distinction; that is, I got into mean Playhouse Acquaintance, with whom I have spent a great deal of Money before I knew where I was.

But about a Month ago, Fortune brought me into better Company, particularly that of my Lord M--- who told me, that having, in his Travels through *France*, receiv'd great Civilities from my Father, he would be glad of an opportunity of shewing his Gratitude to his Son. I return'd

return'd him my Thanks, and beg'd he would honour me with his Protection, and introduce me to Court, which he readily granted.

On a *Tuesday* Morning his Lordship carried me in his Coach to *Kensington*, a place within three Miles of *London*, where the King of *England* makes his ordinary Residence; I was not a little surpriz'd to see so thin a Court about a Prince, who makes so great a Figure in the World, there being not above 20 Persons at his Majesty's Levee: the Lord under whose Conduct I was, perceiving my wonder, told me, that two chief Reasons contributed to the thinness of the Court; first, the natural Aversion the *English* have to all manner of Dependance; and secondly, the small Encouragement his present Majesty gives to Pleasures and Diversions, the weighty Affairs of State employing almost all his time. However, added he, to morrow Night you will see here an Assembly of all the *Beau-Monde* of *England*, which may vie with any of the same nature in *Europe*.

I had fancied the King of *England* to be a tall Man, of a stern, severe Countenance, such as ancient Heroes are generally represented, but I found him to be of a middle Stature, and wonderfully affable and of easie Access. He has the *French*, *English*, and *Dutch* Languages, at command, but uses the first more than any of the rest. His Nose is *Roman*, his Eyes fine, quick and piercing, and his Physiognomy speaks him what he really is, the best of Politicians.

The King's Palace at *Kensington*, is scarce magnificent enough for a private Nobleman, much less for so great a King. The only remarkable thing in it, is a long Gallery full of fine Pictures of the  
O 2 best

best *Italian, Dutch, and English Masters*; Painting being the liberal Art that his Majesty relishes most. I expected to have seen some of King *William's* great Actions among these Paintings, because I had seen those of our King masterly expressed by *Le Brun*, and others, at *Versailles*; but my guide told me, that Monuments of *K. William's* Actions are every where to be found except in his own House; he told me also, that the King chose *Kensington* for his Residence, both because of its being near *London*, and of the goodness of the Air; but that he begins to be disgusted with the place, by reason that People build too fast about him. He added, that his Majesty had two other Palaces (much finer than that at *Kensington*) the one at *Windsor*, the other at *Hampton-Court*, whither he promis'd to carry me, whenever I pleas'd. Tho the King's House at *Kensington* be but indifferent, yet the Gardens about it are very fine and neat.

The next day, about Eight a Clock at Night, I met my Lord M—— at a certain Chocolate-House in *St. James's-street*, where Persons of Quality and nice Breeding generally rendezvous; from whence we went to *Kensington*, all the way being lighted with Lamps, set up on both sides of a fine Causeway, at 20 Foot distance from each other, which yielded a very fine Prospect, and rendred our Flamboys useless. The number of Coaches about the King's Palace was so very great, that 'twas a long while before we could alight, but being got out at last, I follow'd my Guide up into the Gallery of Pictures I mention'd before, where, it seems, the Assembly met. Here I was ravish'd with Pleasure and Astonishment at  
the

e sight of so many great Beauties, to which e glistering Jewels they wore, added nothing it their weight, being eclipsed by their brighter Charms. I had an extraordinary Character ven me of the *English* Ladies, before I came over, but yet I must confess my expectation was r short of what I beheld in this Assembly. Besides their delicate Complexions, and fine Shapes, e *English* Ladies have another advantage over e *French*, which is their genteel natural Air, d way of Dressing, free from all manner of Affectation. Among this great number of celebrated Beauties, the Honourable Person who conducted me, bid me take notice of the Dutcheses Ormond, Bolton, Grafton, Richmond and Somerset, the Countesses of Ranelagh, Burlington; Marlborough, Orkney, Sandwich, Kildare, and Annesley, my Lady Spencer, and Mrs. Godolphin, both daughters to my Lord Marlborough, and Mrs. Godfrey, Niece to the same Earl; my Lady Cavendish, Daughter-in-Law to the Duke of Devonshire; Mrs. Brudenel, Daughter to my Lord Cargan; my Lady Hernley, Daughter to Major-General Earl; my Lady Betty Cromwel; my Lady Vindham, Mrs. Berkley, Daughter to my Lord Fitzharding; my Lady Belgrave; Mrs. Price, and several others, whose names are slipt from my memory, tho their Faces never can. As for the Men, I need not tell you that the *English* are generally handfom, proper, and well-proportion'd; but I cannot but take notice, that those amongst them who endeavour to distinguish themselves by their Dress, are ten times more Popish and Affect'd, than our *Petits Maitres*, and ways follow the extremity of Fashion, which

Men of this Country, which, considering how reserv'd the *English* naturally are to Strangers, has been no small difficulty.

The *English* have no settled *Academies de Beaux-Esprits*, as we have in *Paris*, but instead of such Assemblies, the most ingenious Persons of their Nation, meet either in Places of promiscuous Company, as *Coffee-houses*, or in *Private Clubs*, in *Taverns*. Among the first *Will's Coffee-house* in *Covent-Garden*, holds the first Rank, as being consecrated to the Honour, of *Apollo*, by the first-rate Wits that flourish'd in King *Charles II's* Reign, such as the late Earl of *Rochester*, the Marquis of *Normanby*, the Earl of *Dorset*, Sir *Charles Sidley*, the Earl of *Roscommon*, Sir *George Etherege*, Mr. *Dryden*, Mr. *Wycherly*, and some few others; and tho' this Place has lost most of its illustrious Founders, yet it has ever since been supported by Men of great Worth; but its being accounted the Temple of the *Muses*, where all *Poets* and *Wits* are to be initiated, has given occasion to its being pester'd with abundance of false Pretenders, who rather darken, than heighten its former Splendor.

The Company which now generally meets at *Will's*, may be divided into two Classes; the first of which contains the *Wits*, justly so call'd, and the other the *Would-be-Wits*.

Among the first are Men of distinguish'd Merit and Abilities, such as Mr. *Wicherley*, Dr. *Garth*, Mr. *Congreve*, the Honorable Mr. *Boyle*, Colonel *Stanhope*, Mr. *Vanbruk*, Mr. *Cheek*, Mr. *Walsh*, Mr. *Burnaby*, Mr. *Rowe*, and some few others whose names at present do not occur to my memory.

Mr.

Mr. *Wycherly* is universally allow'd the first place among the *English* Comick-Poets, who have writ since *Ben. Johnson*. His *Plain-Dealer*, (of which he took the first hint from *Molier's Misanthrope*) is the best Comedy that ever was compos'd in any Language. The only Fault that has been found in it, is its being too full of *Wit*; a Fault which few Authors can be guilty of. He has also writ three other Plays, the best of which is the *Country Wife*. Mr. *Wycherly* is one of the politest Gentlemen in *England*, and the most civil and affable to Strangers, especially to those of our Nation, for whom he has an Esteem; he is a little shy and reserv'd in Conversation, but when a Man can be so happy as once to engage him in Discourse, he cannot but admire his profound Sense, Masculine Wit, vast Knowledge of Mankind, and noble but easie Expressions. These qualities gain'd Mr. *Wycherly* the Love and Esteem of his Master King *Charles II.* and of his Successor the like King of *Britain*, as the Comeliness and Gracefulness of his Person did the Hearts of several Ladies of their Amorous Courts.

Dr. *Garth* is an eminent Physician, of universal Learning and polite Literature; his Looks is smiling and cheerful; his Conversation free and entertaining; he admires the *Ancients* no farther than they are to be admired; and understands and values our best *French* writers, especially *Monf. Despreaux*. He has writ a Poem in *English*, call'd the *Dispensary*; wherein he has equall'd, if not exceeded the *Lutrin*, which he had propos'd to himself as a Model. His *Diction* is pure and correct; his *Verses* numerous; his *Satyr* genteel and nice; and his

stranger to the Passions; *Racine* starch'd and affected; *Moliere*, *Fejune*; *La Fontaine*, a poor Teller of Tales; and even our Divine *Boileau*, no more than a Plagiary from the Ancients. As for the *English* Poets, they treat 'em almost with the same freedom: *Shakespear*, with them, has neither Language nor Manners; *Ben. Johnson* is a Pedant; *Dryden* little more than a good Versifier; *Congreve* a laborious unnatural Writer; and *Garth* a Copier. Some of these Criticks are great admirers of the Ancients, but their ill, lame Translations of them, ridicule those they would commend; Others are strenuous sticklers for the Moderns, but their own ill Composures destroy the force of their Arguments, and do the Ancients sufficient Justice, Others, in a fond imitation of the incomparable *Milton*, mistake *Bombast* and puffy Expressions for *Sublime*; and having had their fustian Plays damn'd upon the Stage, ransack *Bossu* and *Dacier*, to arraign the ill Taste of the Town. Others having met with the same misfortune, hope to preserve their unlawful Title to Wit, by bringing all that write, down to their own level. These Men are indefatigably Industrious in enquiring what Plays are upon the Stocks, what ready to be launch'd forth; and if they can be inform'd of any remarkable Fault in them, they never fail to whisper it about, to secure the Damnation of the Play, before its Representation. Others have got a Reputation by their undigested Medleys of *Comedy* and *Farce*. For, Sir, you must know, upon the *English* Stage, any thing that is eminently Ill, has almost the same success with what is excellently Good. Others serve the Town in the double

Capacity

*Original Letters.*

Besides the *Wits* that resort to *Will's*, there are a great many *English* Gentlemen, (and even Peers of the Realm) who are famous for their ingenious Compositions and good Literature; but having already transgressed the compass of a Letter, I refer to speak of all these in a particular Account of the *English* Poets; which you may expect in a little time.

*I am,*

S I R,

*&c. &c.*

LETTER IV.

*From the same to the same, Containing an Account of the most famous English Divines; and of their Writings.*

*Made English.*

YOU need make no Apology for the trouble you put me to: I can assure you, I never found any in obliging my Friends; and the satisfaction you tell me you have found in my Letters, is sufficient encouragement for me to go on with my Relations of what is most remarkable in *England*.



In your last, you desire me to give you the Character of the *English* Divines, now living, and of their Writings: This Task I might justly decline, upon account of my incapacity; but because you will not allow of such an excuse, I will adventure to send you a rough Sketch of them, leaving to abler Pens to draw them in full length, and to the Life.

The *Anglican* Church, as it is the most Orthodox, and most agreeable to Primitive Christianity, of all the Christian Societies in the World, so her Prelates and Teachers have ever been conspicuous by their Piety and Learning.

The Persons who now distinguish themselves most amongst the *English* Divines are, the Archbishops of *Canterbury* and *York*, the Bishops of *Rochester*, *Worcester*, *Salisbury*, and *Ely*, Dr. *Sherlock*, Dr. *South*, Dr. *Burnet*, Dr. *Bentley*, Dr. *Allix*, Dr. *Fane*, Dr. *Fleetwood*, Dr. *Lucas*, Dr. *Birch*, Dr. *Freeman*, and Mr. *Atterbury*.

Dr. *Thomas Tennison*, Archbishop of *Canterbury*, was advanc'd to that Supreme Dignity both by the unspotted Reputation of his Piety, Probity, and exemplary Life, and Charity, and his mild, condescending Temper; all which qualities render him most proper to preserve the Unity of the Church, and to reconcile the Dissenters.

Dr. *John Sharp*, Archbishop of *York*, is a learned Divine, and the best Pulpit-Orator in *England*; he was Rector of *St. Giles* in King *James's* time, where having signaliz'd himself by his bold Sermons against Popery, he was by King *William* rais'd

rais'd to that Post, he now worthily maintains. Several of his Sermons are already Printed.

Dr. *Thomas Sprat*, Bishop of *Rockester*, and Dean of *Westminster*, is one of the most eloquent Preachers, and best Writers of *England*; his Diction is pure, correct, elegant, and florid; whatever he Writes or speaks, he gives it a Turn, wonderfully engaging and persuasive. His Works, besides his Sermons, are the *History of the Royal Society of England*, (no way inferior to Mr. *Pellisson's History of the French Academy*) the *History of a Plot against King Charles II.* and an *Answer to Mr. Sorbier's scurrilous Account of England*. He has also writ a small Poem in *Pindarick Verse*, upon the Plague that rag'd in *Athens*, which is look'd upon as a Master-piece in the kind.

Dr. *William Lloyd*, Bishop of *Worcester*, and Almoner to His Majesty, is a Prelate equally distinguish'd by his Piety, Charity, mild and affable Temper, and by his vast Learning, and deep Knowledge in History, and the *Oriental Languages*.

Dr. *Gilbert Burnet*, Bishop of *Salisbury*, and Chancellour of the Garter, is a Prelate, whose Reputation would be greater, had he wholly consecrated his Talents to the Service of the Church, and not intermedled in Politicks. He is a great Scholar, and particularly well Read both in ancient and modern History; he has a wonderful Memory, a fluent and ready Expression, and delivers his Sermons with a great deal of Fire and Vehemence;

hemencc ; perhaps, with more than becomes a Christian Declamator. He has made himself famous in the Common-wealth of Learning by several great Works, as, *The History of the Reformation*; *His Travels to Italy*; *A Pastoral Letter to his Clergy*; *Four Discourses concerning the Truth of the Christian Religion, the Divinity of Christ, &c.* And *the Exposition of the 39 Articles of Faith, of the Church of England.* In all these Works the Doctor has us'd some bold and free Expressions, which have given a Handle to those that envy him, to censure his Principles, and bring his Orthodoxy into Question.

Dr. *Simon Partrick*, Bishop of *Ely*, is a Prelate of deep Learning, and great Piety; his Paraphrases on several Parts of Scripture are account- ed the best Works of that kind.

Dr. *Sherlock*, Dean of *St. Paul's, London*, is one of the most learned Divines in *England*, and no less famous for his Sermons, than Writings. His Discourses on *Death* and *Judgment* are Master-pieces of Morality, which may be of Universal Use amongst Christians. He has also writ a Treatise concerning the Trinity, which is not so generally approv'd of; for by endeavouring to prove the *Three Persons* in the Deity, his Adversaries pretend that he proves *three different Godheads*.

Dr. *South*, a Canon of *Westminster-Abbey*, is a most learned Ecclesiastick: Besides his Sermons, which are Universally esteem'd, he has writ two large Volumes against Dr. *Sherlock*, concerning

the Trinity, and the different ways of explaining that Mystery.

Dr. Burnet, Master of the *Charter-house*, is a Person, who for his vast Learning, may be compar'd to our great *Bochartus*; and, who, by his happy Genius, and polite Literature, has exceed'd all modern Philologers: He has writ two Books in *Latin*, Entitul'd, *Theoria Telluris, & Archæologia Philosophicæ*, wherein he advances Principles, or rather Conjectures, which tend to weaken the Authority of *Moses's* History of the Creation. Among the rest, there is a comical Dialogue in good *Térentian* Stile, between *Eve* and the Serpent. These Books have made the Dr. obnoxious to the Clergy, who have caus'd him to be remov'd from his Place of Clark of the King's Clofet. He has translated his *Theoria Telluris* into *English*, by which he has shewn himself to be as great a Master of his own Tongue, as he is of the *Latin*.

Dr. Bently, the King's Library-keeper, and one of His Majesties Chaplains in Ordinary; is a Divine of great Learning, and universal Literature. The famous Experimental Philosopher, the late Honourable, Mr. Boyle, pitch'd upon him, to Preach several Sermons (for which he left a Foundation) against *Atheists, Deists, and Socinians*; which Choice alone is sufficient to give a great Idea of Dr. Bently's Merit. He has writ a Book in Vindication of himself, against the Honourable, *Charles Boyle, Esq;* which, tho' occasion'd by a private Quarrel, about the Matter of *Phalaris's* Epistles, yet deserves to be read by the

the Curious, it containing many useful and rare Observations. This Paper-Combat has had the same Effect, which fighting of Duels has with most People; that is, it has made Mr. *Boyle*, and Dr. *Bentley* Friends, and entertain a better Opinion of one another than they did before.

Dr. *Allix*, a Canon of *Salisbury*, and Treasurer of the Chapter, though a *French* Man by Birth, yet makes a very considerable Figure among the *English* Clergy. He is particularly famous for his Consummate Knowledge in Church-History. Besides several other useful Books, he has compiled of late, an Universal History of the Councils, which is actually Printing.

Dr. *Jane*, Dean of *Glocester*, and Divinity Professor in *Oxford*, is an extraordinary Man in Polemick Divinity.

Dr. *Fleetwood*, Rector of *St. Austins, London*, is an extraordinary good Preacher, as well as Dr. *Freeman*, Rector of *Covent-Garden*; Mr. *Atterbury*, Preacher at the Rolls in *Chancery-lane*; and Dr. *Birch*, Rector of *St. Bridgets, London*. This last was remov'd from *St. James's Church, Westminster*, for Preaching a Sermon, on King *William's* Birth-Day, upon this Text of Scripture, *Sufficient to each Day is the Evil thereof*.

Dr. *Lucas*, Vicar of *St. Stephen's in Coleman-street*, is a Divine of singular Piety, and Charity. The loss of his Sight has not at all lessen'd his constant Endeavours to serve the Church, both by his Sermons, and admirable Writings. Among these last, are his *Practical Christianity*,

and his *Enquiry after Happiness*, two Moral Treatises of inestimable Value.

This is all the Account I can give you at present of the *English Divines*; wherein I have follow'd common Fame, and the Judgment of others rather than my own. If you are pleas'd to lay any farther Commands on me, while I stay in *England*, you shall ever find me ready to obey you, who am,

Sir,

Yours, &c.

## LETTER V.

*Wherein are laid down general Rules to judge of Tragedy and Comedy.*

*To the Honourable Mr. H——*

SIR,

TO give you such Rules of judging of the *Drama*, as may keep you from falling in the general Faults of the *Criticks* of the Town, requires both more leisure, and more room, than my Affairs, and the compass of a Letter can afford me; however, to let you see how ready I am to comply with your Desires, I have adventur'd to send you my present Thoughts about a Subject, wherein you can never want a Guide as long as you follow your own Judgment, and your Reading.

You

You are just come from the University, to be Master of your own Conduct and Estate; and being furnish'd by Nature with a gayety and sprightliness of Temper, and a happy Genius in Poetry, improv'd by a Familiarity with the Ancients, I do not wonder that you seem so much inclin'd to so generous and noble a Diversion as that of the Stage; a Diversion that at once delights and instructs. And this Inclination, I must tell you, distinguishes you more from some other Gentlemen of your plentiful Fortune; than that does from the most inferior of the People; for too many of them seem to place their chief, if not whole Satisfaction, in either meer corporeal Diversions, or such as are yet more despicable as *Gaming*; which generally is the effect of an avaritious Temper; whereas a Prospect of the various Fortunes, Inclinations, and Humours of Mankind in the *Drama*, affords you a Pleasure both more Sublime, and more Rational. But this is not the Place to reflect on the former, or praise the latter: 'Tis Commendation enough to the Stage, that the wisest People among the *Greeks*, I mean the *Athenians* invented and encourag'd it; and that their greatest Philosopher has left us the justest Critique upon it. To be perfect in *Aristotle's* Poeticks, and his best Commentator, *Dacier*, is the surest way to judge with the highest Justice of all Dramatick Performances; and therefore 'tis from them I have drawn the following Remarks; which, I am sensible might be of more use to a great many of the little Criticks of the Town, who pass their Censures without any regard either to *Art* or *Nature*; a pert, talkative, positive Generation, obstinate and

and vain in their Ignorance, and incapable of Reproof, or Improvement.

To judge aright of a *Performance* in any Art, we ought to consider the *End*, or Design of that Art, for that *Performance* must certainly be the *Best*, which *best* answers that End. In *Tragedy* we must remember that the End is to move *Terror* and *Pity*, by that motion to *purge* those two Passions; that Play therefore, that in all its Parts, is best directed to obtain that *End*, is the best *Tragedy*. From hence it follows, that the Poet who cumbers himself with any thing that obstructs this *End*, is so far defective in his Performance, that no Beauty he hunts after, though attain'd, will sufficiently ballance that Defect.

It is a vulgar Error that has mightily obtain'd among our half Criticks, to value a *Tragedy* for what they call the *Language* and *Wit*. If the *Topics* are *spun out*; and *foreign Reflections* foisted in; if the *Language* swells with a *Luxury of Epithets*; the *Verse* *Sonorous* and *flowing*. — They are satisfied with the Poet's Performance, and bestow on him the Bays, though his *Conduct* be never so *preposterous*; *unnatural*; and *inartificial*; though the *Manners* and *Characters* are not *mark'd*, or, at least, not *well mark'd*; the *Passions* *languid*, *unnatural*, *ill-express'd*, or very *unfrequent*. These are things they never mind: But *Aristotle*, the best, if not only *Critick*, measures a Poet's Merit chiefly by the *Fable*; that being both the most *Difficult* and most *Noble*, and at the same time the only thing that distinguishes a Poet from a *Versifier*.

The *Fable*, indeed, is the true Place of *Imitations*: the near Aim of a Poet. To form that well;



, to make all its Parts just, and depending each other, is not in the Power of every ter; most of them have therefore Recourse to *florid Stile*, a thing that a little Assiduity, a good Ear, and Memory will supply them with. We have gone farther, and *emboss'd* the Drama with Sentences and fine Things; but these seem reposititious, as those Nations, that are at the pains to cut and carve their Flesh into Flow'rs, Leaves, and Foliage, when its natural smoothness is much more beautiful. *Farnaby's Index Poeticus*, and some few other common Place-Books, will, in a great deal of ease, furnish them with abundance of these *Trifles*; while the *Plot*, or *Fable* cannot be form'd without a *Genius*.

In your Conversation with the *Affecters* of Poetry, you'll meet with no small number of little tenders to Rhime, that will be very severe on you in the Language; on Words they think improper, or unharmonious; on bold Metaphors, or antitheses even in the height of a violent Passion, where both the Sentiments and Language are naturally confus'd; and where a Propriety of Words seems insufficient to express its Extent and Colour. These Men, and their Notions, are

*Disease of Wit*, and would fain spread their infection, where-ever they go, to the prejudice of Reason; they cannot equal; and since they cannot do so, they will not lose the Satisfaction of publishing those Peccadillo's their vanity furnishes them with. They say, that those who are infected with the Plague, have a malicious Desire to infect others; I know not whether that be a vulgar Error, or not, but 'tis certainly known, that these Men never enjoy themselves

selves more, than when they meet with a willing Ear to receive their Detraction.

Most of our Town Criticks, indeed, seem rather *Grammaticasters*, than *Rhetoricians*, or *Poets*; they are wholly ignorant of the Passions, and therefore understand not their Language; they cannot cast off *Sesquipedalia Verba*, but are so fond of the Buskin, that neither the Passion, nor Character can make them pardon any *Substantivæ* without a pompous Sound and Equipage of Epithets; and he that writ, *Fortunam Priami cantabo, & nobile Bellum*, would have pleas'd them more, than he who began thus, *Dic mihi, Musa, virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ*, &c, *Æschylus*, had they been Judges, would have carried the Prize from *Euripides*. These sort of Judges you'll find almost in every Coffee-House; and with these there's no arguing without the hazard of a Reproach to your Sense and Understanding. And indeed, I think no prudent Man would give his Censure in such promiscuous Company, where the Ignorance of the greater part must prevail. But, Sir, I am confident, this depraved Taste of the Town will have no influence on you; for, let that relish what it pleases, no Play will be approv'd by you, where the *Plot* is confus'd, or ill contriv'd for the producing Pity and Terror; and a frequent variety of Passions, which are necessary to keep up the Attention of the Audience; for when that languishes, the Poet can never reach his Aim. If the Manners are ill mark'd, and by consequence the Characters ill distinguish'd; if out of an Affectation to fill the Stage, four or five Persons speak in a Scene; nay, in a Scene of Passion too; if that Scene degenerate  
into

into calm Narrations, or cool Confabulations, which have either no Action, or no Action of Consequence; for *Action* is the very Character of the *Drama*; and whatever is not Action, is contrary to its very Fundamentals.

In *Comedy*, you will not be satisfied with the unnatural Farce of some Poets, which look like sick Men's Dreams, compos'd of Parts that no Man can reduce to one Body, and run out of Nature to make you laugh; as if *Comedy* was only to make us laugh at the Folly of the Poet. I grant, *Comedy* does miss its Aim, if it moves not our Laughter; yet it is so to move it, as at the same time to convey Instruction with it. In *Comedy*, *Action* is absolutely necessary, as well as in *Tragedy*; and whatever is contrary to that, is to have no Place in either. In *Comedy* also the chief Thing is the Fable, or Plot; the Excellence of which is to bring in such Characters and Incidents, as may naturally produce *Humour*. There will yet be room enough for *Wit*; but that Comick Poet, that makes *Wit*, and (what we call) *Dialogue*, his chief Aim, ought to write nothing but Dialogues, for he can never obtain the Name of a Dramatick Writer, with the best Judges. Our famous *Ben. Johnson's Silent Woman*; *The Fox*, and the *Alchymist*, and most of *Moliere's* Plays are the sure Standards to judge of *Comedy*; of which I say the less, because I never bestow'd much Thought upon that sort of Poem, my Taste, Genius, and Inclinations leading me to *Tragedy*.

I have forgot to speak of modern *Episodes*, or *Underplots*, in *English Tragedies*, which have cost some of our great Performers in the *Drama*, no small

small Pains to defend. Nay, they are not contented to justify their vitious Practice, but endeavour to exalt it into a Merit; and tell you that 'tis easier to write a Play after the *ancient Model*, than after *Theirs*; but if any impartial Judge will consider both, he will soon be convinc'd of the contrary. 'Tis certain, in an Entertainment of so considerable a length as a Play; nothing can preserve the Attention, but a just Variety: Now, I think, no body will question, but that this Variety may with at least half the Labour, be drawn from two Subjects than one; and 'tis as obvious that these *Episodick Tragedies* are two distinct Subjects, that is, that one at least, if not both, may be finish'd without the other, and they are, indeed, but two Plays tack'd together, and that generally very *inartificially*: but where with the most Art very *lamely*. A pregnant Proof of this we have in the Master-piece of *Sophocles*, I mean the Tragedy of *Oedipus*, which Mr. *Dryden*, and Mr. *Lee* have spoil'd, by introducing the Episode of *Creon* and *Adrastus*. And thus 'tis evident, that 'tis more difficult to write an entertaining *Tragedy* without, than with an *Episode*. Next, I think 'tis as evident, that a single Plot is more natural, and conducive to the very End of Tragedy, the moving *Pity* and *Terror*: For when our Concern is divided, it must be weaker; and this happens in all *Episodick Tragedies*, in many of which the Under-plot enjoys most of the injudicious Poet's care. But I perceive my Paper begins to fill; and besides, here's enough to enable you to make a true Judgment of the *Mourning Bride*, the *Ambitious Step-Mother*, the *Trip to the Jubilee*, and other celebrated Plays;  
and

and to decide whether the Town has justly pass'd a favourable Censure on them ; or whether the Authors ought to be very vain of that Success which often is but the lucky Result of an immature Undertaking. By this too you may form some Judgment of *the Way of the World*, from my liking of which, I confess, I cannot yet recede, in spite of all the Malice of our brisk, false Criticks. I have only this to add: Read *Aristotle* and *Dacier*, and consider Nature thoroughly, and you cannot fail of making a true Judgment of the *Drama*. Study *Orway*, and there you'll find *Nature* and *Art* justly mingled, in the midst of an Age, that had, if I may say it, declar'd War against both. I remain,

Sir, Yours, &c.

W. B.

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## LETTER VI.

*Mr. G--- to Mr. B---y in Answer to his Enquiry, whether he should shew his Play before its being Acted?*

**Y**OU enquire, my Friend, whether you should shew your *Comedy* to your Acquaintance before its Representation? I Answer in the Negative; which I shall confirm by the following Considerations.

The

The Reputation a Poet obtains from the Publick Applause, is not altogether imaginary; for the number of those who are not influenc'd by it, is so very small, that he is out of Fear of danger from them. Nay those very Men, who on a private perusal of some Plays, entertain'd but an indifferent opinion of them, fondly debauch'd by their success, run their approbation up to Bigotry; never reflecting that as a Man's Name often subserves to his publick Reception, without regard to his Performance; so the Gracefulness of the Action, and the Pomp of the Theatre, join'd to the injudicious Claps of the Audience, as often give the greatest applause to the worst Plays; and for a while preserve the general Esteem of the Town. For when once a Play has got that on its side, a great many Men of Sense rather swim down, than stem the Tide, or oppose the Vogue at the expence of the Imputation of Singularity. This is evident from some late Plays (I had almost said Farces) against which the best Criticks declar'd in vain.

But before the Action, a moderate Character of a Play, from a Man of tolerable Sense, shall by his parcimonious Praise damn it, tho never so meritorious; for the judgment of the Audience being not yet past in its favour) the Town is ready to take the first impressions from any Man, whose plausible assurance has got him the Reputation of a Critick; because People hope by falling in with his Censure, to give a sufficient Proof of their Understandings. A Poet therefore in submitting his Play, before Action, to a Perusal, runs as many hazards, as he confides it to Men that want either Candour or Judgment, and

and among those that the Vulgar voice has allow'd Wits, a Man with such Qualifications, is not very easie to be found. One of these Wits always over-values himself; and believing that he is master of a great deal of Sense, when his *Portion*, perhaps, but just *seasons* him from *Fool*; and so only finishes a Coxcomb, who thinks the only way to establish himself a Wit, is by finding Fault. And the Town, that is not over-nice, in distinguishing betwixt Merit and Pretence, is often impos'd on by the Coxcomb, it mistakes for a Man of Sense, and byas'd by the general Malice of Mankind (that inclines most Men rather to believe Ill than Good of another) it strikes in with his injudicious, as well as unjust Censures.

There is another sort of *Wits* (tho of somewhat a higher Class) whom a small Stock of Learning, and the Flattery of some of their Acquaintance, has confirm'd in the Self-opinion of being good Criticks, and with these the Poet runs yet a greater risk; for 'tis impossible to please them with any thing Modern, Except their own. These Criticks have a very contemptible Opinion of the Age they live in, and think Fortune extremely severe in not casting them into the Times of *Euripides*, *Horace*, or it may be *Shakespeare*; and they are angry with Providence for planting them so far *Northward*, who might have made a Figure in a more Southerly Clime, among the first Rate Wits of old *Greece* and *Italy*. They think so meanly of all they know, that they would sooner admire a Scribler they never saw, than a Man of the best Sense, of their own Acquaintance. They censure the Wit by the Coun-

may, that like a pretty Woman, 'tis almost impossible to keep her to ones self; and these particularly avoid, for their recent Success makes their Pride more lively, and their apprehension of any Rival more strong.

Mr. *Wycherley's* Couplet reaches abundance of our current Wits, or Criticks.

*Those who write ill, and those who ne'er durst write,  
Turn Criticks out of meer Revenge, and Spight.*

Yet all these have it in their Power, to do a great deal of Mischief to a Poet that is so bold, as to venture his Reputation in their Hands; because the undiscerning Town never reflects, that as a Critick is the last Refuge of a Pretender to Wit, so he that is full only of the Faults of an Author, is less deserving, even of that Name, than he that sometimes rises up to a Taste of his Excellencies. Nor does the Town consider, that a great many Men have no other way of keeping within the Pale of *Wit*, but by excluding those who are only capable of excluding them.

There are another sort of Men that pass for Wits with the Town, that are far from being so; and these are your *Laughers, merry Rogues*, that have a mortal aversion to Thought; and as they laugh at every Thing, even what they say themselves, 'tis not to be expected they should spare the most serious Performance.

Lastly, The Judgment most Men make of Books, is generally very erroneous in judging the Performance by the Author, not the Author by the Performance; if a Man, through Inexperience, or any accidental Misfortune, have the ill luck not to please in one thing, some will by no means allow him a Capacity of pleasing at



Poem: And having given you my Judgment,  
you may, as Men generally do, follow your own  
Fancy: 'Tis enough I have endeavour'd to serve  
you, and so prove that I am what I pretend,

*Your faithful Friend,*

G —

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LETTER VII.

*Captain Ayloffe to Captain----- containing  
some Reflections on a Soldier.*

*Dear Friend,*

WAR being more odious than it is either  
bloody, or terrible, we shall have some  
difficulty in establishing a Reputation by follow-  
ing it; Soldiers being hated even by those who  
stand most in need of them. We tax the City  
of *Athens*, with base and unpardonable Ingrati-  
tude towards her greatest Generals; but it is in-  
finitely worse with us now, for we look upon all  
Soldiers as Men thirsting after Blood, and De-  
struction; and so many profess'd Enemies of  
Mankind. However, though we cannot expect  
to meet with any favourable Construction upon  
our Vocation from Fools and Cowards, which  
constitute the greatest part of Mankind, yet we  
will not blush to own our selves Soldiers, since  
God himself is styl'd by sacred Writ, *A Man of  
War, and the Lord of Hosts.*

Q<sup>2</sup>

Kings

### Original Letters.

But our great *Achilles* having fortunately ended his Campaign, draws home to Winter Quarters, where he is hardly settled, but he engages in new Wars, and is as redoubtable to the fair Sex, as he was before to the Enemy. The first that smarts by him, is his good Landlady, who is well pay'd, if she get but good Words for all his Entertainment. Over some serious Bottle, our brutish Warriour grows insolent, swell'd with the vanity of his Commission, contracts a Quarrel, and is forc'd to Fight, for fear of being Kickt. Thus, before the Winter is well over, in the Course of such a lewd and dissolute Life, the Spark gets P——'d, and who expected a noble Pension for Recompence of some glorious Maim, dies in an Hospital a wretched Burnt-Offering to *Bacchus* and *Venus*, as little lamented as he liv'd belov'd.

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### LETTER VIII.

Mr. C—— to Mr. B——r.

Dear B——r,

I Receiv'd an Answer to my last Letter to you about a Week since, and had not been silent so long, but that till now I was in hopes of getting the Copy, I mention'd, time enough to send it you this Season, but I find I cannot have it yet a while. You were not so kind in yours, to send me any Town-News, I mean not of the State, for *quod supra nos nihil ad nos*; but as to the Transactions

actions of *Covent-Garden*, as what new Wits arise? (for there they spring like Mushrooms, and are as often of no longer a date) or what the old perform? Whether Self-opinion, Ill-breeding, Ill-nature, and noisy Assurance are still thought sufficient Ingredients to compose a Critick? for *Parnassus* has its *Bullys* still, though *London* has almost lost the Breed. Whether Farce on the Stage, and Noise, and Nonsense in the Pit be as much in Vogue as ever? Whether my Friend, Mr. C---k, has forsaken his midnight Jest, and his Martins-Bottle? For I have known an old Stager, that when neither brisk Eyes, nor a soft Hand could longer provoke him, has turn'd Saint; but you may say, indeed, that *Bacchus* and *Venus* are not alike in their Votaries; the Goddess finds *Impotence* sooner than the God, who often very hospitably receives those he thinks no longer fit for her Service. Nay, you sent me no News from the Sun-shine of the Boxes, or the Clouds of the Pit; What new Face, or Wit has engag'd you, or what new Authors entertain you? You have not so much as mention'd the *Chaos* of the Theatre, whether Faction be still alive there; though one would think there were as little Fuel for it, as for Envy to some of our modern Poets, who have the blind Vanity to think well of themselves without a Rival; though, indeed, it often happens that the poorest States are most subject to Sedition. But methinks, if you could have sent me no News of any one else, you might about my self, for I since have heard how much Mr. O--- and I are to Mr. O---s, for stirring in an Affair he had nothing to do in, either as a Gentleman, or a Person oblig'd. As for the kind Words

Walk in the most delicious *Promenade* in the World, either on a woody Hill, with a gentle murmuring Rivulet beneath; or else on the Brink of that, through a winding Valley, with verdant and easie Hills on both sides, cloathed with Trees and pleasant Meadows in the Interval. There *Horace, Virgil, Milton, Dryden*, or some such Heroes entertain us, till satisfied, not surfeited, with the Pleasure. And this has given me a true Taste of Temperance, and its inestimable Delights. But I forgot my self, and had not the Margin of the Paper put me in mind, I should have run on I know not whither. My Service to Dr. G——th, Mr. C——k, and Mr. B——r, if in Town, I am

*Your Friend and Servant,*

C——

June 28.  
1700.

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LETTER IX.

*Lond. Aug. 10. 1700.*

Mr. B—— to Mr. —C.

Dear G——

I Find by your Letter, you are so well acquainted with the Transactions of *Covent-Garden*, that I need not give my self the Trouble of excusing

cusing my Silence as to that Particular ; nay, rather I expect your Thanks for it, since your civil Expostulations contain a better Account of the Wits, the Criticks, and the Theatre, than I can pretend to write. I must freely own to you how timorous I am in meddling with the Poets ; they are known to be a peevish turbulent Nation, easily provok'd, and seldom or never reconcil'd ; and I had rather entertain you with State Affairs, and settle the Succession of *Spain*, or *England*, than give my Opinion of the Performances of the old and new *Wits*. Indeed, there were less danger in siding with *Denmark* against the Triple Alliance, or maintaining the Prerogatives of the Crown against the Incroachments of the Common-wealth's Party, than in opposing the Self-conceit of a New——Writer, or condemning the ill Taste of the Town, for mistaking a *Farce* for a true *Comedy* ; and to engage the proud, ill-bred, ill-natur'd Critick at *Will's*, and dare to call his pretended *Sublime*, *Fulsom Bombast*, were more hazardous than to speak Treason, or rail at the Court. We have a fresh Instance of this Truth ; when the *Cheapside* Poet, at the Expence of proclaiming himself a Fool, publish'd a Satyr against *Wit*, What Tumults, what Storms did he raise ? All *Will's* was presently in Arms ; both Commission'd, and Non-commission'd Officers rais'd Forces against the common Enemy ; raw, unexperienc'd Soldiers, nay, Women were Lifted to make up a compleat Army ; Men of the Sword, Physicians, Lawyers, young Students, Punsters, Topers, ingenious Ladies, *Drury-lane* Poetesses ; in a word, all the *Wits* and *Witlings* thought themselves

selves engag'd in Honour to revenge the Affront;  
 and Headed by a fierce Leader, with *Pointed* or  
*Blunt* Epigrams, no matter which, march'd out  
 in Battle-Array, to fight their bold Antago-  
 nist—— But when as dull a Poet as Mr. B—re  
 writes a low, pitiful Satyr, call'd the *Foreigners*,  
 and levels his malicious Bolts at the two *Favou-*  
*rite* Lords, he is unregarded, and has nothing to  
 fear but Contempt and Oblivion, the easie Punish-  
 ment of *Scandal* without *Wit*. From all these  
 you may safely conclude, that 'tis with Trem-  
 bling I inform you, that we were lately presen-  
 ted with a new Play, which with the Author,  
 his Bookseller, some of the Comedians, and the  
 Gallery, pass for a pretty *Comedy*; but with the  
 best Judges in the Pit, and the Boxes, for a down-  
 right *Farce*. There was, indeed, a good Cha-  
 racter in it; but which was so ill manag'd, and  
 so ill attended, that it look'd like—— 'Faith, I  
 want at present a Simile to express the Odness of  
 the Composition, but I shall owe it you. Our  
 Friend, Mr. C---k, has neither forsaken his *Jest*,  
 nor his *Bottle*; to temper which, he drinks the  
 Waters of *Helicon* more plentifully than ever——  
 Without *Metaphor*, he is seldom in a Tavern,  
 but he falls to coupletting some of his Neigh-  
 bours in the adjacent Rooms.—— Besides, he  
 has a new Play upon the Stocks, which will be  
 ready to be Launch'd forth after *Michaelmas-*  
*Term*. You ask me what new Face has engag'd  
 me, Faith I am still as you left me, inclin'd to be a-  
 muz'd, but not engag'd by the Fair, for I look  
 upon Love as an agreeable Companion, as long  
 as he is upon the Wing, and fluttering from one  
 Face to another, but methinks he becomes pla-  
 guy

guy Fatiguing, when tied to one single Object. As for Authors, I seldom converse with the *New* any farther than their Title-Pages, and Contents, but I make the *Ancient* both my Study and Entertainment. — Among these I rank those modern Writers that have a true Taste of Antiquity, and a deep knowledge of Nature ; as *De Montaigne*, *St. Evremont*, *Pascal*, *la Bruyere*, *Moliere*, *Boileau*, and some few others among the *French* ; and *Bacon*, *Temple*, *Cowley*, *Ben. Johnson*, and *Shakespear* amongst the *English*. I own, in some of these the Delicacy of Expression is sometimes wanting ; but the justness of their Thoughts sufficiently recompences that Defect ; and whoever reads, ought rather to consult the Improvement of his Mind, than the gratifying of his Ear. — I am sorry for, though not surpriz'd at, your being abus'd by Mr. — 'Tis no more than you should have expected from your Intimacy with him. I know not how far he has injur'd you ; but this I am sure of, that so unpolite, ill-natur'd, and self-conceited a Man can no more make a true Friend than an agreeable Companion. I wonder, that since all Offices of Friendship have prov'd ineffectual to restrain his detracting abusive Inclination, some Body or other has not attempted to civilize him the same way, as we tame fierce untractable Animals. This, in my Opinion, is the only Method to deal with him, for to encounter him with his own Weapons, a Gentleman must forfeit that very thing that makes him a *Gentleman*, I mean his good *Breeding*. I envy you, at least, I wish I could partake with you the Pleasures of your Retirement : For instead of your sweet Country Air,

we

live here in a smoaky Town ; instead of your  
 cious Walks in verdant Meadows, we walk  
 ough dusty Streets ; instead of your murmur-  
 Rivulets, or the melodious warbling of Birds,  
 are here pester'd with the ratling of Coaches,  
 rumbling of Dice-Boxes, the Curling of  
 ng Gamesters ; or which is worse, the Im-  
 tinence of Fops, 'Tis true, instead of your  
 e brew'd *English* Ale, we drink here true *Cham-*  
*ne*, *Burgundy*, or *Languedoc*. But this is not  
 icient to ballance the Disparity, or atone for  
 Absence of Mr. C—— especially with so so-  
 a Man as my self, who, you know, never  
 eed one Bottle. My hearty Service to your  
 low Anchorite ; and believe me entirely  
 urs, &c.

A Cha-



## LETTER X.

*A Character of Mr. Wycherley.**By the Honourable, Mr. Granville.*

*Of all our modern Wits, none seems to me  
 Once to have toucht upon true Comedy,  
 But hasty Shadwel, and slow Wycherley.  
 Shadwel's unfinish'd, &c.  
 But Wycherley earns hard whate're he gains,  
 He wants no Judgment, and he spares no Pains.*

*Earl of Rochester, &c.*

**T**His is part of a Character given of Mr. *Wycherley*, by one of the greatest Wits our later Ages have produc'd. There are some other Lines which I have forgot, relating to the same purpose; but their Sense, as I remember, is to this purpose,—That as Mr. *Wycherley* excels in the Strength and Variety of his Thoughts, so is he guilty of the fewest Errors: He is not only the greatest *Wit*, but the most Correct, or somewhat to that Signification.

This Character, however just in other Respects, yet injures Mr. *Wycherly* in one particular, being represented as a laborious Writer, which every one can contradict, who has the least personal knowledge of him. Those, indeed, who form their Judgment only by his Writings, may be  
 apt

apt to imagine, that so many admirable Reflections, such diversity of Images and Characters, such strickt Enquiries into Nature ; so thorow an Inspection, and such close Observations upon the several Humours, Manners, Sentiments, and Affections of Men, and, as it were, so true, and so perfect a *Dissection* of Humane-kind, as appears in his Comedies, could be no other than the Work of extraordinary Labour and Application. Whereas others who have the happiness to be acquainted with the Author, as well as his Works, are able to affirm, that all these Perfections are due to his Genius, and natural Penetration. We owe the Pleasure and Advantage of having been so well entertain'd and instructed by him, to his facility of doing it ; for if I mistake him not extremely, had it been a Trouble to him to write, he would have spar'd himself that Trouble. What he has perform'd, would, indeed, have been difficult for a Genius of less Force ; but the *Club* which a Man of ordinary size could not lift, was no more than a Walking-Staff for *Hercules*.

Mr. *Wycherley*, in his Writings, is *severe*, and bold in his *Undertaking* ; in his Conversation, *gentle*, *modest*, *inoffensive* ; in his Writings he seems without *Mercy* ; in his Nature he is all *Tenderness*. He makes use of his *Satyr* as a Man truly *Brave* ; of his *Courage*, only upon publick Occasions, and for publick Good : He compassionates the Wound he is under a necessity to probe ; or like a good natur'd Conqueror, grieves at the Occasions that provoke him to make such Havock.

There are who object against his *Versification* ; but a Diamond is not less a Diamond, for not being

being polish'd: *Verseification* is in Poetry, what *Colouring* is in *Painting*, a beautiful Ornament: But if the Proportions are just, the Posture true, the Figure bold, and the Resemblance according to Nature, though the Colours happen to be rough, or carelessly laid on, yet the Picture shall loose nothing of its Esteem: Such are many of the inestimable pieces of *Raphael*; whereas the finest and the nicest Colour that Art can invent, is but labour in vain, when the rest is in disorder; like Paint bestow'd on an ill Face, whereby the Deformity is render'd but so much the more conspicuous and remarkable. It would not be unseasonable to make some Observations upon this Subject, by way of Advice to many of our present Writers who seem to lay the whole Strefs of their Endeavours upon the *Harmony* of Words: Like *Eunuchs* they sacrifice their *Manhood* for a *Voice*, and reduce our Poetry to be like *Ecccho*, nothing but *Sound*. In Mr. *Wycherly*, every thing is *Masculine*; his Muse is not led forth as to a *Review*, but as to a *Battle*: Not adorn'd for Parade, but for Execution: He would be Try'd by the sharpness of his Blade, and not by the *Finery*: Like your Heroes of Antiquity he charges in Iron, and seems to despise all Ornament, but intrinsic Vertue; and, like those Heroes, has therefore added another Name to his own; and by the unanimous Assent of the World, is call'd, The *Manly Wycherley*.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

Mr. B——r to J. L—— Esq;

Dear Sir,

Our Reproaches for my not writing are so very obliging, that I know not how to answer them: Not but that I might tell you twerf Things by way of Apology, but I rather trust your Generosity for my Excuse. Yet, if you believe me, the true and only Reason of my Silence, has been the Barrenness of News, which may render my Letters Entertaining. I suppose you have been no less surpriz'd at *Twelve*, than we here in *London* at the Election of *King*: Our Divines, and Men of rigid Principles, highly censure the Duke of *Saxony*, for assuming a Spiritual Crown of Eternal Bliss, an Earthly Transitory Diadem: Others are contented to say, that 'tis below a Man of Honour to change his Religion upon so trifling a Consideration, as the Elective Crown of *Poland* might have been, with a Prince who held already so considerable a Rank in the Empire; but none it seems, from the common Practice of all Ages and Nations, that the Laws of Religion and Honour were only made to fetter Mortals of inferior Degree, whereas Princes seldom follow any other Rule in all their Actions, besides Interest, or Pleasure; and I am sure you too great a Politician, and Courtier, not to

R

com-

commend them for it, However, 'tis certain this Election is a great Balk to the *French*; and if the Siege of *Barcelona* be not more successful in the End, than it was in the Beginning we may hope a happy Conclusion of the War. Thus much of Publick Affairs.

Her Royal Highness, by her peculiar Attractive Faculty, has, I suppose, drawn all the *Beau-Monde*, and Pleasures after her to *Tunbridge*, for we have nothing left here, but the bare Walls of a Town, destitute of its greatest Ornaments the *Belles* and the *Beaux*. The Playhouse is so thin, that when I go there, 'tis meerly upon the account of the coolness of the place. *St. James's Park* is become a Solitude where an Anachorete might now make his Abode, without fear of any Temptations; for all the Evenings I have been walking in it, I saw there but some few antiquated Ladies, that preach'd Continency with the miserable Ruins of their past Beauties. I advise you to lay hold of the Opportunity Fortune has thrown before you, to enjoy your self. Take your full Swinge of Pleasures, for the precious Minutes of our youthful Days, fly fast away never to return again. If you light upon some of those Ladies, who, I hear, are gone to *Tunbridge* upon no other Errand than to Cuckold their Husbands, be sure not to disappoint them for a Woman once balk'd, turns presently her Love into Hatred and Revenge. If you play a *Picket* with my Lady, do not forget to *show you Point*, and *count your Aces*, for that's the only way to get the better of her. Mrs. D—— De  
fire

fires to be remembered to you, with as much Earnestness, as I suppose, you desire to forget her; for you know, Women will be mighty fond of their old Lovers, till they can get new Ones. My Service and Respects to all the Gentlemen at the Princesses Court, and believe me,

S I R,

*Yours, &c.*

*White-hall, July*  
11. 1697.

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LETTER XII.

*Mr. B——r to my Lady B——th, on the  
Death of her Mother.*

*Madam,*

I hope your Ladyship will excuse the Liberty I take of expressing my Concern for your great Loss: a Loss that will be lamented even by those who had but the Honour of a bare Acquaintance, with so good a Lady, and which of necessity must be the more afflicting to your Ladyship, since in her you not only lose a kind Mother, but a Bosom Friend, and a dear Companion. Indeed, Madam, Providence seems to have permitted this heavy Weight of Sorrow to have fallen chiefly on your Ladyship, because you have a more than ordinary share of Piety and Grace, to support you under it; and I doubt

not but that so divine a Soul as yours will shew a Christian Resignation to all the Decrees of Heaven. I pray God to be himself your Comforter, and heal up this fresh Wound, by pouring down new Blessings on you, and all your Family. I am with all the Respect and Sincerity imaginable.

*Madam,*

*Your Ladyships, &c.*

*EPISTLE XII.*

*To Mr. Congreve; occasion'd by his Comedy, call'd, The way of the World.*

*By Captain Steel.*

**W**Hen Pleasure<sup>s</sup> is fall'n to the low Delight,  
 In the vain Joys of the uncertain Sight;  
 No Sense of Wit, when rude Spectators know,  
 But in distorted Gesture, Farce, and Shew;  
 How could, great Congreve, thy aspiring Mind,  
 Dare to write only to the few refin'd?  
 Yet though that Nice Ambition you pursue,  
 'Tis not in Congreve's Power to please but few.  
 Implicitly devoted to his Fame,  
 Well-drest Barbarians know his awful Name.

*Though*

*The senseless they're of Mirth, but when they laugh,  
As they fill Wine, but when till Drunk they quaff.*

*Forgotten Authors who have lately writ,  
Despair now to revive their Fame of Wit ;  
Hard Fate ! that all Poetick Hopes are fled,  
'Spite of that help to Glory, being dead.  
On Thee from Fate a lavish Portion fell,  
In every way of Writing to excel ;  
Whene'er you sing an undissembled Woe,  
With sweet Distress your rural Numbers flow ;  
Pastora's the Complaint of every Swain,  
Pastora still the Eccho of the Plain ;  
Or if thy Muse describe with warming Force,  
The wounded French-man falling from his Horse ;  
And her own William glorious in the Strife,  
Bestowing on a prostrate Foe his Life.  
You the great Deed as generously rehearse,  
And all the English Fire is in thy Verse.*

*By thy politer Scenes, and juster Choice,  
Ennobled Comedy exalts her Voice ;  
You check unjust Esteem, and fond Desire,  
And teach to Scorn, where else we should Admire.  
The just Impression taught by Thee we bear,  
The Player acts the World, the World the Player ;  
Whom still that World unjustly disesteems,  
For he alone professes what he seems.*

*But when thy Muse assumes her Tragick Part,  
She conquers, and she reigns in ev'ry Heart.  
To moan with her Men cheat their private Woe,  
And generous Pity's all the Grief they know.  
The Widow who, impatient of delay,  
From the Town Juys, must Mask it to the Play :*



*Joyns with thy Mourning Bride's restless moan,  
 And weeps, a Loss she slighted when her own.  
 You give us Torment, and you give us Ease,  
 And vary our Affections as you please.  
 Is not a Heart so kind as yours in Pain,  
 To load your Friends with Cares you only feign?  
 But no, go on,— your moving Power employ,  
 To lull our Sorrow, and correct our Joy.*

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### LETTER XIII.

Mr. H——n to Mr. J——s.

**T**HO' my Silence may make me seem either Idle, or Negligent, yet I assure you, I had too great a Value for so agreeable a Correspondent, to let either of those Vices prevail; but I was unwilling to give you a fruitless Trouble, and therefore defer'd Writing, till I could give you a full Account of the Enquiry you desir'd me to make, the Result of which is, that Dr. Lestly's Answer to Dr. King is not to be got, not above Fifty of the Impression escaping the Seizure, if I can give Credit to a Member of the Church Militant, who is a great Dealer in those Commodities: This I have heard since confirm'd by a Gentleman, who assur'd me, he had the Original Copy, at least as much of it as was sav'd from the Wreck. But though I could not get that of the Person I sought, I got the following Verses, fixt, or suppos'd to be fixt on St. Stephen's Chappel.

*Gold.*

*old rules within, and reigns without the Doors,  
takes Men take Places, and poor Maids turn Whores;  
her blooming Virtues sold, his Trust betray'd,  
beauch'd the Member falls, so does the Maid;  
each pleads Excuse, the Profit each does move;  
his is his Monarch's Service, Hers is Love.  
The World sees through the Sham in which both joyne,  
he votes for Interest, and she Whores for Coin.*

Thus you see Scandal is still at work in this  
icked Town. This I'm afraid, will come too  
te to bring you News of the Duke — Suc-  
fs. My Lord J— has drawn away B— R—'s  
ife, who is young and pretty; her Mother  
d her the way in *Elopement*, for having Marri-  
an *Irish Knight*; after he had done all he could  
satisfie her her way, when he hop'd to have had  
s turn of being pleas'd his way, she left him  
the Fleet; and when she had emptied his  
gs, carried hers off full. These are terrible  
ories to relate to a Person who resolves for that  
are, which is subject to these Revolutions;  
d indeed, a Man that ventures his stock of  
appiness in a Woman's Hands, does what they  
t, who trust their whole Fortune in a Bankers;  
r as her Caprice, and his Conscience is all their  
curity, she changes, and he breaks, and the  
ppy Man is a Wretch, and the rich Man a Beg-  
r. Yet these things will be, and therefore let  
n pass.——

P. S. I have, Sir, made a farther Enquiry af-  
: *Lefly's* Answer to Dr. King, but to no purpose,  
accidentally, last Night, I was brought into the

the Company of the Gentleman that has the Original Copy in his Hands, who assures me, it never was printed.

# LETTER XIV.

Mayfield, July 6. 1696

Mr. S—— to Mr. M——

Reverend Sir,

YOur ingenious and pathetic Letter came safe to my Hands, but being too greedy to know the Contents, I tore off as much Sense as would lye upon the Surface of a Six-pence; but what vexes me yet more is, that it was in the middle of your Philosophy, and has absolutely prov'd a *Vacuum* in your Letter; so that this Breach has made your Sense imperfect, and depriv'd me, in some measure, of your witty Turns, and fine Cadences. But for all this unhappy Accident, I can in many Places see the Ruins of what we call *Wit*, from those pretty Fancies that still remain, and I make a shift to guess at the Meaning. *In primis*, I think you talk of Time; that there is a Time for all Things; Nay, a Time to drink *Water*. Then you speak something of Memory, and that Mr. B—— at the Place is my Cousin. Indeed, it is a great Advantage to have a good Memory; but it is a greater to have a good Judgment: For Memory respects only the Outside of Things, but it is a good

d Judgment that will rectifie all, and shew what is real, and what not, If you have surfe only to Memory, you may question a r's Honesty, though upon false Grounds, and em him highly ungrateful who is really kind courteous. Suppress then, Reverend Sir, vivacity of your Judgment by the solidity of r Judgment, and the things will fall out dity according to your Expectation. It is an reasonable thing to expect a hearty Welcome m *English*-men, whilst you so closely accuse than fickleness, and unsincerity. But how unjust your culation is, I leave it to the Scrutiny of your n Conscience, which, I believe will testifie se two Things against you ; either that your emory is short in retaining Benefits, or that you so unacquainted with Friendship, as to be unreasonably jealous of your best Friend. A true end is always the same ; neither the prosperous Gales of Fortune, nor the gloomy Clouds Adversity can change his Mind, or unhinge Affections. What need you then require fresh lances of Love and Kindness, when these naturally and voluntarily flow into the Object be'd ? In the latter part of your Letter you say, u expect my Orders with Impatience ; I suppose you allow me to be a Christian, and if my orders should not come so soon as you expected, s not to affront you, but to give you an opportunity of exercising that noble Vertue, *Patience*, hich will make a Man easie in all Conditions, d encline you to entertain charitable Thoughts

*Your Affectionate and humble Servant,*

J. S.

## LETTER XV.

Decemb. 30. 1694.

Mr. Boyer to Tho. Henshaw Esq;

Sir,

THE last time I had the Honour of being in your Company at *Kensington*, I acquainted you with my design of compiling a *French and English* Dictionary. I have since Collected some considerable Materials towards it, and engag'd an ingenious *English* Gentleman to revise my *English*; so that I have reason to hope I may be able to exceed all former Works of this Nature. Yet, because I should be loath to advance any farther in my Undertaking, without the Advice and Encouragement of pertinent Judges, I make bold to desire you to peruse the enclos'd Specimen, and to tell me freely your Opinion of it, by which I am resolv'd to let my Work either stand or fall. I remain with all imaginable Respect and Affection,

Sir, yours, &amp;c.

B.

LETTER

## LETTER XVI.

Jan. 3. 1695.

*Mr. Henshaw to Mr. Boyer.*

Sir,

**Y**Ours of the 31<sup>st</sup>. past I have receiv'd together with the enclos'd Specimen, and am very glad you are so far advanc'd in so useful and desirable a Work, and doubt not but your great Industry, assisted by your excellent Judgment in the *French* and *English* Tongues, will render it a Piece both acceptable, and applauded by the VWorld. I acknowledge I have but very little Skill in these Matters, and therefore you are not to rely upon my Opinion, but on the Judgment of some better Critick. Yet, to shew you that I have, according to your Desire, perus'd your Specimen, I will adventure to set down my Remarks upon it. And first, in the Title-Page, I would advise you to say *Out of the best English Authors*, and not to name the *Four great Masters*, which may too much disturb the Envy of all those who are apt to think well of their own Rhetorick; and the naming of Sir—among them, may make some Men, who have no Esteem for him, slight your Judgment, and bring a Prejudice on the Book. As for *Cotgrave*, tho' you do not derogate from him, yet I would by  
no

no means you should neglect him in your great VVork. Dr. *Casaubon*, a Learned *French*-man, and a competent Judge, in his *Diatribes de quatuor linguis*, says, it is the best Dictionary that ever was made in any Language ; though there are several VVords wanting in him, that came up since his Time ; yet they that love to read old *French* Authors, cannot be without him. *Rabelais* will never be laid by till the VVorld's end, and there is scarce a hard VVord in him, but may be found in *Cotgrave*. As for *Miege*, I never found him Satisfactory, and so can say nothing in his Behalf. *Richelet* has done very well, yet there are many VVords of common use omitted by him. The Method and Exactness of the Beginning of your Dictionary gives great hopes of an Excellent Work ; but above all, let not your Booksellers be sparing as to make the Book less than a Folio, and have it Printed on good Paper. I remain with much Esteem and Affection,

*Your most humble Servant,*

Tho. Henshaw.

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LETTER

## LETTER XVII.

Mayfield, July 13. 1696.

Mr. S. . . . to Mr. B. . . .

Dear B —

I Hope you receiv'd my last safe. With this you have my whole Collection of Words; which I desire you to Marshal more Alphabetically than I have done, and deduce proper Phrases from 'em, where they'll allow. I dare warrant all of them us'd: I had 'em either out of very good Authors, or else from some very ingenious Gentlemen, whom I converse with here daily; and I'll assure you, they have all past their Allowance; therefore if any body questions any of them, I am ready to undertake their Defence.

Now for some general Observations on *Miege*: First, he has innumerable false *Interpretations*, and almost as many false *Syllabifications*, which, I hope, you'll take care to avoid. I do not think it reasonable, that because he imagines a word Spelt so, that it should be admitted, tho refer'd to one that is right spelt. Then, I am sure, he is defective in *necessary* Phrases, tho he abounds in such as are *superfluous*: All which, I hope, you'll take time to consider of, and not suffer your *Booksellers* to wrest your work maim'd from your hands, which you may have leisure afterwards  
to



to repent. That *Tribe* are too frequently known to precipitate, and lead a rash Author to his Ruin, I mean, as to his Reputation. But no doubt, you'll have the least occasion of this Advice, tho your Undertaking be so Voluminous. I wish you success with all my heart, and that my Endeavours may equal my Respect and Value for you. There is above a Thousand Words, which is the more considerable, because there have been so many Compilations. As for the Authority of making new Words, I have not assumed it, tho I think it but proper, to have a word to express every particular meaning; and where a Language is defective, 'tis allowable to supply it. Our Language lies very open to Remarks, as the making up words with Particles and Terminations, and thence it is that we so abound; but still if we express that in one word, that otherwise should require three or four, are not we rather to be commended than blamed? I mention this to obviate all Cavils against our Language. Pray let me hear from you the first Post after the Receipt of this. Send me an account of all Adventures, and write plainer, and in a larger sheet, that may contain more of your instructing Style. I am, with my Service to all Friends,

Dear SIR,

Yours, &c. S

LETTER XVIII.

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LETTER XVIII.

Whitball Aug. 2.

Mr. B.... to Mr. S...

Dear S—

**Y**Our threatning to write to me in *French*, may very well authorize my Converſing with you in *English*, ſince I want no leſs to improve my ſelf in your Language, than you do in mine. However, if you find my *French* Letters any way conducive to your Progreſs in our Tongue, I ſhall willingly put a ſtop to my own Advancement, to further yours. That's the leaſt thing I can do in requital of thoſe kind Offices which you pour in ſo thick on me, that even my Epiſtolar Acknowledgments, can ſcarce keep pace with your Bounty. All your Letters are come ſafe to my hands, that only accepted which was written in *French*. I know not where to lay the fault of the Miſcarriage, but however I hope its Freight will not be loſt to me, if you have kept a Copy of thoſe Words you ſent me in it. Your Collections are of great uſe to me, as well as the Hints you give me in your Letters, which I will improve into ſeveral good Paragraphs, in the Preface to my Dictionary, and at the ſame time I ſhall not forget informing the World, how well you have deſerved of the Commonwealth of Learning in general, and of me in particular.

Having

Having done you this Justice, I hope you will not think it either derogatory to your Labour, or too presuming on my own, if I tell you that both in the Collections and Hints I have often jump'd with you; nay, rather I believe you are so much my Friend, as not to grudge me this just Occasion of being Proud.

As for News — the Peace betwixt the *French* and the *Savoyard*, puts our Politicians a little beside their Measures. Some say the Allies are resolv'd to declare War to the Duke, whereby his Country is like to be harass'd both by the *French* and Confederate Armies; And he'll find himself *Entre le Marteau & l'Enclume*, as, our *French* saying is. People are at a gaze to know how far the Princes of *Italy* will engage in the Quarrel, especially the Old Father, and the Republick of *Venice*. 'Tis, in some measure, to bespeak the latter, that an Embassy is speedily to be sent to *Italy*; and if you continue in the mind you once had, to Travel abroad, you can never meet with a fairer opportunity. I would encourage you to it from a desire to see your Parts and Knowledge advanc'd; for tho they be capable of little Addition, yet Travelling may serve to refine 'em, and give 'em a brighter lustre. You know that when the Poet would raise in us a great Opinion of his Heroe, he thus describes him;

*Qui Mores Hominum multorum vidit & Urbes.*

Pray, my hearty Service to your Brother, and believe me entirely Yours;

P. E.

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LETTER XIX.

April 29. 1699.

Mr. B---r to the Right Reverend Lord Bishop of S---m.

*My Lord,*

I Hope your Lordship will pardon the liberty of this Letter, were it but upon this score, that it will be less encroaching upon your precious Hours, than a Visit.

I am not an absolute Stranger to your Lordship, having had the Honour of being recommended to you, by the famous Mr. Baile, when I first came over; and if I have neglected to wait oftner upon your Lordship to secure that protection, which you were pleased to promise me, 'tis merely out of fear of growing troublesome.

Having lately brought to a period a long and tedious Work, which by her Royal Highness's particular Leave and Approbation I undertook, for the Use of his Highness the Duke of Gloucester, I made bold to send your Lordship a Specimen of it, before I presented you with the whole Book, which is now at the binders.

S

Mr.

Mr. Du B—— whom I entrusted with the Specimen, told me, that according to my Request, he had waited upon your Lordship, and that you were pleas'd to express a Liking of my Design.

Some days after, I was told from Sir B—— B—— that your Lordship having given the said Specimen to peruse to Mr. P—— he had disapproved something in it, chiefly the Inscription of the Book, *for the Use of his Highness the Duke of Gloucester*, and the Corrections of the Faults which I found in Mr. Miegé's Dictionary.

As to the first, your Lordship may know how I acquainted her *Royal Highness* with my design of inscribing my Book *for the Use of the Duke*, about four years ago, and how she was pleas'd to favour and encourage it: Which, I think, is a sufficient Warrant for my Dedication and Title-Page.

As for those Faults which I found in Mr. Miegé's Dictionary, and which Mr. P—— wou'd endeavour to justify, I dare firmly assure your Lordship, that they are all such as I have set them down, which I can prove by the unquestionable Authority of the *French Academy's* Dictionary. I shall only instance in two or three of them, for fear of abusing your Lordship's Patience.

For, to Ordain a Priest, the *French Academy* says, *Ordonner un Pretre*, and not *Ordiner*, as Miegé has it; Ox-eye (an Herb) *Oeil de Boeuf*, and not *Buglose*, as Miegé has it, which signifies *Bugloss*, or *Ox-Tongue*; Prolixity, *Prolixité*, and not *Longueur*, as Miegé has it, which is only a synonymous

synonymous Word, the Passion Week, *la semaine de la Passion*, and not, *la semaine Sainte*, &c.

I confess, that since Mr. P — was chosen to instruct his Highness in the *French* Tongue, I should have waited upon him to acquaint him with my design, which, perhaps, might have bespoken a more favourable Censure of my Preface from him : But however, I hope he will not stand so much upon Punctilio's, as to condemn me without hearing, lest he should betray his own Ignorance, by involving in the same Condemnation the whole *French* Academy; a Learned and Illustrious Society, from whom all that speak and write true *French* ought to derive their Decisions.

I submit the whole matter. to your Lordship's candid and unbiass'd Judgment, and the love you have for the Commonwealth of Learning, of which your Lordship is so eminent a Member, and beg leave to subscribe my self, with profound Respect and Veneration,

*My Lord,*

*Your Lordship's most humble*

*and obedient Servant;*

B —

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 LETTER XX.

From Monsieur Baile, to the Right Reverend Father in God, *Gilbert Burnet*, Bishop of *Salisbury*; upon his Lordship's Preferment in the Church of *England*.

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*Done out of French.*

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*My Lord,*

There's scarce any body amongst those who are so happy to be known to you in these Provinces, but has been less sensible than my self, of the great and glorious News we have received concerning your Lordship, and more diligent in Congratulating you by Letters. I suppose those Persons, whom you honour with your Friendship, being transported by their Zeal and Respect, did not consider, so maturely as my self, our common Obligation, not to interrupt you one moment in those important Employments, which render your Lordship so useful to the Publick. This, my Lord, is the true Reason of my silence: For the more I heard the World Ring with your Name, both in Publick and in Private, the more I reflected you might justly say, *Nos pondera regum & momenta sumus,*  
and

and the less was I forward to take Pen in hand, to communicate to your Lordship the hearty Applauses which I gave those just Rewards that had crown'd your great Merit, and continued Services; and which I join'd here, upon all occasions, with the Acclamations of the Well-Affected. But at present, My Lord, when Affairs seem so well settled, as to yield you some Repose, I should think my self inexcusable, If I should defer any longer, assuring your Lordship by a Letter, that no Man rejoyc'd more than my self, to behold the Illustrious Dr. Burnet advanc'd to so high a Rank in the *Anglican* Church, of which he was so worthy, and which he is so well qualified to maintain, to the Glory of God, and the Illustration of the most sublime and sacred Sciences. God grant your Lordship may long enjoy this new Dignity, in full Health and Prosperity.

Give me leave, my Lord, to close this Letter with an humble Request in favour of him who will deliver this to you, and who is likewise entrusted with the *Panegyrick* which the learned *Perizonius* pronounc'd at *Franker*, on their *Britannick* Majesties's Coronation Day, directed to your Lordship. He is a Gentleman of a good Family, related to one of my intimate Friends; and who having begun his Studies in *France*, has continu'd them with success at the University of *Franker*; where he has learnt not only Philosophy and Divinity, but also the *Mathematicks*. I take the liberty, my Lord, humbly to beseech you to furnish him with means to advance himself, in such a way, as your generous



*Original Letters.*

nerous Protection of the Refugees shall make you think most proper. I shall be extremely oblig'd to you for it ; and esteem my self happy whenever I can find an opportunity to express to the World, with what profound Respect, and extraordinary Admiration, I am

*My Lord,*

*Rotterdam,  
July 11:  
1689.*

*Your Lordship's*

*Most humble and*

*most obedient Servant,*

**B A I L E**

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**LETTER XXI.**

*Dr. Thomas S---th, to Mr. B---r.*

*S I R,*

I Should, I acknowledge, have made a speedier return to your obliging Letter, but one thing or other stept between me and my good Intentions, which has cast me so far behind-hand with you ; but Yesterday making a Visit to Sir P--- A---, who told me he was going to *Risks*, to divert himself after the great Affliction, which has befallen himself and Family, I was resolv'd to delay it no longer, having so sure and good a Conveyance.

The Complemental part of your Letter I cannot well admit, in which you heap up those Praises

Praises which are no ways due to me; but however I look upon it as the effect of your good opinion and respect toward me. I wish it had been more in my power to have oblig'd a Person of your Character, for whom I shall always preserve a just and tender Regard, and will be ready upon all occasions to do all Offices of a firm, hearty, and sincere Friendship, whenever it shall lie in my power.

I look upon it as a clear Indication, and effect of a merciful Providence toward you, that when you were driven out of your own Country, by so terrible a Hurrican, you have found so good a shelter in Sir B—— B——'s Family; in company of which you have the opportunity not only of enjoying the Delights, the Retirements, and pleasant Air of the Country, during these excessive Heats of Summer, but of Travelling with them to see their Friends and Relations. In the Account of your Journey into *Northampton-shire*, I am most pleas'd with your View of the ancient Statues in the Garden of \* Sir *Williams Farmer*, at *Easton*. These were formerly brought into *England* by that great Man *Thomas Earl of Arundel*, and adorn'd the Garden of his Palace here in *London*. A considerable number of Marbles with Inscriptions, were given to the University of *Oxon*, by his Grandson the late Duke of *Norfolk*; but these, which he reserv'd for the Use, Honour, and Ornament of his Family, were sold by his Relict, to Sir *William*, who has a great Genius and Gust for such curious Monuments of Antiquity. He acquainted me with his Purchase at first, and I have threatned to go Express to see his

his whole *Ville*, on purpose to write out the Inscriptions; but I have been hindred hitherto from pursuing that design. I thank you for the Inscription you sent me, upon the Marble-Chair: I doubt only whether you have transcribed the last word right, and whether it should not be  $\chi\alpha\rho\iota\sigma\tau\eta\rho\iota\omicron\nu$ , but if it be, as you say,  $\chi\alpha\rho\iota\sigma\tau\eta\rho\iota\omicron\nu$ , whether there be not a word following, at least a space, and the word illegible? This is only a Thought which now comes in my mind, upon which I lay no great stress; but will examine and compare yours with the like Inscription in *Gruter* and *Reinesius*.

I doubt not but you will see *Windsor Castle*, which is a glorious Building, and, take it with all its Advantages, is not exceeded by any Royal House of *France*. When you look upon the Sepulchral Monuments which are in *St. George's Chappel*, if there be any one erected to the Memory of the late most learned *Isaac Vossius*, I pray write out the Inscription for me. But perhaps it is not yet put up by his Nephew, who assured me several times, before he went into *Holland*, that it should be done; and I question not in the least, but he will make good his Resolution, both out of a Principle of Justice and Gratitude.

I will not say, I hope, because I am pretty well assur'd, that you employ your leisure Hours to the advantage of your Studies, toward which I should very gladly contribute. You do well to perfect your self in the Knowledge of the *English* Tongue: but the study of the *Greek* is that which will be of more use to you, in order to  
make

on various Subjects.

281

make you serviceable to the Church, to which  
by the Bent of your Mind, and Course of your  
Life, you have devoted your self. I know you  
cannot but take in good Part, this free Advice,  
which flows from the hearty Affection of,

St. James's-street,

12th. Aug.

1691.

Sir, your most faithful Friend,

and humble Servant,

T. S——th.

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## LETTER XXII.

Mr. B——r to the Reverend Dr. S——

Reverend Sir,

IT fares with me as with those fortunate  
Traders to the *East-Indies*, who with a small  
Venture, get a Return which doubles their Stock,  
and makes 'em forget the length of the Voyage;  
thus your kind Letter, by over-paying mine,  
makes me more than sufficient Amends for my  
waiting for an Answer.

I am extremely pleas'd with the Account you  
give me of the Antiquities, which I saw in Sir  
*William's* Gardens; for, in my Opinion, it is  
with these, as with ancient Books, and Manu-  
scripts, of which the knowing how they have  
been preserv'd, and now come to be in such or  
such

such a Place, adds no small Satisfaction to the perusing of them. I doubt not but you are right in your Conjecture about the Inscription I sent you ; for as far as my Memory can return back, I can assure you, there neither was, nor appear'd to have been any other Words in the Marble-Chair besides these,

Ο. ΙΕΡΕΤΣ· ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΙΝΟΣ·  
 ΚΛΑΙΝΕΤΟΣ· ΙΣΙΔΙ· ΟΣΙΡΙΔΙ·  
 ΑΝΟΤΒΙΔΙ· ΧΑΡΙΣΤΗΡΙΟΝ.

As for my mistaking an O for an Ω, you must ascribe it to the haste I was in, when I wrote out the Inscription, being then in Company with four or five young Ladies, who had rather hear a Jest, or a sweet Expression, in plain *English*, than to view the finest Pieces of Antiquities in the VWorld; and who laugh'd at me all the while as a simple Fellow, to mind such learned Trifles.

I had a Month ago the opportunity of viewing *Windsor-Castle*, with all that belongs to it. I confess, it is one of the finest Pieces I ever beheld. The advantage of its Prospect is almost as great as that of *Greenwich-Park*, ( which, I think, is no where to be parallel'd ) the Building is solid and stately ; the Furniture rich and magnificent ; the Painting of *St. George's-Hall* extraordinary fine ; the Carving of the King's Dining-Room mighty curious, all worthy of a King. *St. George's-Chapel* is also a very fine Piece of Architecture : I view'd it both without and within, and look'd upon several Epitaphs, but I don't remember that I saw any Monument erected to the Memory of the famous *Isaac Vossius*.

I am

I am sensible of what you hint in your Letter concerning my Condition: and will freely own to you, that bating the Hardships which are inseparable from *Παρουσία* I am as happy in my Exile, as I could have been in my own Country. I return you a thousand Thanks for the kind Advice you give me of improving my *Greek*, as being both a particular Proof your Affection to me, and agreeable to the main design of my Studies. I may say, without Vanity, that I had made no contemptible progress in that Tongue, whilst I was in *France*, having read the greatest part of *Homer*, *Isocrates*, and *Aristophanes's* Works; but our sad Dispersion has cut off the Thread, and Series of my Studies, and forc'd me to carry them on, à *batons rompus*, as we say in *French*, both for want of Time, Books, and other Conveniencies; and I found true by Experience the saying of the Poet,

—*Haud facile emergunt, &c.*

I hitherto have had a strong Desire of Learning the *English* Tongue, for as long as our Miseries last, (and God knows whether we shall ever see the end of them) the surest, and perhaps the only way for a *French* Man, who has nothing to trust to but his Learning, to get an honest Livelihood in *England*, is to speak *English*. If it concerns you much to have *Vossius's* Epitaph, I will go to *Windsor* on purpose to see whether there be any such thing, there being nothing in the World  
but

contrary 'tis generally an Obstruction to a Man's Preferment ; for they, who are in Power, have their Frailties and Imperfections like other Men, and are extremely jealous of too nice an Observer, such as we may suppose a Man of Wit to be. Now they reflect thus, that though by their Bounty and Favour, they should endear such a Man to their Interest, yet they look upon him in his Nature, to be a sort of wild Beast, whose Fierceness, though they might in some measure, reclaim and overcome by their Kindness ; yet, they suspect he may, like the rest of the Savage Race, one time or other, have some sudden start of his inborn Cruelty, and invincible Temper to fly out in the Face of his Keeper, though he was tied down by a Chain of a thousand Obligations. In several advantageous Professions, the being only thought a Wit, will go a great way to the undoing a Man ; especially if Wit has the misfortune to be joyn'd with Poetry. We have an Instance of this kind, in the Person of a very eminent City Physician, whose Wit and Poetry, if it had been as extraordinary as the vain Opinion he had of it himself, he had irrecoverably lost his Practice ; but by the happy influence of his benevolent Stars, he had not swallow'd so large a Dose of Wit, as to work his Destruction ; and so, like the insignificant Efforts of old Age, with an infectious Harlot, his very Impotency sav'd him.

*Demetrius*, of the *Inner-Temple*, has lately sold his Chambers, and has taken a Lodging near the *Playhouse*: 'Twas said, that he intended to turn Cook upon *Littleton* into blank Verse, to soften, in some measure, the ruggedness of the Expression.

He

He might, perhaps, have succeeded as well, as a certain Spark of my Acquaintance, of whom it is reported, that he attempted to translate a very odd kind of a Book, call'd *Hudibras*, into *French Metre*. This Gentleman is frequently possess'd with Poetick Raptures, and all the Family complains that he disturbs 'em at Midnight, by reciting Verses; particularly last night, reciting some incomparable sublime Fustian of his own Composing, he made such a horrid rumbling Noise, as alarm'd three Watch-Men that were walking under his Window, who immediately knock'd up his Landlady, to enquire if the House were haunted: When he is in Bed, one would imagine he might be quiet for that Night, but 'tis quite otherwise with him; for when a new Thought, as he calls it, comes into his Head, up he gets, sets it down in Writing, and so gradually encreases the detested Bulk of his Poetick Fooleries; which, Heaven avert it, he threatens to Print, and then, O ye courteous Readers, and credulous Booksellers, look about you, for Mischief is coming to ward's you. This unhappy Person, before the Curse of Poetry had seiz'd him, was in a pretty way of thriving Business.

*His Chambers eccho'd with the grateful Noise  
Of harsh Contention, and litigious Brawls;  
And he observ'd, better than the Physicians,  
By the melodious sound of Chinking Fees,  
That Discord makes the sweetest Harmony;  
Thus he in troubled Waters Fish'd; from Strife  
He drew the Joy and Comfort of his Life.  
The Clients were with restless Cares oppress'd,  
He still preserv'd a Calm within his Breast,*

*And*



*And laugh'd to see rich Fools promote Debates,  
Till Lawyers parcell'd out, & purchas'd their Estates.  
But now the Scene is chang'd, and he's in Pain,  
The Muses Throws distract his feeble Brain.  
Nature alarm'd declines th' unequal Toil,  
And like a Gun o'erloaded does recoil.  
His Genius shrinks, and bids him write no more,  
But Fate is in't, and he can ne'er give o'er.  
He raves, he foams, and seems like one Possess'd,  
And is what he could never write — a Jest.*

I have done with this Gentleman, whom I leave at *Temple-Bar*, and go directly on to the City, where I observe, that *Wit* makes but a very indifferent Figure; nay, even on a Lord-Mayor's-Day, with all the Pomp of Pageants to support it; and I've not heard that any of that Character have Fin'd for Alderman. When they use the Word, 'tis generally in an ill Sense, as when they have cheated a Man, they cry, they have out-witted him. A remarkable *Gallick Wit*, whose Demesns in *Parnassus* were very considerable; yet upon account of the uncertainty of the Income, has very prudently withdrawn his Effects, and converted his Substance to *Indian Ware*, which Undertaking exactly agreeing with his Genius, prospers so fast, that he has more *Lads* at his Shop every Afternoon, than he us'd to have in the Front-Boxes, on the third Night of a new Play. Our Island is very much addicted to Trade, but *Wit* is a Commodity that few People deal in, and will never be a Staple Commodity, till the Natives are better acquainted with its Value. I foretel that this may probably hap-

happen in the next Century, but no Man, that is already Born, will live to see it. Perhaps you may not a little wonder how I came to so great a Knowledge; but this 'tis to observe the Stars, my Friend, for you must know I often sit up a Nights—— Well, Sir, you may laugh, if you please, but what I tell you is very true for all that. I suppose, by this time, your Countenance is settled, and a Man may go on without Interruption. I say then, since *Wit* is not worth ones while to deal in, you can't blame me for disposing my self of such Lumber. Indeed, I never had so great a quantity, as to be a considerable Loser by it; but that little Stock I had, diverted me from a better sort of Traffick. To manage rightly, our chief Dealings should be of more profitable kind, and *Wit*, a Trade, should come in by the by; methinks *Wit* is like a Mistress, a pretty thing for a Man's Diversion, and fit to be enjoy'd at leisure hours; but if once a Man becomes wedded to it, 'tis like marrying one's Mistress; let those that have try'd it, inform you how they like it. To carry on the Allusion, if *Wit* be a Mistress, I have found her sometimes very rampant, for she has ravish'd me in your Company; the thing might be indictable, but that I have confess'd, I receiv'd a great deal of Pleasure and Satisfaction in it; which, I believe, is generally true in other Rapes; but they have not the Grace to own it. Raillery apart, these few Observations I have made on *Wit* and *Poetry*, I wholly submit to your Judgment: I do not pretend to teach you any thing on this Subject, who are better qualify'd to give me Instructions; which Favour I the most earnestly request.

Original Letters

request of you, that I may in Absence improve as much to your ingenious Letter, as I us'd to do in your Company, by your witty Conversation, which is admir'd by none so much as by

*Your real Friend,*

*and humble Servant,*

Tho. Check.

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LETTER XXIV.

*Mr. O — to Mr. M —*

**Y**OU tell me the People of *Will's Coffee-house* are removed to the *Rainbow*, that the *Wits* and *Politicians* have been so much disturb'd by the *Bassetiers* and *Picquet Men*, that their *Maxims* and *Scandal* began to grow into Contempt; and 'twas no matter how well a Man talkt of the Stage, or the State, unless he cou'd handle his Cards with a good Grace, and loose his Money as freely as those that get it, throw it away on their Vanity and Vices. 'Twas in a lucky hour this Desertion happen'd, for the Infection of Playing had spread so far, that many an honest Author has been tempted to cast himself of the Burthen of a whole Third Day, and put the Fortune of a Years Rhiming on *Point, Quint, and Quatorze*.

However, I don't think it a Business of so much Importance, that the Welfare of the Nation depends on't, or that the Commonwealth of Letters might not very well have supported it self, if *Morris* had turn'd his Room into Gaming-Tables, as soon as his Predecessor *Will* departed for the *Fryers*. Though I have heard some young Fellows who were just commencing Wits to affirm that 'tis as necessary for an Author to be Drunk at *Rouse's*, and be known at *Will's* to get Credit in *Covent-Garden*, as for a Merchant on the *Exchange*, to have his Bills pass with the *Goldsmith*. 'Tis lately, it seems, call'd the *Coffee-house* by way of Eminence; and since the misfortune of poor *Will*, no wonder they are aham'd of the Fate they brought him to, and endeavour to sink his Name.

As for News from *Sussex*, a Gentleman, a Neighbour of mine, and a Worshipful Justice of the Peace, has been rambling towards *Parnassus*, and in his Journey deliver'd himself of two Plays; he calls one of 'em a *Tragedy*, and the other a *Comedy*. I have seen 'em both, but which is the *Tragedy*, and which the *Comedy*, I must confess, I cou'd not in the least distinguish.

If there is in Town any Profession that undertakes to introduce *Wit* or *Passion* into the Houses, I am sure these Dramatick Pieces will come easie, and may be had a Pennyworth. The whole *Profits*, *Epistle*, and *Printing* not excepted, which I know has been the ruin of many a fair Bargain, besides several handsom Entertainments with Commendatory Verses in abundance, by Persons of Quality, and more *Squires* to adorn them than have appear'd since the *Stepmother*.

You will very much oblige my Friend, if you can dispose of this Merchandise, and though he relinquishes his Pretences to the Third and Sixth Days, yet I believe he would make a Desert of his Park, and send a *Haunch* to every one of his Actors, rather than they shou'd not come on.

There need not be any difficulty for the resemblance between the *Comedy* and the *Tragedy*, since such things are so familiar at both Houses, they will not, I am sure, make that an Objection.

The design of both the one and the other has of late been inverted, and I have seen some *Talking Poets*, (as they call 'em) who have very much comforted themselves with the Mirth of the House at one of their most moving Scenes, and in the height of the Buskin; nay, who have extremely lamented, that their *Tragedy* and Distress cou'd not during the whole course of its Acting, extort one Laugh from the insensible Audience. For they, fancy as a certain *Witty Lady* said of a late Dramatick Poem, that a Play can never please, which does not make the Company merry. As on the contrary, What Mortal so void of Compassion, that did not weep as plentifully at the first Trip in the mid'st of its Fortune, as at the Second under the *Circumstances* of Damnation.— By which we see 'tis not always in the Poet's Power to make the Audience merry, or melancholly when he pleases,

Lewis 11. June,  
1701.

Sir,

Your humble Servant.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

*Containing a short Account and Character of Spain, &c.*

HAVING, dear Sir, acquainted you before with my Passage from *Plymouth* to *Corunna*, I will still endeavour to satisfy your Curiosity, by sending you the Observations I have made on the common Way of Living at *Madrid*, a City which tho it be the Epitome of all *Spain*, yet what passes for best there, comes short of what we account most ordinary and contemptible in *London*.

To begin with Generals, I must acquaint you, that the Soil here is nothing but Sand and Flint, and that if it produces any thing, 'tis rather to shame the Laziness of the Inhabitants, than to shew its Fertility.

The Waters are more Sandy than the Urine of one troubled with the Gravel, and as they are extreme soft and light, so are they easily corrupted ; which serves for a good excuse to us *Englishmen*, for drinking nothing but Wine. Tho in truth even that is here so Sophisticated, that I cannot say I have tasted one single drop of true *Spanish* Wine since I have been at *Madrid*, the Vintners here having an Art to make a third sort of Liquor, by mixing it with so

much Water, that the ingenious Author of the *Visions of Hell*, assigns them no other Quarters than with those the Spaniards call *Aguadores*, Water-Bearers.

As for River-Waters, I can give no account of them, here being no other than the River *Manzanares*, that passes by *Madrid*, which is nevertheless scarce any where to be found but in the Songs of the Poets. 'Tis true, the Emperour *Charles V.* caus'd a very large and stately Bridge to be built over it, which having one day shewn to an Ambassador, to know what he thought of it, he was answer'd, *Memo Puente o mas agua*; (less of the Bridge, or more of the Water.) For my part, I believe this good Prince contented himself to build the Bridge, and left to his Successors the Care of bringing a River to it. For to find Water there, one must dig a Well in it. and therefore 'tis grown into a Proverb, That *Esta Puente espera el Rio como los Judios el Messias*; that is, *This Bridge waits for the River, as the Jews do for the Messias.*

As for the other two Elements, they are here altogether so blended and confounded, that the Air is nothing but Fire; and unless a Man partake of the Nature of a *Salamander*, or a *Pyraustus*, he will be stifled with drawing his Breath. Nothing allays the intemperature of the Air, but a certain Wind call'd *Gallego*, *Gallicia* Wind, as mischievous as the Nation that gives it its Name; and so very piercing, that when it blows, a hole in a Casement, or a chink in a Door,

is sufficient to strike a Man into a Palsie ; and very often from a Neighbouring Brothel, it carries the Pox into a House of Piety. Therefore if a Man comes away from *Spain* with any Spice of that Disease, he may as well have catch'd it in a Church, as in the Stews.

From these Irregularities proceed two Customs which I have taken notice of, in the *Habit* and *Gate* of the *Spaniards*: For to guard themselves against the *Gallego*, they go as well cloath'd in Summer as in Winter ; and at all times have their Jackets quilted, as if they were going to put on Armour.

The other Custom is, That for fear of exciting the internal natural Heat by that without, they walk with so much Gravity, that 'tis hard to determine whether they move or stand still. Nay, even when they Dance they preserve their grave Air to that degree, that their Capers are more like the Curtesies of a *Carmelite* Nun, or the Crawling of a Gouty Claret-Drinker, than the Rising of *L'Abbé*.

You will, perhaps, be apt to imagine that they correct here the Defects of the Air, by the Perfumes of those famous *Spanish Pastills*. But you are mistaken, for at *Madrid*, the *Pastills* of the Day are nothing but the *Ordure* of the Night. All *Madrid* is a Common *House-of-Office*, and no other *Gold-Finder* to cleanse it, but the Sun: And if it be true, what some Philosophers of old have imagin'd, that the Stars feed on the Vapours of



the Earth, I believe they can fare worse in no part of the World than here.

I shall now proceed to tell you what I have observ'd about the Beauty, Temper, and Conversation of the fair Sex. 'Tis said, that most Women here bestow their Favours freely, and without intreaty; and that the most reserv'd will not be angry at being ask'd the Question. 'Tis true, tho they wear neither Veil nor Mask, yet are their Faces ne're the more to be seen; for they are so thick cover'd with Paint, that 'tis not in the Power of Nature to breakthrough it. The Old Women take it as a Favour to be call'd *Putas* (Whores) and the Young are no more pleas'd to be accounted *Mecetomas* (Maids) than to be so in reality. This point of Honour being, it seems, a Token of their want of Merit and Beauty. In our Country the Ladies will grant Favours upon Promise of Marriage; but here upon the first Addreses a Man makes to a Woman, he must declare his Intentions, which they answer accordingly thus; *Si para marido, no, si para amancebado, si*; If you are for being a Husband, I've nothing to say to you, but if you have a mind to be a Gallant, with all my heart. In the Articles of Marriage, there are Clauses whereby the Women reserve to themselves certain Days in the Week, to be wholly at their liberty. In short, if they be honest, I must needs say, they seem quite otherwise. Their Confessors are very indulgent to that Frailty, and easily dispence with them for not keeping Lent, so that they may, I suppose, have the more strength to get their livelihood by Sin. But those  
Priests

Priests who excel the rest in point of Spiritual Wisdom, believe that the surest and readiest way to Heaven, is for them to earn in their Youth, by the Sweat of their Bodies, Ten Thousand Crowns for Masses to be said after their Deaths, for their Souls. What the Women here call *Chapina's* (a sort of Buskins) may rather be term'd Stilts; for they are so very high, that they never pull off their Shooes, but they part with one half of their Persons; and because those *Chapina's* are enriched with Plates of Gold, or Silver, and their Heads bedaub'd with Plaister, they resemble the Statue of *Nebuchadnezzar* turned upside down. Bawdy-Houses here, are not Publick Places, as in other Countries, for every body has one at home, were there only the Mother or the Daughter. And as 'tis a Privilege of the Nobility to have an Oven, and a Brothel in their own Houses; so the *Spaniards*, who pretend to be all Gentlemen, are very tender of this Prerogative.

Having left those infamous Places, we shall pass on to others, where Sanctity is so cheap, that it suffices for a Man to be accounted a good Friar, if he be but an *Ignoramus*. As to their Capacities, there are two sorts of Doctors among them, some of which understand no *Latin* at all, and others make shift to guess at it; and 'tis a sensible Effect of the Divine Providence, that the Bible was translated into their vulgar Tongue; for had it remained in *Hebrew* and *Greek*, the *Spaniards* would have mistaken it for the *Alcoran*. They never understand any thing well

well, but one single thing only; and if Women were Sciences, there wou'd never be Adultry amongst them.

Next to the Ecclesiastical Order, that of the Nobility is the most innocent: Their greatest Vice, 'tis true, is Pride; and indeed, they are so very haughty, that if they saw a Gentleman in their Wives Arms, they would not exchange a look with him, for fear of being obliged to salute him. They are said to be very revengeful: Nevertheless, their Enmity is not irreconcilable; since most of their Enemies are their Wives Friends. If they have a Quarrel upon their hands, they generally decide it after a Royal manner, that is to say, with the odds of a hundred to one. However 'tis said, that in foreign Countries, they maintain the Character of Valiant Men; but that is, because not knowing the Roads which way to fly from danger, they are obliged to stand still, and think they have sufficiently discharg'd their Duty, when they suffer themselves to be beaten in a good Posture. In short, they make a mere speculative Science of the Military Art; and think, that to be accounted Warlike, 'tis enough, that their Ancestors have been so, and that they possess their Qualities, by virtue of the same Title, as they do their Inheritance.

Those who have a mind to be diverted with an aukard Figure upon a fine Horse, must come to *Madrid*; for were it not for the red and green Crosses on their Cloaks, it were impos-

ble to distinguish a Spanish *Cavaliero* from a Cobler.

As to the third Estate, I know no other, except the *Alicabuetes*, Pimps, and the *Terceros*, Brokers; every one of which nevertheless, accounts himself *Hidalgo como el Rey*, as good a Gentleman as the King? nay, the very Coachmen here wear Swords in their Boxes, which being in all other Countries a mark of Distinction to Nobility and Gentry, here only is a part of their Habit, or rather one of their Members; for I do not believe that they leave it off even when they go to Bed, in *Puris Naturalibus*.

I will not pretend to give my Judgment upon the Administration of Court Affairs; I shall only tell you by the by, that if any thing in this World may be compar'd to the Torments of Hell, 'tis the tediousness of the Ministers of State, who repay the Attendance of those that solicit them for any thing, with no other satisfaction than what *Tantalus* enjoy'd amidst the Waters. 'Twould be an admirable School for Atheists, to wait for Dispatches upon some Principal Secretary of State here; for being in eternal Pain during their endless Sollicitations, they might without difficulty, be afterwards brought to believe the never-ceasing Torments of the damn'd in the other World.

As for their Oeconomy, and Domestick Concerns, the Fathers take no more care to educate their Children, than the Children do to Honour their

their Fathers; and this, you must know, because they are mere Strangers to one another: Likewise, if the Mothers are curious to preserve the Virginity of their Daughters, 'tis as we cry up a choice Commodity, only to enhance its price.

Among these great Disorders, there are also great Virtues. They have an incomparable Zeal to plant the Catholick Religion in those Places where Gold-Mines are found. Their Wisdom is so profound in Warlike Enterprizes, that the *Flemings* and *Italians*, under their Dominion, have much ado to put them in Execution. If Justice be not duly Administred here, 'tis not for want of Officers, there being more *Alguazils*, Catch-Poles, than of any other sort of Inhabitants: But nevertheless, all the justice they do, is to live by the Iniquity of their Neighbours; their Design being not to reform Abuses, and redress Grievances, but rather to make an advantage of them. And if every *Alguazil* were to hold a Thief by the Hand, they would be so well match'd, that it would not be possible to distinguish one from 'tother. The Badge of Honour these Officers of Justice bear, is a Staff call'd *Vara*; which is also the Name given to the *Ells* in Shops; thereby to intimate, I suppose, that Justice here, is sold by false Measure, as well as Cloth.

Every Country has something wonderful in it: In *Spain* I find two things which seem to me prodigious, and which I know not how to reconcile. The first is, That every body here  
being

being us'd to beg, where are those that give? Whenever you find a Gentleman makes you a Compliment, you must expect Begging in the conclusion. That which distinguishes Scoundrels from Gentlemen Beggars, is, that these demand with more Arrogance, and are unacquainted with returning of Thanks, and think they fully repay what is given them, by taking the pains to reach out their Hands to receive it.

The second, and far greater Wonder is, That in so Christian and Catholick a Country as *Spain* is said to be, there should be but two Festivals kept, one of which is *The Comedy*, whither there is not a Chimney-Sweeper, tho never so needy, but will make a shift to go; The other is the famous Feast of *Bull-Baiting*, to which this whole Nation runs with greater Eagerness than the *Jews* to the *Paschal-Lamb*. As for the Feasts of *Easter* and *Christmas*, they are kept here only upon Courtesie and at Discretion, it being lawful to work on them, as on any other Worky-day of the year.

You Wits will be curious to know the reach of those of *Spain*: And if you think that a Person unconcern'd in this matter can be able to judge of it; I will acquaint you, that the general opinion here is, that the *Spaniards* who have most Wit, have no Soul; and the<sup>s</sup> who have the least of the first, make use of their Superior part, to gratifie the Inferiour, and of their Reason, to satisfie their Appetite. They have no Memory but to remember Injuries; no Understanding

without Treachery. If a *Spaniard* falls, 'tis rather to gratifie his Covetousness, than out of any Obedience to the commands of the Church. If he pardons Injuries, 'tis for fear of being beat in offering to revenge them. If he does good, 'tis in order to receive some; and if he pray to God, 'tis not so much to ask Pardon for his Faults, as to have an opportunity to commit more.

If I should say that there were no Thieves in *Spain*, I should have some reason for't, especially if I were taken right; and that is, as there was formerly no Adultery in *Sparta*, because all conjunctions were allow'd. Here all is good Fish that comes to Net, and every one declares his Neighbour his Enemy, that he may have a right to pillage him: And if God Almighty sav'd the bad Thief, as well as the good; I can't believe but that the *Spaniards* are in a fair way to Salvation. If any one in *Spain* should affirm, that he had neither a Whore, nor Thief of his Race; he would be presently taken for a Stranger, and call'd *Garvacho*. I remember a Fellow here that had the Impudence to tell his Mother so. What! Rascal! quoth she, have you the Insolence to call in question your Parents? Restitution in case of Robbery they never dreamt of, because believing themselves all descended from Kings; they imagine they may lawfully usurp sometimes, or else, because that things are always sold here three times more than they are worth, they think, if they steal two parts, and pay for one, there is a sufficient Ballance between Buyer and Seller.

I have

I have heard several devout Sermons here; but not one that inveigh'd against Incontinence: For fear, say the Priests, that it should raise a Commotion among the People; who being oblig'd to believe it no mortal Sin, would then think, that God was not forwarder to pardon them for it, than they were to commit it; as they commonly believe. When the Maids hear the foolish Virgins in the Gospel preach'd against, they resently imagine they have that Title given them, because they were Virgins, and that they were deservedly condemn'd for being so. 'Tis true, here are but few Magicians and Conjurers, for reason, I suppose, being, that the Devil was too cunning to trust a *Spaniard*, either upon his oath, or his Bond. Also he could not be ignorant, that in *Spain* Perjury is only punish'd by a Mulet of 25 *Reals*, which being once paid, the Officers are *Cavalleros Henrados* as before.

Amidst so many Examples of human Infirmitie, it were very strange if there should not be found one just; and as among the Apostles there was one *Judas*, so it is probable, that among many *Judas's* there may be one Apostle. The persons that are commonly pitch'd upon in this Country for Saints, are, for the most part, persecutors, as *St. Paul*; Renouncers of God, as *St. Peter*; Usurers, as *St. Matthew*; or frail Women, as *Mary Magdalen*; or else Murtherers, as *St. William*; Magicians, as *St. Cyprian*; or Tail-birds, as the good Thief. In word, there is not one of them but has been converted. No *John Baptists* among them, that were



were sanctify'd in their Mother's Wombs; because they were generally tainted before they are born.

Now because I have touch'd at the excessive Prizes of Things here by the by, I will give you a List of some of them in particular. You must know then, that Water is so dear, that it costs more to wash a Chamber, than would serve to make four Porters drunk with Brandy, at *London*. Wine here is cheap enough, and all Sobriety depends upon Parcimony. Water and Soupe would be the same thing here, if it were not for the Ice that distinguishes it, which is sold at a dearer rate at *Madrid*, than either *Christal*, or *Venice* Glafs.

Expect neither good wild nor tame Fowl, in a place where an Egg costs more than a Capon is worth. Venison you must not expect neither, because all the Beasts here are Domestick. For Fish, they scarce know the Name, and often mistake Poor Jack, for a Pike.

You'll perhaps expect I should say something concerning the *Spanish* Tongue, before I conclude: But the little satisfaction I have receiv'd here of things in general, has in a manner so far disgusted me against the Language, that I have had no manner of inclination to look into it. What I have observ'd is, That the Verbs always require the *Dative* Case, which is the only Liberality I have ever remark'd among the Nation. They have no Phrase to return Thanks, all their Gratitude consisting in *Beſo las manos*.

Thus,

Thus, Sir, I have presum'd to trouble you with such an account of *Spain* as I could hastily put together; yet which if it shou'd have the good fortune to prove any ways diverting, either to you, or your Friends, let me but know your Commands, and you may expect more, there being sufficient matter in every Province, nay almost in every Street, to furnish out twenty Letters of this kind : But presuming upon your pardon, for my long Epistle, I shall at present conclude, .

*Dear Sir,*

*Your most Affectionate,*

*Humble Servant,*

C. T.

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ORIGINAL  
LETTERS

OF

Love *and* Gallantry.

Written by several

*Gentlemen and Ladies, viz.*

Capt. *Ayliffe*, Mrs. *C—l*, under the Name  
of *Astræa*, Mrs. *T—r*, Mr. *B—y*,  
Mr. *B—*, Dr. *G—*, Mr. *F—r*, and  
others.

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## LETTER I.

Captain Ayloff to Mr. —

*Honest Dick,*

**T**Hat *Mariana* should at first reject your Vows, is no ways surprizing to me; and that she should alter her mind too, is not impossible, unless her Heart is prepossess'd in favour of some other *Swain*. The commencements of Love are alike in all Persons; but the several Humours in Men, make 'em take such differing Methods in declaring it. No two Gamesters ever play a set at Chexs alike; yet both play what they think best. Women are obliged by their Sex (as we have made it) to sustain the Charge, and not to give it, which is an Imposition I utterly declaim against; for by this means we rob the fair Sex of the greatest Pleasure of Life, and increase our own Misery. Since we cannot hinder 'em from Loving, why should we injoy'n 'em Silence? The raging Flames of our Inclination are not like those of a Candle, which go out of themselves if they have not vent; this immaterial Fire is more active and devouring for being confin'd; and though these Passions be never so impetuous, yet 'tis my Opinion, they are conceiv'd the first instant such Parties meet; and if not then, they are never to be kindled by any subsequent Endeavours. Alas! we cannot like, or loath at Will; there is something in our own Soul

Soul, which too violently opposes such unreasonable Attempts: Not but that Conversation may improve the growing Kindness; and Time shew us Charms in their Mind, which were not to be discern'd by the common Opticks. We know not at first what it is, and when we have discover'd the Power of *Cupid's* Dart, we are almost undone. I fear you may look upon this as a Heterodox Opinion in Matters of Love; but had I more leisure, and more room, I would engage to convince you of its Verity.

*Adieu.*

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## LETTER II.

*The same to the same.*

WELL, Dick, you have a design then to ruin me, or make me give my self the Lye some time or other, when we are together; for if this Letter is ever seen by your Sister, God knows what may be the Event: For some Women are Jilts, others are foolish, yet all designing at bottom; and she that now appears so mighty Coy, and Nice, may peradventure do it only to make you the more eager.

*Faintly she struggles to avoid a Kiss,  
Only to make us fonder of the Bliss:  
But if the baffled Swain, perchance give o're,  
She'll poorly sue for what she scorn'd before.*

U 4

Women

## LETTER III.

*The same to Melanissa.**Too unkind Melanissa,*

**I** Was not a little concern'd at your unkind proceeding last Night ; nay, I am sure you would have repented your Cruelty, if you could see what tormenting Thoughts it has occasion'd in me ever since. But why should I desire to examine a Heart wherein I may possibly find only the fainter Embers of an expiring Affection ? perhaps nothing but Infidelity ? Well, I confess I stand indebted to you for this Mystery, and perceive it was an act of Charity, ( as you thought ) to conceal from me the littleness of your Love, or the coldness of your indifference ; for too sudden a discovery of either, might have had such fatal Consequences, as your own self ( how unkind soever you resolv'd to be ) would not willingly should happen. Why, were you not this insensible Creature the first Minute I saw you, my Heart had then regulated its Motions by yours, and I had not been undone ? But you kindly receiv'd my first Addresses, and gave me leave, not only to love you, but to tell you so too : Now you have blown the kindling Flame into a rapid, and all-consuming Fire, you run from it, as if you fear'd it might make some Impression on your Heart. The increase of my Passion has occasion'd a Wane in yours ; and because you know  
I can't

I can't possibly love you more, you think you may not love me at all. These are killing Reflections, (cruel *Melanissa*) yet I can't forbear 'em; since not to think upon your Unkindness, were to forget how much I lov'd you, and to how little purpose I have a thousand times renew'd those solemn Vows of being inviolably, and eternally Thine.

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## LETTER IV.

*The same to the same.*

*Lovely Melanissa,*

I should willingly confess my self in the wrong, but such an Action would be an Injury to my Love; and where either my Tenderness, or Fidelity are concern'd, I cannot, will not recede; nay, I were unworthy of your Affection, if I offer'd at any thing that might seem to lessen my own. How readily your self propos'd an eternal Separation? And by one cruel Resolution would have dash'd the Joys of an inviolable Passion, which otherwise could not have concluded but with the extreamest Moment of my Life? How could you exhibit so desperate a Remedy, to so indearing a Malady; or how could you think it possible for me to take it? I am so nice in these Points, that it would be much more intolerable to me to be suspected of a Crime, than to see you actually commit one. I am more jealous of my own Heart than of yours, and could sooner pardon



don you an Infidelity, than that you should think me capable of one—— But the Consciousness of my own Integrity and Passion shall constitute that Felicity you seem not very solicitous of. My Love is so dear to me, that I should offend it, if I let you doubt of its Violence, or Verity. But how can you doubt of it, when, notwithstanding all your Injustice, and all your Unkindness, I continue still to adore you with the same Fervency as ever.

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LETTER V.

*The same to the same.*

*Unjust Melanissa,*

**H**AD I foreseen your Indifference, or that coldness at least, wherewith you Love, my Heart, alas! had not been left yours: For my Passion owes its Birth not more to your Beauty, than a violent necessity of Inclination, I could not withstand the Dear, the powerful Flames, and though I have suffer'd all the Torments, and Miseries, of an unhappy Lover, yet I cannot repent of my Passion. No, it is charming to me, for your sake, and I hug the Chain, because it was of your Imposing. How great would my Felicity be, if with a reciprocal Ardour you crown'd my Love; Since, alas, I am not without some Satisfaction how cruelly soever you triumph over me? Oh, (insensible Creature) assure your self, that Indifference is more prejudicial to the Person that

that shews it, than those against whom it is design'd. But you know not how to Love, I would not change the Transports of my Passion for the lazy Tranquillity of your Heart. The Soul can feel no Joys but those of Love, and the excess of the Passion, determines the excess of the Pleasure. True Love is impetuous, eager in its Desires, and violent in its Possessions; and can never be judg'd of advantageously, but by its rapid Irregularity. There is no moderation either in its Joy, or Grief, equally furious when crown'd, as when disappointed; and as jealous as it is tender. Alas! not one of these convincing Symptoms appear in you, and it is only out of Charity to the violence of my Passion that you would seem to make it some sort of Return. Oh! Love has too many Eyes to be long impos'd upon, and knows too well the nature of its own tender Motions to be deluded by a fictitious Flame.

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## LETTER VI.

*The same to a Friend.*

**W**AS it not an unpardonable Error in the Ancients, to feign *Cupid* either a Boy, or the Son of *Venus*? The celerity of his Progression, when once a pleasing Object has wounded a tender Heart, argues more the Vigour of an adult Person, than the infirmer Wadlings of a blind Child; and we see frequently (nor to say always) that the Pleasures of his long-reputed Mother,



Mother, prove her rather a fatal Parricide than an indulgent Parent. The greatest Favours *Philisæa* can confer, owe the most of their Joys and Transports to the Affection of the Person who receives 'em; and were there not an unaccountable Charm in Variety: we should hardly be content, tho' Women were as true as they could be kind. If any thing destroys Love, it is Fruition; Despair does not determine our dislike of the Object; but the desire of succeeding some where invites us to discontinue the fruitless Expectations, and baffl'd Hopes, and use the same Endeavours to be happy in some other place. Nor, but if Men would ingenuously declare the Truth, they, most of 'em, would confess that they wish'd they had met with the compliance of the latter, in the Person of the former, presupposing that they really lov'd; for there is no Account to be made of those transient Inclinations, which expire almost as soon as conceiv'd, and never subsist longer than the Nymph is present. If the rigours of our Customs had not impos'd so severe Laws on the fair Sex, we should not always be so unfortunate in our Amours, or so frequently Shipwrackt in Matrimony. But, Sir, since the Woman must be content, when her too cautious and covetous Parents command, no wonder that Marriage is a Misery, by so much the more intolerable, as it is for Life. Some People have had no longer time to learn each others Humours and Dispositions than the Taylor had to make their Cloaths; and when at the Altar, have vow'd Love, Honour, and Obedience to one they were the least acquainted with of the whole Congregation; and knew no more of each other

ther, than that their Parents had agreed together. What Harmony can you expect when there is but one String in Tune? Had Women the liberty equally with us of declaring their Affections; it would facilitate some People's Felicity, and prevent others a vain and tedious, nay, expensive Courtship. This you are as sensible of, as that I am,

*Sir, your most obliged Servant.*

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## LETTER VII.

*The same to the Charming Aurelia.*

THE Influences of your conquering Eyes have been so fatal, that Lovers are now become no Novelties to you, each hour informs you of more than one Victory, and you look no where but at the expence of a Heart. Why should this sort of Sacrifice offend my *Aurelia*, when Importunity pleases even Heaven it self? If you will not regard my Passion, pitty at least my Pain. The Severity of the Law was never extended so far, but the most notorious Criminals were allow'd to sigh upon the most deserved Rack: And since Love has made me suffer so much more than I can express, though not than you merit; forgive *Aurelia*, forgive the Presumption of this Declaration. 'Tis some Satisfaction to me, that you know my Love, but it would be a greater, if you believ'd its Violence.

*Aurelia's*

*Aurelia's* Kindness alone must, or can remedy those intolerable Pangs her own Beauties cause. That loving a Person so divinely Fair, should occasion so much Misery to a faithful Heart, is what I can't comprehend, though I too fatally experienc'd it. Accept the pious Incense of your adoring Slave, then your Goodness will be little inferiour to your Charms, though both of 'em are to the Sincerity and Passion wherewith I am inviolably yours.

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LETTER VIII.

*The same to the same.*

*Dearest Delight of my bleeding Heart.*

THE Torments of Uncertainty are more insupportable for the time than those of Disdain. Whatsoever you resolv'd should be my inevitable Fate, it would have alleviated its Horrors, to have been pronounc'd by your enchanting Lips. Is it then possible, cruel *Aurelia*, that there should be so little Mercy where there is so much Beauty, and that you should be in every thing Divine; but your Heart, when you should chiefly be so? Well, I see, that he who loves, must prepare to suffer, and that Courage and Patience are as necessary Ingredients in a Lover, as Tenderness and Fidelity. Do the Miseries of your Adorers add any thing to the Lustre of your Triumph? If not, why are you more transported with the Horrors of their Despair, and the height

height of their Misery, than solicitous of making them happy? That Beauty should thus delight in Blood, and the brightest of the fair Sex, smile to see a tender faithful Lover gasping at her Feet; is less natural than Ice in *June*, and Thunder in *January*. But if my anguish can advance your Felicity, I am ready to undergo any thing, my dearest *Aurelia* shall inflict; and would tear my very heart out, if it could shrink at any pain that would procure you one ease moment. My Obedience shall shew my Love, tho at the expence of my Life; and I dare be wretched to express how inviolably I am,

*Yours.*

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## LETTER IX.

*The same to the same.*

*Charming Aurelia,*

**T**O have yielded, even at first sight, was more an Argument of the mighty Power of *Aurelia's* Charms, than of baseness and timidity in her adoring Vassal. If the violence of a tender Passion, which despair it self cannot lessen, can meet with nothing but disdain, Heaven has no Justice, or no Power. Yet tho your mortal Hatred were equal to my faithful Love, I would not alter my Affection. You injure your self while you question my Passion, and  
me

me if you question my Integrity. Ah! could *Aurelia* see these gaping Wounds her Eyes have made in *Stephen's* Heart, cruel as you are, you could not longer doubt the fatal Truth. My Martyrdom speaks my Love, and your very Scorn is less insupportable than your thinking I but dissemble. Nothing ever engag'd my Thoughts till I saw the charming *Aurelia*, and nothing now can dispossess her of an absolute Empire over my Soul. When I convers'd with others, 'twas without Assiduity or Consequence, and I preserv'd my Liberty in a crowd of fair ones. As yet I repent not that I've lost it; nor will I wholly despair, tho' you assur'd me there was no hopes. Since you were at the pains to write me that News, I hope in time you may come to change your Style.

*Adieu.*

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LETTER X.

*The same to Mr. ....*

S I R,

TO Answer your last Question, I must propose another, which is this; since there is nothing more pleasing or surprizing than Beauty, more diverting than Wit, and more desirable than Gold, whence proceeds that ma-

ny celebrated young Ladies have reapt no other Fruit from 'em, than the vainer hopes of being Great or well Marry'd at least? Nay, have languish'd under that tedious Expectation, till 30 Years had put a fatal Period to the Lustre of their Charms; yet during so considerable a space of time as they were Marriageable, they never met with one tolerably Advantageous offer? This misfortune has not only befallen those whose Beauty alone was their Patrimony, but it has not seldom too attended Women of great Estates; tho some of them are patient of the bitter Reflection, have taken off the shameful Reproach of being Old Maids, by a most incongruous (not to say scandalous) Marriage. Noblemen have Wedded their Menial Servants, and Countesses little better than their Footmen. Some love no body but themselves, and others love every body but their own Wives. There is a hidden Spring that gives a Motion to all sub-lunary Things: what it is we can't comprehend, Providence it maybe, but Chance it cannot possibly be. 'Tis too regular not to be order'd, tho how we cannot tell: Some Marry whom once they had an Aversion to; and others again hate in a little time those they marry'd only for Love. What should, partly, be always, and some times is the bond of Affection, proves as often its Dissolution.

Since then neither Beauty, Wit, nor Wealth, can get some Women Husbands, you ought not to wonder why the Negative of either has met with happy Matches. There is one stand-  
dard



dard, or everlasting Reason for all our Actions. That *Strephon* should have impos'd upon *Aurelia's* credulity, and with a feign'd Passion insinuated himself into her Favour, (I will not say, he has created a real one in the lovely Maid, tho 'tis not impossible,) has nothing in it that astonishes me. For as he loves no body in Truth, he might much more easily effect this. But, believe me, he had found it very difficult to have succeeded in this pretended Amour, had he at the same time had a real, violent Affection to conceal: For some words or actions before we are aware, often will drop forth, and betray the counterfeited Flame. No Man ever lov'd but he shew'd it; and if his Friends do not find out the Person as well as the Passion, 'tis because they do not often see 'em together. Some Men I have kown, who have endeavour'd to be in Love, and could never effect it; they have hunted after a Mistress, and could never find a Chain they could put on, they are necessitated to be free; for amongst all they converse with, they meet with none they can love.

*Adieu.*

## LETTER XI.

*The same, to the cruel Amarantha.*

THAT you should reproach me thus with Inconstancy ! I think Injustice ; tho that I have chang'd I protest is true. Her Beauty vindicates the Action, but perhaps she is less Inhumane too. Were it not an unheard of piece of Madness in me, to have persisted in my Adoration, to an inexorable Divinity ; when with fewer Sacrifices, and less Incense, I could obtain the same Blessing from another ? That you had vaster Empires to dispose of, I'll readily allow ; but what was that to your humble Suppliant, who could never obtain the least considerable Employment under you ? We never pray but when we want something ; and if we are devout enough to return Thanks for the kind Collation of one benefit, 'tis out of hopes of more. Fear first taught man to carry Oblations to the angry Gods, and if they had not equally apprehended their Displeasure, and stood in need of their Mercy, *their Altars had been without Smoak, and their Priests without Employment.* In the crowd of your Adorers, too unkind *Amarantha*, you took no notice of me ; the mounting Clouds of various Incense, hindred you from distinguishing my pious Hands that offer'd their part. I

WENT

not to a less frequented Temple, and met with  
: felicity I had so long pray'd for, in vain, at  
urs. What can oblige me to an eternal O-  
bience, nay even a Vassalage to a Prince,  
is so far from protecting me, that he per-  
utes me, and invidiously forbids me to accept  
that happiness from another's Hands, which  
obstinately refuses me from his own? I  
uld have been constant in my Love, but not  
despair; that part of Passive Obedience I can-  
not digest. Too severe a usage damp'd the Lov-  
y of more than one Kingdom; and he that  
ght have continu'd an Emperour at home, is  
wa Mendicant abroad. You might have had  
faithful Subject in me, if you had not tyranni-  
d; and by the continuance of your Cruelty,  
ren me a fatal Assurance, that there was no-  
ing to be got from you but Frowns. I am  
ppy enough at present, and peradventure  
ight have been much more so, if you had  
as'd. And this I think Triumph enough  
: you, to compensate the loss of a Lover, you  
eemed not enough, since you treated him so  
rbarously.

*Adieu.*

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 LETTER XII.

*The same to Mr. . . .*

On the Vanity of Intrigues.

*Sir,*

**Y**OU must pardon my Vanity, if I am not a little pleas'd that my Letter gave you any Satisfaction; not that I have so much as to imagine it merited that advantageous Character you were so indulgent as to give of it. Indeed I could not well expect less from a Person of your Civility, nor more from the kindest Friend. As for the rest, I can say but little: I am sorry it is so; yet dare not be certain, that if any kinder Stars had ever favour'd me with an Intrigue worth relating, I should not have augmented the Number of those ungenerous Men, I so much abhor at present. I confess it is no Virtue to be Innocent, when there is no Temptation to Sin; and perhaps I owe all mine to a certain insensibility of Temper, and not to choice. I can safely say, that since I writ Man, I never lov'd two days together; nor was ever a Woman so dear to me, but for one kiss more than she allow'd, I should have sacrific'd her to the next I Visited. After some Conversation, I found, I will not say (a Defect in them) but

but a disappointment to me, which made me endeavour to find that satisfaction in the whole Sex, which I had so long and so vainly sought in the Individuals. Not that I would justify this Levity at all, but it was a powerful Lyafs of Nature, which secured my Tranquility by the frequency of my Change; and the short livedness of my Love. You your self, Sir, are not unfeeling that we court them only for our own ends; and were there not a probability of succeeding, we should soon give over the troublesome pursuit. However, with all our precautions, 'tis we for the generality that are made the Properties. Some, I know, have boasted of their happy Triumphs over Virgin Modesty, and would not be convinc'd of the contrary, till the one found his Mistress in three Months deliver'd of a fine Child, and the other in twice as many days was forc'd to confess his Maidenhead was a C——p. There is a secret satisfaction in divulging a Favour of this nature; but its origin is nothing but Vanity and Self Conceit. It seems an injury to our merit to conceal its Power; and if we did not proclaim 'em, others would not know our Conquests: Tho to a considering Man there's not much to brag of, in the having met with a Woman who yielded to his Sollicitations, his Passion, his Perseverance, and his Presents; nay, perchance, besides all these, had an Eye to the gratifying one other humour more, I shall forbear to set down.

The World is so full of Censure, the Men of vain  
Glory, the Women of Malice and Curiosity,  
X 4 that

that no Intrigue can be long manag'd in privacy; and the Gallant has hardly received two considerable Favours from his Mistress, but every body knows it. A *Mountford*, a *Goodman*, and a *G—aine*, have distinguish'd three Women of Quality; and they were as well known by those Men, as by the Names of their Husbands. Those things will be so sometimes. *Adieu.*

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### LETTER XIII.

*The same to Mr. — to dissuade him from Marriage.*

*Honest Dick,*

I Have not only heard of, but born a part in some of your Frolicks; yet never observ'd any so extravagant, as gave me reason to apprehend you would ever be so mad to *arry*. Sure, the Devil is in Thee or Her, for without Fascination, this miracle could not be wrought. To be very sick of Love, is no wonder, but that can't last long; the raging Fever must pass or kill; your Fate is soon determined; a few days brings into its Crisis, and is it not better dying quietly in your own sheet, than in a whining Wife's Arms? You can never live in Charity with her ten days together, unless you are a stricter Christian than I take you to be or think possible for one of nineteen to be. Experience, dear bought Experience, has convinc'd you, that the difference between Women consists more in our capricious Humours and

and the Sense of variety, than any intrinsic Goodness. The Novelty may please, 'tis true, but after the first Night's Enjoyment, a Wife is eternally the same; the Ruin of your Estate, and the disquiet of your bed. If she live three years with you, she'll spend more than her Fortune in Cloaths alone; abstracting from all those vast and unavoidable Expences that attend a married Life. If she bring you any Children, these are so many fresh additions to your Misfortunes, creating Torments if they live, and Grief if they Die. Which of thy Sins, *Dick*, has been so black in it self, or so heinous in its Circumstances; so frequently repeated, or so long unrepented of, as to deserve so heavy, so lasting a Punishment? You that could never love a Woman above a Week, and chang'd your Mistresses faster than they did their Lodgings; how, alas! do you think it possible for you not to be miserable under this Confinement? As a Friend, I forwarn you, and assure you, that you would give five times her Estate within the Year, to be at liberty again. Alas! *Dick*, this is not a humour that Ten Guineas will Bail you out of; but what is the greatest mischief, 'twill last all your Life. The knowing that we can't alter our condition, is, I believe, a more sensible Affliction, than all the others that make it anxious to us.

A Husband is the most insipid Character of all Mankind, never pleasing, and as seldom pleas'd. Tormented in his own Person, and more feelingly in that of his Children, who are continually whipt and beaten by the Wife, to be revenged of his unkindness, or to provoke his Anger. Be sober once in thy Life, and renounce the  
Thought

Affections; and the most perfect Beauty that ever adorn'd a Female Face, never alone insur'd the Fidelity of any Man, against the Allurements of Variety. The satisfaction those tender Commerces afford, are never long-liv'd, and loathing succeeds to a sated Desire: a few years, or a fit of Sickness, destroys all those Charms, and if they are not cropt in their Bloom, they quickly fade of themselves; and she whom Pride kept chaste at seventeen, if not marry'd, will be contemn'd at thirty. You have ty'd up your hands, *Dick*, and by a spontaneous Act, renounc'd that dear Freedom we Batchelors may sometimes indulge ourselves. 'Tis the misery of our Condition, to stand in need of Phylick, but to make it our Food is a Folly that wants an Epithet. *Farewel.*

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## LETTER XV.

*Astræa to Celadon. Upon the Drawing Cuts in the Pit, who should write first.*

**I**F Oracles were now extant, I would consult them, to know what Fortune designs, by thrusting me into an affair of this kind: Whether my lot brings Life or Death, I know not. I own the hazard which I run is great; 'tis much the same as if a Novice at Fencing, should draw upon a Master of the Science. However, I am resolv'd not to make the fickle Goddess so much as one short Prayer to assist me. No, I'll chuse rather to lie at your Mercy, than hers: The reason is, I have known her false and foolish; and I fancy you of



of another Species, at least till you give me Reason to alter my Opinion. Well then, what shall I say to you? Why, what can I say to a Man altogether unknown to me, a Man *who will stand or fall, by the general Opinion we have of Mankind?* Now the Sentiments we have of Men in general are very loose; but I am unwilling to entertain such of you; your late Deportment rais'd you above the common level in my Thoughts: This is all I can say in your Commendation, till I know you better, for random Compliments ought to be despis'd by Men of Sense. Pray observe the same Method when you write to me, for I am not so much a Woman as to love to be flatter'd. Adieu.

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LETTER XVI.

*Celadon to Astræa.*

**E**Xtraordinary Blessings are never merited, but freely given; nor can they come by chance; Fortune therefore shall be quite left out of my Thanksgiving for the double Favour I've been oblig'd with your Letter, and leave to answer it. Notwithstanding, I find my self in this high degree of Felicity, I can't help being apprehensive that your Indulgence may prove fatal to me. Should you severely judge my Letters, little reason shall I have to boast, if by 'em I loose that share of your good Graces you was pleas'd in humanity to give to a Stranger, before he had discover'd

ver'd enough of his Folly, to shew he did not deserve it. Entertainments of this dull kind, are Plagues ingenious People never fail to draw upon themselves; and they find the same disadvantage in shewing their Wit, as young Master does in shewing his Money. The needy will certainly borrow, tho they're sure they can never pay, and will imagine, those who have so much that they must shew it, know no better use on't. Just so it fares with those that carry more Wit about 'em than they can hide; we that have none shall be sure to intrude upon their Conversation, in hopes of advancing our own Characters, without ever considering (for we can't make the case our own) that to be always stooping, must needs be a very uneasy posture. So fond am I still of keeping up to my out-of-Fashion Way of Plain-Dealing with you, and to encourage you to believe that in every thing, tho never so much to my own disadvantage, I shall always treat you with Truth and Sincerity, I have ventur'd, by writing, to undeceive you, rather than to suffer you to continue any longer in a false Opinion of me; tho, I dare say, I might have spar'd my pains; for without being industrious to let you into the secret, so piercing a Judgment as yours, could have easily seen to the bottom of me. I do'nt know what ails me, but I write with an awe upon me, as if I was submitting my self to the Censure of some curious Critick, without any hopes of Success. By your next, I shall guess at my doom, if you write as much of your mind as I have done.

*Celadon*

*June 7. 1700.*

**LETTER**

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LETTER XVII.

*Celadon to Astræa.*

**W**Hat measure you'll take of my Manners, by the ill Nature of my wish, must be wholly submitted to your Judgment, *Astræa*; but would to Heaven you were to feel, for one hour, the torment of my Soul, for the want of your company; that little time, I'm confident, would give you a sufficient Sense of the lingring Death I suffer by it, to ingage your Pity for my Relief, if not your Love, which only can assuage and calm the pains that thus distract me. I endure too much torment to be silent, and methinks have endur'd long enough to have my Complaints heard with patience. I love you; I doat on you; my passion makes me mad when I am with you, and desperate when I am from you. Sure of all miseries mine is to me the most intolerable; it haunts me in my sleep; perplexes me when waking; nor is there a Remedy in Art so powerful to remove my Anguish; nothing but those bewitching charms which gave the wound can be its cure; then I am not odious to your Eyes: if you have Charity enough to value the well-being of Man, who holds you dearer than you can do anything you most are fond of, by that dearest Object of your Love, I here conjure you to free me from the distracting Pangs of mine, and give some ease to the severest Disquiets that ever touch'd my Breast.

Breast. I would obey you if I could; but when you bid me lay aside my Passion, give me leave to write, I find it is impossible. What opinion have you of my Conduct, that makes you still oppose an Application to you, which never was, or shall be Criminal? Can you imagine I will importune you to grant me a Favour to your own Prejudice? No --- Heaven knows my Heart: I would rather endure eternal Torment, than be the occasion of a moment's Disquiet to that dear lovely Breast, whose Repose I infinitely prefer to my own satisfaction. Nay, so much I value you above my self, or any other Consideration whatsoever, that were it in my power to add to your Happiness, as much as it is in yours to advance mine, I'd make no scruple of Sacrificing both Reputation and Fortune to your service. I'll never believe that you deal sincerely with me, or that you think I have one good Quality about me, so long as you remain indifferent. When I can perceive Impressions upon you, or the least signs of Love, I'll be persuaded to believe I have Charms, and that I am Master of those Excellencies, of which you have been the first Discoverer. If you could look upon your self with the same Eyes that I do, you'd be convinc'd, that in my last I had no design to rally you, but that thro' the whole there was an Air of Sincerity. Your mind is like your Eye, it plainly sees every thing else, but wants a sight of itself. Consider but your self, you'll find that Youth, Beauty, Wit, and good Humour, make their constant Residence with you, with a thousand other Charms which have engag'd the heart of Celadon.

LETTER XVIII.

## LETTER XVIII.

*Astrea to Celadon.*

I shall not condemn your wish, since it brings so light a Curse along with it, compar'd with what I now feel, I have got the Tooth-ache : Now will I leave it to any indifferent Person to decide, whose pain is greatest. Thousands can judge of mine who have felt it, but scarce one in ten thousand ever really felt what you pretend to; and 'tis as natural for your Sex to write and make Love, as 'tis for ours to be caught by your flattering Baits. But let me tell those too credulous Nymphs, they'll quickly find those Ages of Love which they expect, reduc'd to some few days, when once their Lovers have reach'd the height of their desires. This I take to be the general maxim of your Sex — I can't imagine what you mean by this way of Proceeding : it is as contrary to my design of conversing with you, and as different from what we first agreed upon, as smuggling is from the wholesome Law of the Nation. You conjure me by what I am most fond off — I am fond of nothing upon Earth ; therefore if you fail to attain, blame your ill-choice in the Charm. I am not Fool enough to believe you are unacquainted with your own Perfections, tho your modesty forbids your owning it ; but if you were, I

Y

must

must beg your pardon, I never mean to buy your Conversation at the Price of my Repose, that is beyond the Law of God or Man. I believe *Celadon*, as sincere as any Man upon the same subject can be to me, and in return I promise, if I would barter all my future ease and quiet for any Man, *Celadon* should command *Astrea*; but I am certain I shall never be brought to change real Pleasures for imaginary ones. If it is possible for you to continue our Correspondence according to the first design, (on my side I mean) I shall account my self the happiest Woman on Earth in your Acquaintance; but if you suffer the Tares of Love to grow up and choke the good Seed of Friendship, 'tis time to cut down the Crop, and stop the ensuing Evil. We must desist writing: for I am weary of this unpleasant Subject, with the Preface of sincerity. if you'll be ingenious and own it Raillery, when you shall be answer'd in Specie; but these formal Pretensions from a Man of your Sense, would not be believ'd by any: and I'm certain did I encline to love you, you could no more return it, than you would oblige a stranger with your Estate, did he want it. Therefore, pray, henceforth unmask, and deal freely with,

ASTREA.

LET.

## LETTER XIX.

*Celadon to Astræa.*

UNmask and deal freely with *Astræa* ! with all my heart ; as soon as she pleases ; I have no Mask about me but my Cloaths , and those I'll quit at any time , to be more at liberty for a fair Ladies Service. I accept your Challenge , and now you find me a Man of Honour , I hope you won't be afraid of engaging ; I know the odds are against me , but I had rather be bravely beaten , than despis'd for a Coward. You are the most barbarous Creature I ever met with , to boast that you delight in persecution ; and can laugh at the cruelties you exercise upon Mankind ; as if we were born to be tormented , for no other purpose but your diversion : Good Gods ! what Raillery is it to equal the Tooth-ach to the Pains of unsuccessfull Love ; there's no more comparison , than there is betwixt the biting of a Flea , and the tickling of an Incision-knife : did you but give me any hopes of pleasure at the end of this pain ; could I but have a prospect of *Canaan* from this Wilderness I'm passing thro' ; or foresee a Carnival after this tedious Lent ; I would patiently bear my Pennance , nay could be fond of the fateague that leads to so pleasant an End : but when you tell me I'm

only to expect my Service for my Reward, is I'm sure to treat me with an imaginary bliss, instead of a real one I have in view; 'tis leaving a Cloud in my Arms, instead of the *Juno* I wish to embrace. As much as I can I'll persecute you, and always entertain you upon a Subject you don't like, I'll so tease you with impertinent Letters, and more impertinent visits, I'll bring you to such a sense of being forc'd to endure what you don't like; that at last you'll be glad by obliging your Lover with one favour, to purchase another of ease to your self. Be generous, therefore, and surrender whilst you may have honourable Conditions, rather obstinately hold out till you are reduc'd to extremity; for then you must expect no quarter. I won't run the hazard of an assault, because I'm sure to have better success if I continue the Siege. You see I'm bent upon mischief; consult, and you'll find 'tis your interest to prevent it; thus you may secure both your Friend and your Lover,

CELADON.

Saturday  
past seven.

*Your Pardon, Madam, for not writing sooner,  
and for writing in so much haste now.*

L E T.



## LETTER XX.

*Celadon to Astræa.*

CONFESS, my dear *Astræa*, now you know me better, that you have had reason to alter your opinion, *that she that has me would have all our Sex can give*. Never judge by cursory views and specious appearances again, but dive into the merits of the Cause, before you give your Sentence. 'Tis not enough to hear a Man's character from himself: We all lie, Madam; nor is it sufficient to be let into the secrets of his life, to give us a true light into his Heart; Form and outside are no more proofs of a Man's being a Man of Parts, than the fine Japan of a Cabinet is, that the Jewels are good that are in it.

Let me consider — have I any thing to thank your for? No, I think not: if I have 'tis so little, that 'tis not worth while to pay till the score's larger. I'll chalk on therefore, if you please, and see how the Tick will encrease by to morrow morning. *Impair my Vigor*, but I had forgot the *Ufquebaugh*; that was an *item* worth the remembring, On my Conscience; and would, as I told you, if I had not had a world of Love and Vertue about me, have been a certain Preface to an ensuing Debauch; but I have been lately made sensible, that even the fragments of Love exceed all those that are miscal-

led the truest delights of the Bottle. Celadon resolves to renounce the Follies of Wine, and begs to be admitted to a Feast of Love.

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## LETTER XXI.

*Astrea to Celadon.*

**A**Lter my opinion ! No, I'll stick as fast to it as Martyrs to their Religion : I did expect by this time to find you altre'd, but seeing you're still on the same strain, I may reasonably suppose you are yet in the state of ignorance, which you wilfully embrace, rather than be converted by the wholesome council of your Friends, tho I have put you in the way. Well, *Celadon*, if you ever find cause to repent this obstinacy of yours, blame your self for it. Consider before you engage any farther : for should you flatter me into a belief you lov'd me, and did not, you must e'en take what follows ; If you have my heart, you will certainly have all the train of impertinent follies that usually attend a Woman's love : and which make a Man study more how to quit, than ever he did to obtain — — As, whether go you ? where have you been ? when will you come again ? who's that Lady you ogled at the Play ? Fly ho ! you don't love me — — And a thousand things more of this nature, which in a little time render a Mistress as tiresome as a Wife to Man of Sense.

These

These are common calamities, but now one word by the by : how would *Celadon* like Rivals ? for you must expect a thousand ( if I am such a Person as I describ'd to you ) tho not one of 'em upon your terms : They shall bring preservatives for *Life*, and you for *Love* ; now I cannot pretend to Table a lover whose stomach won't agree with this Diet. Think on this, and change your quarters whilst you may : the Devil's in you Rake, if this Advice has no effect from,

ASTREA.

LETTER XXII.

*Celadon to Astrea.*

I Do feel the Power of Love; *Astrea*, nay, it's Tyranny in earnest : 'Tis impossible to escape intensible from such Charms as yours ; and impossible to counterfeit such a Passion as mine. I have had you in my Arms all night, and if imagination is so charming, the delights of Enjoyment will be too exquisite to be born. Kill me then that way : I'll never complain of your Severity, unless sighs and murmurs are complaints. But if I survive your killing kindness, I'll vow to be reveng'd, and love you for ever : my constancy shall be a burden to you ; dare but to believe and you'll engage me to be unalterably yours, and only yours.

CELADON.

Y 4

LET.

## LETTER XXIII.

*Celadon to Astræa.*

**A**S Country Curates preach better other men's Works, partly out of Idleness, but with more regard I hope to a greater benefit of the Parish, than they could presume to hope from their own; so I have transcrib'd a Letter out of the Book you lent me, for your sake as well as my own. 'Tis an exact Copy of my Thoughts, but a thousand times more happily express'd, than if it had been my own, and will better bear being serv'd up again and again, than the finest Entertainment I could have set before you.

Tho I don't deserve an Answer for this, I hope you'll be generously pleas'd to give me one, for I would have thought the same; but when I read this I could not be reconcil'd to any Language of my own, nay, I endeavour'd to write in other words, but these were got into my head and would be at my Pen's end in spite of

CELADON.

June 17th.  
1706.

LET.

## L E T T E R XXIV.

*Astrea's Answer to Celadon.*

**I** Dlenefs is as ill a quality in a Lover as in a Clergy-man, and ought to be treated alike ; The Parson should lose his Tithes, and the Lover his Miftrefs, for every Man must stand or fall by his own works ; and since we have got *Love* and *Religion* in one Scale, Pray, let *Celadon* take care that Truth and Sincerity ballance in the other. I am sorry to find you guilty of what you seem'd to condemn in another ; you have rewarded my lending of the Book as unjustly, ( and made as ill use of the favour ) as the Gentleman to whom you gave sanctuary did your Friendship. Now, let *Celadon* consider if I ought not to be angry after his affecting the wholesome food of Plaindealing, he should offer me the fragments of Flattery from the Table of another. Turn the Case and let it be your own : Did you not conceive a secret pleasure, when you cut the Lady's Gown for haste, in being the first she ever favour'd ? Nay, the Gods were wont to be pleas'd with the first fruits of the Earth, which shews the first of every thing is the most acceptable, tho never so mean. But you of all mankind have the

the least excuse for what you have done ; you can never want words to dress your thoughts ; Learning, Wit, and Eloquence are your inseparable Companions ; therefore borrowing is as unpardonable in you as in a Miser. You ought rather to enrich the Publick, than encroach upon it. Thus far by way of Advice : Now, I desire you to desist Applications, for I can't bear so gross an imposition on my Sense. I must claim the Priviledge to use my Reason in Love as in Religion ; and I must tell you there's not one word in that Letter could be apply'd to me, no more than the virtue of working Miracles to the Reliques of a Modern Saint ; therefore I shall never be brought to believe it. Don't say but I have given you timely notice : but if after this you will play the Fool, 'tis none of my fault ; my Conscience will be clear and so farewell,

ASTREA.

P. S. I fear I shall go to the Play. I believe Astrea would be well enough pleas'd to find Celadon there.

L E T.

## LETTER XXVI.

*Chloe to Afreen.*

IN lieu of *Calisto*, the Person whose Fate you seem to envy, was the happy Creature, who by fortune was destin'd to read your ingenious Letter; wherein I find more charms than your good nature allows in a new acquaintance, who willingly quit all superiority of Merit to his former Mistress, that has a much better title to the Compliments she is pleas'd to make a stranger; and would have you just enough to your self to believe, that if you are not capable of obliging him to constancy, the rest of our Sex must decline all pretensions. If his stay in Town be longer than he propos'd, I believe Indulgence for his natural indisposition detains him with more prevalency than a Passion for me! of which he will convince you by a very speedy departure, and perhaps with an unexpected store of Love at his Return to the Charming *Afreen*, whose Wit alone has wrought a most powerful value for you in the heart of the Unfortunate *Chloe*.

LET-

## LETTER XXVI.

*Astrea to Celadon.*

IF I ever was leaning to the folly of Love, *Celadon* has cured me effectually; therefore, pray bestow your gratitude on *Chloe*: I ne're expected a return for any favour I bestow'd. No—Mankind is a sort of horn-book, which I can say by rote; there needs no study to find you false, and not one Art in Nature to make you true. Your whole Sex is scarcely worth the trouble I have given my self about you, and now I dare boldly say, I know Mr. A—t. I had the curiosity to see if a man of sence could be guilty of the same errors the common stamp of Men are; and now I am convinced that there's no more difference in the honour of Mankind, relating to our Sex, than there is between the King and Beggar in the Grave. I wonder *Celadon* should own an Obligation to a Person he did not think worth visiting when in Town; one who compar'd with his Charming *Chloe*, seems so worthless, that he cannot choose but curse himself for throwing away three minutes in writing to her. Perhaps you did it out of Charity, imagining my Condition desperate. Faith, *Celadon*, I am just as I was, fat and merry; I shall not fast and weep, but feast and laugh, which I think the properest



est ingredient to drive out all thoughts of an ungrateful Lover. *Chloe* was very unkind to you in not daring to stand by what she writ: I imagin'd a Lady arm'd with the heart of *Celadon*, durst to have met a poor abandon'd Wretch defenceless and alone. I answer'd to the Coffee-house, as you directed, resolving not to balk your vanity: But upon second thoughts I find the Lady has found out your relish, she does not think me worth seeing. I am content, I am not over curious to see her, because I am not her Rival: And I don't doubt but she knows where to find me, if she has a mind to see one, *whom Celadon would part from his eyes to have in his arms; whose Conversation he could not lose and live.* Oh! *Celadon*, for shame, give over this Trade of lying, or on my Conscience you'll forget to speak truth even in your prayers. The Friend that died in your Arms, was, I suppose, miraculously raised to life again and only suffer'd a small Metamorphosis: The suppos'd Mr.— proves to be the real *Chloe*, for the Devil of such Person died at *Eaton*, to my knowledge. Had illness detain'd you from your Journey, your Chambers, or Sister's had been the properest place of Residence for you; but I am convinced you are a stranger to both. I commend your Conduct: You are indeed constant for a time, and 'tis unreasonable for any Woman to desire a Man should be so any longer than 'tis in his nature. I wish *Chloe* may as freely leave you, as I do, that you may pursue fresh Conquests, for if I can guess at the inclination of Mr.— Nothing can oblige him more. I shall say nothing of your exposing  
me

me to your Mistress, since you have done me a piece of service by it, and taught me never to put it in the power of any Man to abuse my easiness as you have done.

## LETTER. XXVII.

*Chloe to Astræa.*

I'M concern'd the charming *Astræa* is in an Error which, I am of opinion, is the only one she was ever guilty of, in mistaking *Chloe's* hand for *Coladon's*. But, Madam, believe he merits that honour you seem hardly to allow him, for he never endeavour'd to expose *Astræa*, but only shew'd *Chloe* how great her misfortune was, in having a Rival, whose sence alone denies her all hopes to gain any place in a heart so powerfully prepossess'd with a much more agreeable Idea. I must confess had he value little enough for himself, to suffer me to share his Affections with you, good nature should induce you to pity him, since he does undoubtedly, in the change, receive a punishment greater than your highest Resentments could intend him; and should he forfeit his reason to entertain a favourable thought of me for some moments, it would only teach him to distinguish your charms from my Follies, and increase, if possible, his passion for you. He seems

seems surpris'd and confus'd at your Accusation which is only due to me; but I now generously decline my Pretensions to a more worthy Conqueror, and propose too great an Advantage in the witty and obliging *Astrea's* Acquaintance, not to wish with impatience for the happy opportunity of paying my Respects where my best inclination is already on the Wing. I leave it to you, Madam, to appoint a Place where I may be capable to shew you the just Conquest you have gain'd over your unknown humble Servant.

C H L O E.

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L E T T E R XXVIII.

*Astrea to Chloe.*

AS soon as I receiv'd *Chloe's* ingenious Letter, with *Celaden's* direction where to answer it, I was impatient to see my beautiful Rival. Rival, did I say? No — I renounce the name in extasie of Joy at the bare Apprehension of our growing Friendship. If *Chloe* be but what she pretends, easie in the absence of her Charming Lover, I'll strengthen her Resolution by assuring her I have an indifference for the whole Sex: Nay, I'll prove it, there's not one worth her care; but if villainous

lanous Love has shot poyson into her Breast, and fixt *Celadon's* Image there, he shall reign undisturb'd, and, to please my fair Friend, I'll talk of nothing else but *Celadon*. Your generous offer to quit your Pretensions to him, whether it proceeds from true Generosity, or a Sinner's Contempt of this World at the hour of Death (when you can enjoy it no longer) is the same to me; and to shew you I scorn to be out-done in that point, bring him along with you, and you shall see with what serenity of mind I'll resign him into the Arms of the incomparable *Chloe*.

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## LETTER XXIX.

Mr. Ch. V — to *Celadon*.

S I R,

I Accidentally meeting with a Banter on a Gentlewoman in *B ——— street*, who, I suppose, is known to you by the name of *Astrea*, the interest I pretend to have in her, commanded your name, which for some time she made a secret of; and since I find you use her so freely as to make your Mistress write to her, I may reasonably suppose you have been pretty familiar with her. Now as your vanity has expos'd her to your *Chloe*, I hope you'll have honour

hour enough to let me know how far I am abus'd by one, whose sence I did imagine would have preserv'd her vertue, or, at least, made a better choice. If you are a Gentleman you'll give me satisfaction e're you leave the Town, else I shall find you at your return. You'll meet with me at her house, if not, leave a Note at *Tom's Coffee-house in Russel-street for Charles Vstick.*

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L E T T E R XXXI.

*Celadon's Answer to Mr. Ch—— V——.*

*S I R,*

I Have just now received a Letter from you that has relation to a Lady I have the honour to call *Astrea*. You pretend to be a Husband or a happy Lover; which ever you are I envy you, and wonder that one of your interest in her should be so much under the Tyranny of a jealous Temper, as to believe her Vertue or Conduct should be any way inferior to the rest of the good Qualities she is Mistress of. I'm not asham'd to admire her, but never obtain'd any favour from her, to her shame or your dishonour. This I speak not out of fear, but for her Justification, whose quiet I prefer to my own. I'm sorry yours did

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not

not come to my hands before I left the Town.  
I shall be sure to keep your invitation, and  
endeavour to kiss your hand in *October*, when  
you shall have what satisfaction you please : I  
shall be glad to see that envy'd happy Men for  
whose sake I have been refus'd.

*July the 16th.*  
1700.

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L E T.

L E T T E R   XXXII:

*Celadon to Astræa.*

**I** Wrote to *Astræa* last Post in pain: I now write in the greatest confusion, and sense of my ill manners, for not kissing your hands before I left the Town; and several worse Treatments to a Woman who indeed deserves the best usage, puts me under the severest conviction. If a Penance of fourteen weeks in an unsociable Country, where love has no being, but in my Breast, can atone for fourteen days Transgression, I may hope at the end of my Pilgrimage to be absolv'd, and restor'd to the favour of her I adore. I presume upon nothing but my Penance, which will be indeed a hard one; and if any thing besides good Works be meritorious, sure Sufferings are. Imagine me banish'd, deservedly condemn'd to a Desert, where nothing conversible is to be found. Women, here are none: no finish'd ones I mean; some unlickt creatures, which seem to be of that species wander up and down, and are so awkwardly innocent, their Virtue is not worth corrupting. Can you fancy me in such a place where the Men too are all drunken Monsters; and not pity my condition, which is truly

Z 1                      wretch'd

wretched? The only comfort of my Life I have abus'd, and made my best Friend my Enemy; I dare not look up to her for Pardon; No! I have affronted her beyond forgiveness; nor ought she to vouchsafe the least kind influence, or shew any sign of good Nature or Remorse to a thing that has not only shaken hands with Civility and Good-manners, but deserted even the common principles of Gratitude and Humanity. Oh! I appear so horrid to my self, and bear such a load of shame about me, that if ever I should have leave to see your Face again, I don't believe I should have the confidence to approach you. Good Gods! when I reflect upon my self, I'm mad, and have no better Plea than Lunacy. There was no reason for my foolish Carriage.

Thus far I wrote, Madam, when a Letter in nature of a Challenge subscrib'd *Ch. V.* came to my hands by the Post, directed for me at *Chelsey*, and inclos'd by my Sister. I am sorry I am at such a distance from your Friend: Were I nearer, he should find me ready to give him Satisfaction, for I should be glad of an opportunity to expiate my faults to you by my Blood. You could not have oblig'd me more than by employing the hand of a Gentleman in your Service; tho' of the crimes he seems to accuse me, I am innocent; I have neither expos'd you, nor been false; but that's more than he needs know, 'tis enough that he knows I can with as little Patience bear a Rival as he can; and when I come to Town, I shall endeavour to find him out at *Tom's* Coffee-house, whether I have sent him an Answer to his Letter this Post.

Whilst



Whilst I am here, I beg you'd write to me, ho it be but to chide ; a knowledge of your re-entment will add to my Penance ; and Heaven knows my Heart, I don't wish for a moment's ase, now I know that *Astrea* prefers another to

*CELADON.*

July 16.  
1700.

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L E T T E R , XXXIII.

*Celadon to Astrea.*

**M**oderate your Reproaches, I beseech you, Madam, and let me implore your Pity in my defence ; Mercy becomes those best, who are beyond measure offended. Should I offer to justify my self, you'd have reason to be severe in my Punishment, but when I throw my self at your feet, and with a true contrition repent of my Folly, you can no more think me worth your Aversion than your Love. Despise me ; be indifferent ; do any thing but hate me, because that would be thinking as I do, for I hate my self. You have set my shame in so true a light, and made me so sensible of my baseness, where I ought to have paid my most sincere regards, that the hatred of my self is grown hearty

heartly and inveterate, beyond a possibility of being reconcil'd ; The Wit too, which you have shewn in my excuse, serves but to aggravate my Crime ; it heightens the Fault, and makes the ill-nature more apparent. You have struck me with such horror that I dare not be alone for fear my self should appear to me ; that very ugly self you describe, and provoke me to do what I can never repent of. I can't endure to think ; every Reflection is a Dagger to my heart ; methinks I carry the mark of a Villain so plain in my forehead, that every body that sees me may discern it ; I blush as much when I look a Woman in the face, as a young Girl does when first she has lost her Maidenhead. I believe the beginnings of all manner of Guilt have the same appearances, and 'tis a certain sign of young sinners, to be asham'd of what they have done ; tho the newness of the thing makes me but the more inexcusable. Why should I begin to practise upon my best Friends ? And like the Snake in the Fable sting her that had in mere compassion receiv'd me into her Bosom ? But the *Plaindealer* tells us 'twill always be so : None can betray us but those we trust. Had *Astrea* us'd *Celadon* ill, as he deserv'd ( to his everlasting shame be it remembr'd ) he had never it in his power to— I'm asham'd to say what——'tis something so very heinous I want a name for it. Ah ! *Celadon*, boast no more of a character ; having deserv'd well of the World before, makes you more worthy to be blam'd by *Astrea*. Was it not possible for you to be just to one who has Charms enough to fix inconstancy it self ? sure the Devil could never have chosen so unlucky a time to tempt

empt me in, and make me surrender when my heart was so powerfully prepossess'd. I have been true to ugly and foolish, and was always averse to Variety: but I believe my Vertue had never been try'd, because it yielded to the first assault. I'll never be confident again, nor believe it in my power to do or hinder any thing from being one, for I believe it is not possible for a Man to keep his resolution.—— I am more than half distracted with the sense of my ingratitude; whilst I live I'll repent of it, and mortifie, by denying my self all the pleasures of Man and Womankind. I desire nothing so much, and wish for nothing more than a Cell in *Bedlam*: My opinion is that Men who have renounc'd their Reason, are fitter to be confin'd there, than those who have lost their Senses; because one is an Act of Choice, the other an involuntary Misfortune.

So long as I am here, pray, write to me: I will keep that in mind, which I would not forget that there lives not a baser Villain than

*Unfortunate Celadon.*

July 21.  
1709.

## LETTER XXXIV.

*Celadon to Astræa.*

**T**O tell you, Madam, that I'll do a thing, when I don't know whether I can or no, is keeping too close to the character you have of me already, therefore now I'll proceed with Caution, grow serious; will banter no more; and be heartily sorry for any deceits I have had a hand in. If I had a mind to return your Letters (as methinks at this present writing I could find in my heart to obey any Commands you lay upon me) 'twill be some months before I shall be where they are, and how can I foresee what Revolution may happen in my temper before that time? I had the opinion of a Lady last Post, whose judgment in inconstancy I much rely on, that no man can promise for the future: a friend of yours and mine has been a late instance of it; whoever should have told me a month ago, that *Celadon* could have been tempted to be a Rogue to *Astræa*, should as soon have made me believe that Courtiers keep their words, and Citizens Wives are Saints. Therefore I'll breath the same Air again that you do, before I dare engage to  
grant

grant your request, least I should relapse into the common infirmities of mankind, and break my word. I'm as honest here by principle and practice as a Hermit, but whether the fit of Villany mayn't return upon me when I come within the reach of infection, I can no more foretell, than I can whether I shall be kill'd by your disdain, or have my Throat cut by your Friend. 'Tis possible you may have your Letters upon Honourable terms, for whatsoever you think of me, I assure you, you shan't be a moment uneasie, for any thing in my power to remedy.

Pray let me tempt you to break your word, and continue to write to me, whilst you are in Town, for if I apprehend you right, *Astrea* goes with her friend at *Michaelmas*. You won't believe me if I tell you that I'm most passionately concern'd, that I shan't have an opportunity of shewing you how penitent I am, for the affront I have put upon you, the only base thing I can swear I ever was guilty of in my life; the greater is my Remorse therefore, that by one false step I should ruine my Reputation, and loose a friend, in whose Conversation I had propos'd to my selfe an eternal satisfaction. Don't deny me the comfort of your Letters; tho' they're angry ones, there's something in 'em most agreeably charming; when you tell me I'm a man you could have lov'd, methinks it shews me you so generous, and my self so base, that nothing can exceed it; I don't think any Man but he that first sin'd was ever so great a Bar to his own happiness.

As

As oft as I have thought of *Africa*, it has been to her advantage ; I never thought her less than the best, and most desirable of Womankind : one whose Sense, Temper, and good Manners, are not to be match'd in her whole Sex. Upon my Soul this is the worst opinion I have of her, and shall never cease to lament that as my greatest misfortune, which interpos'd between her and

CELADON.

July 23  
1700.

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LET.

LETTER XXXV.

*Celadon to Astræa.*

**I**Ndeed, Madam, my recriminating with you was altogether a jest: when I offer'd to quit scores and forgive one another, as if we were equally guilty, I hapned to be in a gayer humour than ordinary, and wish'd you might be so too when you read it. You would then have perceiv'd I was not in earnest, but that that part of my Letter was written more loosely than the rest, as if 'twas meant only to make you laugh, and not to put you upon thinking. We are got over all Reserves now, and allow one another freedom of Speech: I'll therefore frankly confess that since you acknowledge you've a Husband, and have had some time, you appear more a Mistress to me than ever you did; for I had a much better opinion of your Conduct, than to believe you would trust your affairs of the Nature of ours, to your Servants, as well as your Friend, if you was married privately, and to a Man of so nice a resentment as yours seems to be; when you told me your self, that your Friend, how good soever her inclination might be, durst not make tryal of a mutual secrecy, nor engage in an intrigue at your house, for fear you should discover it to Cousin

fin Jack. I would do a great deal to obtain the solution of such a Riddle as this, and I have a strange curiosity to be let into your secrets, which I once was vain enough to think I had known the Bottom of. The price you are pleas'd to set upon that Favour, is more than I'm able to raise at present, as soon as it is in my power, upon my word you shall have it. *Chloe's* name would do you no service, unless you could tell where to write to her; she has lately miscarried and is gone out of Town, I don't know whether, nor do I believe, I shall till she or I return to *London*. I give you my word if she and you are in Town at the same time in Winter, you shall have a Letter from her; shall know her name, and see her too if you please. If you expect a Beauty, she won't answer expectation; she's but a Girl, not eighteen; she sings tolerably, and you'll allow her to have some Wit, if your Taste and mine are alike. I don't presume to deserve the Reward you propos'd for this, tho I swear I have told you as much as I know, and a generous confidence on your part, will always engage me to as frank a manner of dealing with you. Judge favourably of me, and believe that nothing but the honour I have for you, could tempt me to do what I do. 'Tis a strange tryal you bring me to, when I must offer that as a proof of my love, for which you ought to despise me, and 'twould be a very great instance of my Folly, if by such a proceeding I should hope to restore my self to your affection. You tell me your Passion for me made you false to another you did not like: I see you follow *Con*——e's rule, and don't think you can reli-

lish



lish your *Lover*, without having a sufficient disgust for your Husband. Had he been more agreeable, I had not been happy; and had I been more constant, he had not had that place in your esteem he now has; so he's oblig'd to me for procuring that by my ill conduct, for him, which he with all his services could not obtain for himself. I had not the same motive to be false that you had, for I had never seen *Chloe* when I lov'd *Astrea*. I met her by chance a visiting, and heard her sing; the Devil tempted me to like her, out of mere envy of the happiness I propos'd, nay, had resolv'd to enjoy with you, and only you: but what provok'd her to like me, I can't imagine; you know best: if you don't banter me when you tell me you did not believe there was such a thing as a *Chloe*. I could flatter you in that belief, if I would indulge my self in the humour of lying; but I have been more than wicked to you another way: I'll redeem my credit, if I can, by dealing ingenuously for the future. 'Tis not from excessive idleness, and want of opportunities to employ my self, that I write so long Letters: No — do me the justice to believe that I never think my time so well spent, I mean with that pleasure and satisfaction, as when I converse with *Astrea*: or else I should not so often put you in mind of an ungrateful *Celadon*, when you so freely declare that at any rate you'd purchase the forgetfulness of him.

The Letter from your Secretary came to my Hands; 'twas a very welcome one: I was glad to  
be

be undeceiv'd, and to find that *Astrea* had not departed from her good manners; tho she has from her love to

CELADON.

August 6th.  
1700.

*P. S. Again I ask your Play, and if the Duke of Glocester's Death produces any melancholly Wit worth reading, pray, send it. You must not judge my Taste by your own, for any thing will go down here.*

## LETTER XXXVI.

*Celadon to Astrea.*

**U**Pon my word and Honour, Madam, I have not prevaricated with you in the least, but told you truth of *Chloe* in every tittle; as much, I mean, as I knew my self; for 'tis above a Fortnight since I had the last Account of her, *So help me God.* I'll keep my word with you: you shall, if you please in the Winter both see her, and see her write; at this distance I can do no more to serve you, if I was to gain or loose by it the greatest satisfaction I am capable of. I laugh at your *Richmond* scandal; and shall live to convince *Astrea* 'tis fallly fix'd upon me;

*Love and Gallantry.* 357

ie; and perhaps punish the Author as they  
eserve. But hold! perhaps this may be some  
f *Will W*——'s Banter——if so, I heartily for-  
give it, and will only be reveng'd his own way.  
believe you a Person of Honour; and as  
it to be trusted as a Surgeon or a Confessor,  
ut I can't trust you with what I don't  
know my self. I have endeavour'd to give you all  
the satisfaction I can in this matter; if it is  
not to your content, 'tis I assure you, none of  
my Fault, but altogether my misfortune. I be-  
seech you therefore, let not my punishment  
exceed my Guilt; this is only a sin of ignorance  
and not of Presumption. I wish from my Soul  
'twere in my power to oblige you to the utmost  
of your desire, I'd shew you that *Astrea* is pre-  
ferr'd to all other considerations in the Esteem  
of

CELADON.

August 11.  
1700.

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L E T T E R XXXVII.

*Celadon to Mr. Ch. to be left with Astrea.*

**Y**OU say true, Sir, *Ailsbury* is a very plea-  
sant Town, seated upon a Hill, in the  
midst of a very fruitful Valley, therefore much  
more proper for our Business than *Dunstable* or  
*Chipping-Wickham*. Besides it luckily falls out  
that I have promis'd to use my interest there  
to

to make a Vote-for an honest Church-man against the Whig-Party. Now this is a lawful call from home, and the Christian Diversion you are pleas'd to invite me to, may be taken at the same time; but, pray, let the Dog-days be over first, because 'tis hot riding: and to tell you the truth, I have some affairs to dispatch before I can have leisure to attend the accomplishment of my Hearts desire upon my Enemies. I must deal fairly with you: I confess I am become one of *John Asgill's* Disciples, and firmly believe I shall never be run thro, nor hang'd: If under these disadvantages you'll do me the favour of a Rendezvous, I shall be at your service as soon as I have nothing else to do; the time shall be wholly submitted to your greater Wisdom, and Experience by;

S I R,

Yours, &amp;c.

August 18  
1700.

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 LETTER XXXVIII.

Mr. B——r to *Astrea*.

**H**AVING, dear *Astrea*, but indifferent News to send, I made no haste to answer your last Letter. Mr. B—— has perus'd your Play, and thinks the Catastrophe too abrupt: This is a particular opinion, but some other persons of a truer judgment entertain more favourable thoughts of it. I design to desire Mr. F—

to peruse it, for I have reasons to think both he and Mr. *W*— will stand your Friends in this affair. Mr. *F*— has not publish'd the Book he intended: Neither do I think he will ever any on that Subject. *Briscoe's* Book is out, and your Letters in it, with Answers to the same, both which are no small Ornament to the Collection. 'Tis a great Reflection on your Vanity, that you should be at so great Expence of Wit and Humour, when you write for the Publick; and only fill your Letters with Business, when you write to your private Acquaintance. Not but that I value your Letters upon any score; but I would be extreme glad to see some Production of your fertile Brain in your Retirement. Sure, so sublime a Genius as yours never fears the Damps of a *Northern* Clime: the Muses are your inseparable Companions, and wherever these are, *Parnassus* and *Helicon* are also. If you do not versifie, it must be for want of a Theme — Here, Madam, here's a sad one for an Elegy! *Dryden*, the Great *Dryden* is dead— *Will's* Coffee-house and both the Theaters are in Mourning; the Town laments her Darling, and the Muses despair of ever finding him a Successor among the Men Poets; but as the *Salick* Law has no more Force in *Parnassus* than in *England*, I dare prophesie the Bays will fall to your share. Hasten therefore, dear *Astræa*, your Return, and cheer the afflicted Sons of *Apollo* with your Presence. The Town affords no news, and as for the Court take the following: My Lord *Portland* is married to my Lady *Berkley*; my Lord *Ferley* made Lord Chamberlain; and Sir *John Wright* Lord Keeper. 'Tis said, either my Lord

May the Bays will fall to the *Hibernian* Bard :  
 and were his vanity as great as his success, he  
 would demand the Trophies of his Conquest,  
 nor fear the Malice of his snarling critical  
 Brethren , nor the ill-nature of the Town,  
 who just even in the Grin of Laughter shall  
 condemn the Play. This, by the by, I think a  
 very great defect in their judgment : either  
 in damning the thing that pleases 'em, or  
 paying for what they don't like. I think the  
 main design of Comedy is to make us laugh :  
 Now if the Poet can be so happy as to di-  
 vert our Spleen, 'tis but just he should be  
 commended for it. This consideration has  
 carried me so far as to make me write the  
 Copy of Verses , which you'll find here en-  
 clos'd. Read them as a Friend, and not as a  
 Critick ; for I write only to amuse my self,  
 and not to be admir'd. My hand is weary and  
 cannot keep pace any longer with my Inclina-  
 tion to converse with you. Let me hear from  
 you by the next Post, and believe me, your af-  
 fectionate Servant

• *Astrea.*

T O

E P I S T L E XL.

To Mr. Farquhar upon his Comedy call'd A  
Trip to the Jubilee.

S I R,

**A**mongst the many friends your Wit has  
made,  
Permit my humble Tribute may be paid ;  
My Female Genius is too weakly fraught  
With learn'd Expressions to adorn my Thought.  
My Muse too blush'd, when she this Task began,  
To think that she must Compliment a Man.  
She paus'd a while —— at last she bid me say,  
She lik'd the Man, and I admir'd the Play.  
For since the learned *Collier* first essay'd  
To teach Religion to the Rhiming Trade,  
The *Comick* Muse in *Tragick* posture sat,  
And seem'd to mourn the Downfall of her  
State ;  
Her eldest Sons she often did implore,  
That they her ancient Credit would restore.  
Strait they essay'd, but quickly to their cost  
They found that all their industry was lost.  
For since the *Double Entendre* was forbid,  
They could not get a Clap for what they did.

A a 3

At

## L E T T E R XLI.

*Astrea to Damon.*

I Am extremely concern'd at my ill Fortune in being absent when *Damon* design'd me a visit : Could I have known by instinct that your visits were pretty well over, and that I should come again in my turn, I would have waited with pleasure. I am going into mourning, for I have lost my Rabbits, which makes me as melancholly as a Cat. Assoon as I brought, them home, I christen'd them, the Male *George* and Female *Suky* : *George* no sooner shar'd your Name, but all your inclinations follow'd, which made him grow indifferent to his *Suky* ; and on *Sunday* whilst I was at Church he scamper'd away, and left his poor Female over-whelm'd with Grief. At my return, I made strict inquiry in the Neighbourhood, but nothing can be heard of him. The next day I was reading Mr. *Asgill* ( which you lent me ) and *Suky* by me, in a very melancholy posture, bemoaning the loss of her be- lov'd *George*, when of a sudden I mist her, and not- withstanding all diligent search, she's no where to be found. She's, I suppose, bent upon Pil- grimage, till she finds her Mate ; except *Asgill's* Doctrine had effect upon her, and mounted her to the Heavens, to provide a seat for her *quon-*



dam Master and Mistrefs. Thus I have given you an account of my unhappy fate, by which you fee that nothing of Male cares long for

S I R,

*Humble Servant,*

*ASTRÆA.*

LETTER XLII.

*Damon to Astræa.*

**D**Id I think, Madam, that my visits were as agreeable to your inclinations as to my own, I would repeat them oftener : but I can't imagine, Madam, that a person whom you make a perfect *Rabbit* of, should ever employ your thoughts, either with hopes or disappointments. Some think me a Rabbit in another case, because they imagin I have been digging a Cunny-burrow in the Country, and have saluted me with joy upon my Marriage ; but they should rather think me a Fox, for I care not for Earthing too long in the same hole, for fear I should be found out by the Huntsmen. But, Faith, Madam, I am at present more unhappy than the Beasts of the Field, for I have ne're a Den to put my head in, much less a Noose to secure my Neck.

You

You have heard, I suppose, Madam, how scurrilously I have been abus'd by Mr. --- I am now busie about the vindication of my Honour, and endeavouring to answer him in his own Kind. Had the Rabbit staid I had perhaps expected your Prayers for my increase of ill-nature, to qualifie me for so kind an office ; but now I beg only you would not think me so fickle as my name's-sake, since I am with as much Truth as ever,

*Ingenious Astræa, yours, &c.*

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XLIII.

*An Epistle in Verse.*

*Astræa to Damon.*

**T**HO Nature here what most delights us  
yields  
A flowing stream, cool shades and chearful  
Fields,  
Yet my sad Soul indulgent to its grief,  
Neglects the Pleasures that should give relief.  
In vain from solitude I seek for ease,  
Since nothing but the thoughts of *Damon* please.  
Methinks I hear you ask, how long this Fire,  
Shall warm my Breast with this extream desire?  
The Fates, ask them, are better Judges far,  
Who of my life have all ov'r-ruling care ;

A

A sacred Tie unites my Life and Love,  
Both by some hidden Springs and Wheels do  
move.

Each on the other so dependent is  
That what unhinges that, disorders this.  
Like Soul and Body hand in hand they go,  
And Separation gives the fatal blow.  
Nay, as the Soul survives the stroke of Death  
My Love too shall out-live my latest breath;  
And midst the throng of the Seraphick Powers,  
M'enamour'd Soul shall gently seize on yours;  
Embrace it in the blissful Courts above,  
And revel in the endless joys of Love.  
Can Absence then do more than Death can do,  
Absence that gently does the Passion blow,  
And makes the kindled Fire more eager burn  
With pleasant Breezes at the blest return?  
So the bright Orb that paints the gaudy Day  
In silver Circles wheels his airy Way,  
And by his universal influence,  
His generous warmth does here below dispense.  
We bless the beauteous Planet, and admire  
Th'excessive goodness of the center'd Fire.  
With chearful Eyes we see him on his Throne,  
And do not strait forget him when he is gone—  
With greedy hopes we wait his blest Return,  
And pleas'd to think on the approaching Morn.  
Just so, my Dear, I raise my drooping Soul,  
And all my tedious Thoughts and Pain controul;  
With wishing hopes of being repossess'd  
Of the dear Charmer of my longing Breast.  
Hopes! — there are none — he loves me not —  
that's true —  
Yet wretc'd I must ever dote on you.

Not

Not all the gaudy Tempters of the Court,  
Where gay delusions in full crowds resort.  
Not all the gilded Baits which Riches lay,  
Nor the ambitious thoughts of Empire's sway  
Can shake my steady Faith —  
Much less can terror of impending ill  
In all its dreadful shapes e're shock my will.  
Not *Tityus's* Vulturs, or *Ixion's* wheel;  
Th'eternal pains the bloody Sisters feel;  
The witty Torments of th'infernal cell  
And all the sad variety of Hell,  
Where subtle fires in endless plenty dwell }  
Much less, I say, can these fright from my  
Breast

My dearest *G* — my only welcome Guest.  
The glaring Sun may lose his glittering light,  
And all the welcome day transform the night.  
The universal frame of Nature shake,  
And all his massy Bars and Hinges break;  
The world become a Chaos void of form,  
Dissolve and into ancient nothing turn,  
But my fixt passion is as firm and great  
As are the strong Decrees of powerful Fate;  
No Revolution shall destroy my love,  
But I'll be constant, as th'eternal Jove.

*C. G. 1721*

## XLIV.

## A Copy of Verses.

*Shut up in a Snuf-Box, wherein was drawn  
a Woman a-sleep upon a Couch, with a  
Cupid shooting at her.*

*Astræa's Advice to Cupid, in the Box, when  
open'd by Damon.*

**N**OW *Cupid* shoot, and with thy Dart  
The roving Youth surprise.  
Aim right your Arrow at his Heart,  
And make him feel the subtle smart,  
By which *Astræa* dies.  
Leave trifling with the sleeping Dame,  
Lift up thy drowsie Eyes,  
See *Damon* stands, he's nobler Game  
Wound me him, and immortal Fame  
Shall crown thy Enterprize.  
But if thou'rt deaf to what I say,  
And will no Succour give,  
A Prisoner in this Box you stay  
Untill you sigh your self away,  
O till I cease to live.

XLV.

XLV.

*Daphne's Complaint to Astræa.*

An Epistle.

**S**Till does *Astræa* urge her friend  
 To that sad Tale which knows no End.  
 Forbear, alas ! thy *Daphne's* Loye  
 Can only fruitless Pity move.  
 But Thou regardst not what I say,  
 In vain I would the task delay,  
 Resolv'd thou art, and I obey.  
 Here then unhappy warning take,  
 Shun Love and Men for *Daphne's* sake.  
 To surly *Damon's* conquering Eyes  
 First my heart was made a prize;  
 But soon the bright *Amintor* came,  
 And then I felt another flame.  
 Not that the first could be suppress'd  
 By force of the intruding Guest,  
 For both I lov'd, both still admire,  
 And feel for both an equal Fire.  
*Damon* has Charms the Sex to insnare,  
 Were not one half *Amintor's* share.  
 Generous *Damon* bears a mind  
 Above the treachery of his kind ;  
 Untainted Honour, Manly Sense,  
 Stern Courage, and soft Complaisance

In

In him with equal lustre meet  
 And render all his Actions great.  
 Then dear *Amintor's* Form and Grace,  
 His Wit, his Meen, his Voice, his Face  
 Have all resistless power to charm,  
 And can the coldest bosom warm.  
 Between them I my Peace have lost,  
 And know not which I value most.  
 Nay, 'tis impossible to say  
 Which best deserves the love I pay ;  
 Which the most generous return,  
*Amintor's* love, or *Damon's* scorn.  
*Damon*, neglecting all, docs rove,  
 A very Infidel to love ;  
 Without design or guilty art  
 He views the Maid, and takes the Heart :  
 Then free and thoughtless rambles on,  
 And scarce believes the mischief done.  
 Now when so many sigh in vain,  
 I may despair, but can't complain.  
*Amintor* is not thus severe,  
 But far more kind, far less sincere ;  
*Damon's* heart is made of Stone ;  
*Amintor's* worse, for he has none :  
 He had one, but alas ! 'tis gone.  
 Long since divided with such art,  
 That every Fair one boasts a part ;  
 Tho so small the portions are,  
 They neither merit Thanks nor Care.  
 Of such a Treasure I'm possess'd,  
 And share his smiles among the rest ;  
 And tho but late my heart came in,  
 No earlier Rival moves my Splen.

By

By chance he did a part preserve,  
 An Atom, but 'tis like to serve;  
 For since I know 'tis all his store,  
 'Twere base in me to covet more.  
 Now, dear *Astrea*, 'tis some ease  
 When raging Love the Soul deceives,  
 To curse the Author of our pain,  
 And of the wrong to Heaven complain.  
 But even of this I am depriv'd,  
 And dare not blame, tho ne're I liv'd.  
 Ah! pity the unhappy Maid,  
 Thus doubly curst, yet can't upbraid.

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LETTER XLVI.

Mr.—— to *Astrea*.

**H**Ad the Country prov'd as dull to *Astrea*,  
 as the Town to me in her Absence, she  
 would no more have relish'd one, than I have  
 done the other: but, like the Sun, she makes  
 all chearful where she goes.

*And only those who want her Sight  
 Are doom'd to melancholly Night.*

'Tis a hard case that a man should fall into  
*Love and Poetry*, at the same time, when one  
 of them is enough to ruin him; and yet, this  
 strange *Metamorphosis* have I suffer'd, Madam,  
 since I saw you last; for then I was a Libertine,  
 but



but *reasoning* with that Devil *Love*, I've got into his Snare — Sure nothing pleads so subtly as a Woman's Charms? for they confound ev'n our strongest Resolutions,

*And 'tis in vain that our Sex try  
To conquer yours, but when we fly.*

You've gain'd a victors Right o're me as well as *Celalon*; and I expect you'll use me ill because he abus'd your Mercy; but know, *Astrea*, 'twill be both barb'rous in you, and unjust to make me suffer for another's Crime, when I've committed none my self, unless you think this one, to tell you that of all your Sex, I would be only yours,

B.

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## LETTER XLVII.

*Mr. Farquhar to Mr. R—S—*

S I R,

**H**AVING been in company with Mr. *Johnson* just now, he inform'd me that you were in Love, and that you desir'd the advice of your Friends upon that Subject; I have long wish'd,  
Sir;

Sir, for an opportunity of serving you, and I thank fortune which has now presented me so fair an occasion ; for *Love* being very often of the same importance with an affair of Life and Death, the tryal of a friend may be well enough prov'd in it.

I have had some hints in that Folly from my own Experience and general Observation : but I have found it like Chymistry, a knowledge very chargeable in Experiments, and worth nothing in the Enjoyment. 'Tis a misfortune, Sir, that Love can only be nourish'd by *ingenious* Men, yet Women should admire none but *Fools* ; for which reason, I'm afraid, your success will prove but indifferent. If your passion can make you a Coxcomb, something may be done, but be assur'd, that the affection which can have so much power over one of your parts, is much too violent to last ; and the sober reflections of a Man of Sense, will certainly at the last incline him to a hatred and detestation of whatsoever could throw him into extravagance, or abase him below the dignity of his Reason. Had my experience extended only to one Woman, I should not have concluded so peremptorily to the disadvantage of the whole Sex ; but, Sir, I have known several, and they all wear blacker Masks on their minds, than on their Faces. They are as fickle as Fortune ; and like her, favour none but Fools. The nature of a Woman's composition is exactly opposite to the frame of a man's ; for their Bodies are heavenly, but their Souls are Earth ; and therefore their corporeal parts I like well enough, but their Minds let them bestow on sordid Souls of an equal size in understanding.

derstanding. If a Woman's Beauty is extraordinary, she is only qualified for a Whore, if her Sense be above the common level, she is equip'd, and sets up for a Jilt. Some will say that a Woman has a thousand irresistible Arts and Tricks: not half so many as a Monkey, nor half so witty and surprizing. Whence comes it then that they please us so. Why 'tis our fancy that pleases, which like a flattering Glass creates the Beauties, and therefore should be broke for telling so damn'd a lye, as to make a Devil an Angel. When once Love comes to be heighten'd by thought, 'tis like the study of the black Art, which after long pains and application raises the Devil to run away with the Conjuror. 'Tis the freedom of a friend, Sir, to communicate his thoughts; and to be yet more free, you must know that I have at this instant a Mistress that I love dearly, but all as a reasonable man ought to do. My love is a down-right Syllogism; her Beauty and Wit are major and minor, and my Passion is the conclusion; but if I find either of the Premises false, (which ten to one I shall) I have the same thread of reason to guide me out of the Labyrinth which led me in. Some will say that a Mistress is a pretty amusement in a man's studies, but my observation can allow it no less than the ruin and destruction of study, for a man must make it his business to gain her, and afterwards she will make it her business to disturb him, you may perhaps, find innocence in the Country, but remember, Sir, that *Eve* lost her Maidenhead in a Garden. Advice, I know, is a very impertinent thing, but any thing upon so dear a Subject is agreeable to a Lover. If I  
can

*Love and Gallantry.*

377

can be so happy as to be serviceable to you in any other respect, Pray, Sir, Command.

*Your humble Servant*

G. FARQUHAR.

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L E T T E R XLVIII.

*Dr. G — to my Lady — at the Bath.*

*Madam,*

I Hope the Waters agree very well with her H — and I wish they may answer all the intents they are taken for ; and that they may not only confirm her H — 's Health, but that the whole Nation may be blest with the fruits of it, in contributing to the increase of the *Royal-line*, which will be of much more advantage to these Kingdoms, than extending our *Line in Flanders*; for there we may have sufficient encouragement to look after our selves, and not after the security of Strangers. Here is nothing at all of news; neither that *Dunkirk* is taken, nor *Namur* besieg'd. So that I suppose the Army is in very good Health, for I hear nothing to the contrary: and considering how great an Army we have, it is as much as can be expected that they take care of their Healths. This is all the news from abroad, and as for the news at home

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the only is, that the Q — sent into the City to borrow 200000 l. upon the security of a Vote that the Parl — made, that if the Poll-Bill did not arise to 1200000 l. that they would make it up, some other way, the next Sessions. I am very glad the City has the good opinion of the House of Com — s, as to think they won't alter their opinions. Another piece of News is that a young Lady hang'd her self for Love in *Leicester-Fields*. I suppose she was really in Love, and, perhaps, the first that ever was so, I wish the City had as good a security for their Money, as she has given for her love. I am, Madam,

*Yours, &c.*

London, Sept. 6th.  
1692.

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XLIX.

*The same to the same.*

*Madam,*

I Am very sorry, that the Waters, that have workt wonders, as they say, upon all People, that have drunk them this year, should disagree with your Ladyship; I could find in my heart to send some People that are very sick thither; and then, I am sure, I shall ruin their  
Re-

Reputation ; or else send some sower, consumptive Fanatick, that has a constitution as stubborn, and as untoward as his Principles ; and if he should chance to miscarry, They will call them *Jacobite* Waters ; and if they should once get that name, it would clear you from a great deal of troublesome company, that have a mind signally to distinguish themselves from the rest : And the truth on't, it is but reasonable there should be a distinction made in a place that is the rendezvous of all the *Leprous*. We are here something surprized at the news that the Mayor of *Bath* was order'd by my Lord *N—m*, not to wait upon the *P—* to Church, because he was the *Q—*'s Officer. I am very glad her *H—* does not bath in the *Q—*'s *Bath*, for then, may be, the Secretary might have forbid that too. I don't know what can be done next, without they disarm the *D. of G—* because he has got a Sword, and is huss'd into the House. I am inform'd of a great many Ladies that will not pay the respect that is due to her *H—* ; and as they will pay no visits, so it would have been much better, if they did not receive visits from others ; I shall take care, for the future, to prescribe them Husbands instead of Gallants, to along with them. I hope my Lady *A—* has given you no reason to be jealous : I knew her before she marri'd a Fool in *Oxford-shire*, and her own Men Servants knew her there, to much better purpose ; only once their service was a little too hot for them. I find that those that are *Fils*, would be thought for the Government, and considering how that has been *Filted*, they may well claim a pretention to it ; I wish they

had behav'd themselves sincerely toward it;  
and then they need not have been unmannerly to  
shew their affection to it. I am,

*Madam,*

*Your Ladships, &c.*

London, Sept. 13.

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## L E T T E R L.

*Mrs. Br——ey to a conceitd Beau.*

**T**Ho my inclination won't last to meet you again, yet I have too much honour to let you vainly expect me. I won't ask Pardon, nor term it a disappointment, for I believe you have too true a taste of variety to esteem any thing so from a Lady you have once seen, except when she gives you her company a second time. Constancy is as fulsome as ugliness, and fit only for its companion: but for us, whom Nature has liberally furnisht with Beauty, capable to please where we design a Conquest, 'tis a sin to lavish it away upon one another. Thus, Sir, you see what an easie Mistress I am: and what small reason there was to apprehend Constancy on my side; and what little occasion for protestations on yours. Yet when I have absolutely forgot your usage, and you my Face we'll meet again: Till then *Adieu.*

L E T-

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L E T T E R   L I.

*Mr. B — r to Diana.*

*Charming Diana.*

I Know not whether I ought to thank or curse Fortune for conducting me yesterday to the Fair ; but this I am sure of, that I never paid dearer for my curiosity of being acquainted with Masks; since I purchas'd that pleasure, with what I ever valu'd most, my Liberty. I had hitherto kept a strict guard over my Heart, but I am afraid it will now be forc'd to yield, when so many forces combine to attack it. Your personal accomplishments I might perhaps have resisted, had my desire of being free been supported by some defects in your mind ; and likewise I might have disputed the victory to your Wit, had I found some flaw in your Beauty ; but the union of the Charms of your Person, with the endearments of your Conversation, seems to threaten my total ruin ; and I must needs tell you that I am so far gone, that it lies in your power to make me absolutely yours. I will not trouble you with the story of all the symptoms I felt since I saw you, for truth it self upon this occasion would look like a Romance, and I desire nothing more earnestly than to be, and appear sincere. I shall wait with impatience for an answer, which will in

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some measure, alleviate my misfortune in being depriv'd of your conversation. But, my dear *Diana*, why would you deny me that blessing? And what can you apprehend from a man over whom you have so intire a Command? However in this as in any thing else, I will submit to your Will and Pleasure, as being, &c.

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L E T T E R LII.

*Diana's Answer to Mr. B——r.*

I have been in dispute with my self ever since I parted from you, whether I should adhere to my usual reservedness, or comply with the promise your extraordinary Civility forc'd from me; But my word once given I cannot but think my self oblig'd to perform. Therefore I take a liberty I never before was acquainted with, in answering an unknown hand: tho I believe the insipidness of this will be no inducement to a farther correspondence. However, flat as it is, it must stand the test of your sharper Wit, and elder Judgment; and if all you have said be not wholly fiction, 'twill force some indulgence from you. Do, pity at least one, who earnestly wishes she could merit more your favour. Could I but boast of robbing you of that liberty you have so long enjoy'd, and of a Heart so intirely your own,

I should esteem my self the most fortunate of my Sex: But I cannot entertain an opinion so vain, nor can I be flatter'd to believe I merit the least part of the Character you are pleas'd to give me. However I must own you have so much the Ascendant over my Heart, that I dare confidently affirm, half an hours conversation never gain'd so peculiar an esteem as I ow you; and I would confirm it by a second interview, were I priviledg'd so to do: for I can apprehend nothing ill from one, who has already exprest so much of Worth and Generosity. But my confinement is unspeakable, and I have no opportunity to proceed farther than a Letter, which if you favour me with, 'twill be extream obliging, and highly valued by your sincere unalterable

*DIANA.*

LET-

for me ? Oh ! no : I cannot entertain so flattering a Thought, as long as you deny me another interview. Let your confinement be never so strict, yet we may find a thousand ways to see one another unknown to any body else. Were you recluse in a Nunnery I would gladly put on a Priests habit, to receive from your divine mouth that confession, which you disdain not to commit to writing ; and can you imagine I will decline to do any thing that can procure me your endearing Company. Letters do very much soften the hardships of separated Lovers, and 'tis principally for that end that they were first invented : but as they are but a dumb Picture of our thoughts, so they want that life which animates conversation. Let us therefore make a proper use of Letters, that is, employ them as long as we are absent ; but at the same time let us endeavour to make our separation cease. I will not pretend to tell you how and when we can meet, but leave it intirely to your management ; and if you be but willing, I despair not of opportunities, I return, &c.

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LETTER LIV.

*Diana's Answer.*

S I R,

**T**His great charity and condescension in you to submit your eloquence to so mean and a weak capacity as mine; and to seem pleas'd with what rather deserves your contempt. It shews you are Master of an extraordinary temper. I was captivated enough with your Person, Parts, and Breeding but to have so exceeding a good humour, joyn'd to all your other Perfections hurries me on to an excess of Love and Admiration. For 'tis very rare to find these in conjunction, and therefore cannot sufficiently be admir'd: especially by me who have only the Apprehension to know my own imperfections: And nothing but Almighty Love can plead my excuse for my first and rash attempt of putting Pen to Paper, to answer so peculiar a Genius as yours. And now my ambition to continue a correspondence so divinely improving, will not allow me to desist. My sullen stars will not permit me the satisfaction of seeing you yet, for my Aunt who is my confinement, is at present so very ill, that I dare not make the least pretence to go any where; but as soon as I have an opportunity, my desire of seeing you will  
not

not let me be wanting on my part. I shall then own, tho with great confusion, that what I have writ are the real sentiments of

*Your vanquish'd*

D I A N A

L E T T E R LV.

*Mr. B—r to Diana.*

*Dearest Diana,*

I Burn already with impatience to see you: and your last Letter has added so much fuel to the fire, that I am now in a violent flame. I earnestly wish I had some influence upon *Æsculapius*, to engage his skill in favour of the Sick Lady, who occasions our separation. But my *Diana*, (for you are mine, tho it be but in conceit) is all your Letter real, or only a pleasing Fable? Excuse my doubts and fears: I have been so us'd to be unfortunate, that I can scarcely believe what I read. What you mention about my Merit, I'm sure exceeds the opinion which even self-love could suggest me, yet that I might in some measure reconcile, if I could satisfy my self that your affection to me is sincere; for Love ever magnifies to a prodigious Degree all the perfections of the Object belov'd.

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If you have a true esteem for me, pray manage it so that I may believe it. Those excessive expressions of Love I could hear with Delight and Transport in your Conversation, but in a Letter they want an air of Truth, which your sweet Lips only can give them. If therefore you will convince me that I am the happiest Man living, endeavour, I beseech you, to conquer all difficulties: and bless me with your endearing company, in spite of all the oppositions that keep us asunder. I wait your Answer with the greatest impatience, &c.

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L E T T E R LVI.

*Diana's Answer.*

S I R,

**Y**Our unkind distrust of me gives me but just occasion to suspect you: and were not my word sacred to me, I should not dare to rely on his Honour, who does not confide in mine. You have absolutely forbid me to express what Sincerity dictates to me. As for your misfortunes 'tis impossible for me to make a true construction of them; they will admit of various notions, whether deservedly or not, my own innocence keeps me from accusing others. What treatment you have met with I know not, but 'tis natural to believe, what has been, may be again.

again. I own my free expressions of Love deserv'd a check, but did not expect it from you: Notwithstanding I shall endeavour to moderate them to your liking, but I beg the justice to believe that my thoughts were pure as free, for *Diana* herself had not greater Chastity than I can boast of. But since my appearance can only establish my Reputation with you, I am oblig'd to perform my first Resolve, which shall be tomorrow in St. *James's Park* in the green Walk at four precisely. I shall be in disguise to every Body but your self. Till then, Adieu.

## LETTER LVII.

Mr. B——r to *Diana*.

I Own my self very much in the wrong, and my Letter, in a manner Sacrilegious, that durst to clip the wings of so pure a Love as that of my charming *Diana*. If the Torments I have endur'd, since I receiv'd your last, could any ways atone for my Fault, I might have a claim to your forgiveness, but I wave any justification that is not entirely owing to your Goodness. I'll impatiently wait for the hour you are pleas'd to appoint, that I may throw my self at your Feet, and beg that Pardon, without which I never can be happy: for 'tis but a repeated Death to live under the displeasure of angry *Diana*. I remain,

Your most faithful and

Penitent Adorer.

LET-

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L E T T E R LVIII.

*Mr. B— to Lucilla.*

**Y**OU see by this, Madam, that Men are not always worse than their words: Tho to tell you truth, I was somewhat doubtful whether I should keep my promise or no. The reading of St. *Euremont* will certainly enlarge your fine Notions, and you have already more Wit, than I know how to deal withal. But 'tis not about Wit, that I design to contend with you: I challenge you upon the score of Love, and desie you to shew so tender, so true, and so constant a Heart, as mine. I saw this morning my Kinsman the *Poet* (as you call him) who presents his humble respects to you: if you should chance to meet us together, have a care you mistake not one for 'tother, for we are extreamly like.

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L E T.



## LETTER LIX.

Lucilia to Mr. B——.

There's not, in my opinion, a more convincing argument of a Man's Sense and Breeding than his keeping his word; and had you by any pretence whatsoever broke your Promise, assure your self I should never have had a tolerable thought of Mr. B—— I received with Pleasure St. Evremont's Works, as the greatest obligation you can lay upon me. I have already read some of them, and find every thing he writes so agreeable to my humour, That I am resolv'd to make him my perpetual study. Not that I have vanity to believe I shall ever attain to those fine Notions, which he, and only he, can think and write; but, like most Readers, I shall have the Pleasure of passing some agreeable hours in his Company. And tho, perhaps, I shall not be so happy in a memory, as to retain the quarter part of his Maxims, yet I'll endeavour to do him this justice, to praise him as far as my want of Eloquence will permit me. As for Wit, I shall never pretend to contend with you upon that score, for we know that's your Talent: And for Love, I hope never to be tortur'd with that Passion. No, I am for a tranquillity which *Cupid* can never give. As I am of opinion

nion, that *les Roses ne sont jamais sans épines*, so this thought renders me incapable of Love; and I am resolv'd never to entertain any Passion beyond a friendship. Therefore take my advice, and return your *constant* Heart, as you call it, to the Shrine from whence it came, I mean, lay it at fair *Diana's* Feet: for she has had it, and she alone deserves it; if the character you gave of her has not too much of the Dedication in it.

*Adieu.*

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L E T T E R L X.

Mr. B — to Lucilia.

*Madam,*

**Y**Our Letter confirms me in the opinion I had of your Wit: and I think *St. Evremont* very happy in being fallen into so good hands. You will make him amends for being often read by abundance of Fools, who can never relish the delicacy of his sublime notions. I have done you injustice by suspecting your Wit should improve upon the reading of this Author, for your thoughts and your way of expressing them are both arriv'd at that perfection, as renders 'em incapable of addition. If *St. Evremont* cannot enlighten your mind, I hope he will affect your heart; and make you sensible that Love's the most noble, as 'tis the most pleasing Passion of the Soul. *Friendship*, I confess;

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has

has its Charms: but these are dull and insipid in comparison of those of Love. You say very right, that *there's no Rose without Thorns*: But who would refuse to venture a pricking to gather that Queen of Flowers, whose fragancy fills us with delight? St. Evremont will tell you that *the very Torments of Love are Pleasures*. Judge then how exquisite its Sweets must be? Not that I would have Love exclude Friendship neither: On the contrary, I would have Friendship to be the Basis of Love: for I account that Passion brutish and irrational, that is not founded on Esteem. But then I would have Friendship keep within its bounds, without intrenching upon the Dominions of Love. To Friendship I would assign all the empty intervals of absence, and those tedious conversations which a loving Couple are often oblig'd to share with Impertinents. But when a happy, long-expect'd minute has joyn'd two lovers in a delicious *Tete-a-tete*, I would *then* have Friendship keep its distance, and resign the place to a more entertaining Passion. Pray, weigh my sentiments with candor: and either agree with me, if you think 'em reasonable, or rectifie my Notions, where you find 'em wrong. I say nothing about *Diana*; be satisfied that I admire you above all other Women: what need you trouble your self any further? *Adieu my dear, my ingenious Charmer.*

LET-

## LETTER LXI.

Lucilia to Mr. B — r.

**T**Will be impossible for a poor Cottager who lives in the remotest part of *England* to do you justice, either in answering your Letter with acknowledgement due to your good Breeding, or giving your Wit the Encomiums it deserves. I could wish my self bred up in Courts that I might get your Art of Flattery, and pay you in your own Coin. Really you do it with so good a Grace, that had I not a thousand times read my own imperfections, I should run the risk of growing very proud; especially where you tell me *St. Evremon's* Notions can add nothing to my Wit. I am malicious enough to wish he knew the complement you make him, that he might return you thanks. You advise me to consult *St. Evremon's* opinion upon the affairs of Love: you have chosen but an ill Patron to plead your Cause, for by what I have read of him, I find he does not think Love so noble a Passion, particularly where he tells you that *every day he breaks a Chain, and every day puts on a new one*, he calls it nothing but a *Bagatelle*. A little farther he tells you, That *Friendship is the only sweetness he ever enjoy'd without a mixture of Gall* and that if *Man* could refuse himself lasting Passions, and only admit some

others, he would live without Fear, without Melancholly, without hate, without Jealousie, and Suspicious; he would desire without ardour, hope without inquietude: and be merry without transports; These good qualities only attend friendship, whereas Love is incumbred with all the contraries. I shall never be of your opinion, when you tell me the Torments of Love are Pleasures. I have try'd the Experiment, and by the uncase hours it cost me, I believe no sweets of Love, tho rais'd to the greatest height, can ever counterbalance the Torments which attend that unaccountable Passion. Therefore if the Ladies would be of my opinion, and consult the various humours of Mankind, they would rather chuse to live all their lives depriv'd of the pleasures of gathering Roses, than be so often prick't with Thorns. I must confess your Explanations upon the subject of Love, are soft and engaging: and am perswaded would have a mighty influence on any Heart not preingag'd, or prejudic'd against that Passion; the latter is my misfortune, and I now say with *Cowley*,

*That if my heart would to my breast return,  
It never more should wander out  
Tho thousand Beauties call'd it out.*

A Lover burnt like me for ever dreads the Fire: These are my sentiments, tho I must acknowledge, you have Merit enough to expect and hope all you could wish; and if ever I break my resolution, perhaps it shall be upon  
your

your account. You desire me to weigh your sentiments with Candor—I'll do you this justice, that you write the genteelest Stile in the world, and did you speak upon any other subject but Love, I should think you the most reasonable Man that ever writ. Adieu. If this finds you, I desire you to be in the Park this afternoon about five a clock, by *Rosamond's Pond*, the long Walk.

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## L E T T E R LXII.

*Mr. B—— to Lucilia.**Charming Lucilia,*

**I** Never was us'd to break appointments with one I admire, and therefore would be at a great loss to excuse so criminal a neglect, were I not intirely innocent. I was out of Town for three days to divert some melancholly thoughts, and receiv'd your Letter no sooner than *Friday* about ten in the night. See the crofness of my stars! Thus to conduct me into the Country for a Remedy, which I can only expect from your Conversation, or at least from your Letters! Both these are so agreeable and endearing, that no diversion can make tolerable amends for the want of them. In your conversation we find all the Graces, which tho peculiar to your Sex, are seldom found together in

One single Woman : I mean, a sprightly Wit, without a fatiguing volubility of Tongue ; a lasting good-humour, season'd with a little malice ; a Freedom which admits nothing that's criminal, and a Reserve which excludes nothing that is innocent ; a natural and polite way of speaking ; and a charming Air which accompanies all your Words and Actions. As for your Letters they are the Picture of your Conversation, and consequently inimitable. I could say a great deal more, but all must come infinitely short of what you merit. The only Reason that I can allow you to wish your self a Courtier, is that you may learn how to exchange Praises and Civilities, for I find you are a meer Bubble in these bargains. You may meet with Sharpers who would gladly snap at all your compliments, but for my own Part, I am too honest, and will take no advantage of a poor *Cottager*, as you are pleas'd to term your self. I therefore return all your *Acknowledgments* and *Encomiums*, because you have a juster title to 'em than my self. However I cannot but be pleas'd with your commendations : not that I believe what you say of me, but because they are great demonstrations of your Friendship, and that you must needs have some Esteem for me, since you wrong your own judgment on my Account. *St. Evremont* is not so ill a Patron, as you imagine, to defend my cause : but you, like a subtle manager of a controversie, quote only what's proper to support your own opinion, and pass by the rest. *St. Evremont* may call Love a *Trifle* ; but then 'tis such a Trifle as ever employed the greatest Men in the World; and

and has had more influence upon all the Revolutions both of States, and private Fortunes than any other motive whatsoever. As for St. Evremont's breaking every day a Chain, and every day putting on another, it only shews him fickle, and not an Enemy to Love. His Arguments in Favour of Friendship, I suppose, he fram'd when he was past the Enjoyments of Love ; for he speaks much more favourably of this latter passion in the first volume of his Works, than he does in the third : and therefore the Memoirs of his Amours, and the practice of his five years, ought to weigh more, than the maxims of his contemplative Age. If ever I reach threescore I promise to agree with him, and you, in giving the Preference to Friendship, but now permit me to love with jealousy, desire with ardour ; hope with inquietude ; and enjoy with transport. Pray let me hear where I can be so happy as to see you to day or to morrow in the Afternoon.

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## LETTER LXIII.

*Lucilia to Mr. B—.*

I Suppose by this time Mr. B—— concludes me the most unaccountable Woman living : There are indeed appearances against me which might call my good Breeding in question, did I not endeavour to clear my self—Your Letters came not to my hands till *Thursday* night, tho dated on *Monday*, and then I had really so much business, just going out of Town, that I had not time to answer them, but I desired my Friend to let you know that I would call upon you the next *Saturday*—I kept my word but was a second time disappointed. I am now convinc'd there is something more than chance which governs us, and that the acquaintance we make is not so much the effect of our own inclination as the Capriciousness of our stars, which rule us as they please, without our approbation: were it not as I say, I am perswaded we had not met with so many disappointments. But now those opportunities are past, and I see no probability of ever making any greater Friendship than by Letters, for I am now a hundred miles from you and *London*, and know not when I shall return. I have taken St. *Evremont* to be my agreeable Companion in my solitude : and when I read him I shall think advantageously of you, for to speak my thoughts, I don't know any  
Man

Man comes so near his character as your self, both in your Sentiments and ingenious way of Writing; especially your way of Gallantry which for your excuse I'll attribute to your climate where all Men are thought ill bred that don't profess love to our Sex: and if I am not mistaken your friend is so much of that humour; that I should pity the Lady who should have the misfortune to like him. But for your own particular, I give you leave to like whom you please; love whom you please; visit whom you please, because 'tis not in my power to return you any Passion, but that of Friendship, and you told me in your last Letter that you would never countenance it till threescore; so that I find, to my great regret, I must be totally banish'd your memory, for Love is not mine to give. Thus we are like to be very easie, that is to say, live in the state of indifferency, which is the only way I know to be happy. You expect thanks, I suppose, for the character you were pleas'd to give in your last. No—on the contrary, I am very angry with you for playing so much the Courtier; and I know so well how little those Encomiums belong to me, that if you don't repair your fault by being more sincere, I must be eternally your Enemy; but if you can write truth without putting me to the blush, I shall be glad to hear from you at your vacant hours. All, that comes from Mr. B — will be very welcome and diverting, especially in a solitude like mine. Send me some news from the Island of Love, where your friend is imbark'd——  
Adieu.

L E T-

poring upon Books. entertain your Passion in the Fields ; make the Woods your confidants and and let the Ecchoe repeat your amorous complaints ; joyn your sighs to the cooing of loving Turtles, or the warbling murmurs of *Philomel* ; then instead of quilting a Petticoat, carve the name of the happy Man you love in fairest and tallest Tree of the Grove. This I advise you to do in your own defence, for I cannot imagine how so great a Wit as yours is can subsist a hundred miles from *London*, without being taken up by some busie Passion. You do your self and me a great piece of injustice to think I can forget you — No — I will ever cherish the memory of those happy minntes I have past in your Conversation, and peruse your charming Letters at least once a day : And tho I fail in my endeavours of making you a Convert to Love, yet I shall account my self happy in having a share in your remembrance upon the bare score of Friendship. I can give you no account of the Gentleman's Amour ; he and I had lately a little falling out that keeps us still upon the reserve ; all I can say is, that the Lady and he are pretty well match'd ; and that they are like to be extream fond of one another. I suppose you little trouble your self with State Affairs, and therefore I forbear telling you how the *Hamburgh-Treaty* for composing the *Northern Differences* is carried on ; or what Measures the Emperour, the Pope, and Duke of *Savoy* are like to take to oppose the late Partition of *Spain*. As for Town News, there's a flying Rep rt ( which however no Body gives credit to ) that my Lord *P* — was kill'd in *Holland* by an  
*English*

## LETTER. LXIV.

Mr. B —. to *Lucilia*.*Dear Lucilia,*

**I** Do indeed conclude you the most unaccountable Woman living : not from your neglecting to answer my Letters, but rather from your being so obstinate an Enemy to Love. This Passion so peculiarly becomes your Sex, that abundance of people question whether Women be capable of true Friendship. For my own part I am too great an Admirer of the Ladies than to pass so severe a censure upon them ; for tho I must own, that nature seems to have fram'd 'em chiefly for Love, yet I will allow 'em a share in the most refin'd and exalted Friendships. I wonder you should account *indifference* the only way to be happy, when, in my opinion, 'tis that dull state that renders life a tedious languishment. Happiness, at least on this side Heaven, rather lies in Motion than Rest, so that, like those who travel by Sea, what we ought to dread most is a continued calm : into which you will fall of course, if you banish passions, especially that of Love. 'Tis Love that raises the Soul, enlightens the Mind, refines the Wit, in a word, that gives life to all our Faculties. Therefore, be rul'd by me and chuse Love to be your agreeable companion in your Retirement. Instead of  
poring

*English-Gentleman*, to whose near Relation, they say, he had promis'd Marriage; the Duke of *Glocester* is taken very sick at *Windfor*, and People are apprehensive that 'twill be the small Pox. The Play-houses are shut up; the Tradesmen cease to cheat, for want of Customers; the Lawyers, and Vintners are cursing the Long Vacation; and the Physicians and Apothecaries this healthy year. Most of the Politicians have deserted *Tom's*, and some of our Wits, *Will's-Coffee-house*. This description must needs give you a wretched Idea of the Town, yet I can assure you I would not exchange it, for any part of the pleasantest Country in *England*, where my Charming and Ingenious *Lucilia* did not reside; for we have still more variety both of Company and Diversions than can be had any where else; and besides, when we grow weary of *London*, we presently take a trip either to *Richmond*, *Epsom*, *Tunbridge* or *Windfor* for a refreshment. — I am sensible I grow tedious: but I have ow'd you a Letter these three Weeks, and so you must e'en take Interest and Principal all at once. I have but too good an Excuse for my neglect, for I have been sick a-bed of a Fever, which thro God's assistance, and my good management is now intirely over. My late indisposition has made me renounce all the vanities of this world, among the rest, Hypocrisie and Dissembling, and therefore you may safely believe me when I profess my self to be,

M A D A M,

Your most affectionate, humble  
Servant, and faithful Admirer.

B.

July 29th  
1700.

L E T-

LETTER LVI.

Mr. B—to Mrs. E—upon sending her Mr. Asgill's Argument.

Madam.

I Am to blame for not sending *Asgill's* Argument to you yesterday : but be not angry , since 'tis meer forgetfulness. Besides, I hope you're not in such great haste to go to Heaven , as long as you make so good a Figure here on Earth. I wish you may have Faith enough to be translated into that place of Bliss, without passing thro Death, for whatever change your Body may suffer when it comes to rise again , I'm afraid you'll have but an indifferent bargain on't, Nature has already exerted her utmost skill in framing those Graces which we admire in your Person, and 'tis almost impossible she should mend her hand. I am going this Evening to *Richmond* ; if you have any Commands, pray, send 'em by the Bearer to your most humble and affectionate Servant.

B.

LET-

## LETTER LXVII.

Mr. B—— to Mrs. I——M——

May 1699.

*Ladies,*

**A**ltho this Letter be directed to one single Person, yet it is design'd for two, since 'tis not in my power to distinguish the Aunt from the Niece, nor the Niece from the Aunt: Not only your Names are the very same, but your Perfections likewise are so equally eminent, that it would puzzle a far more discerning Judge than I can pretend to be, to give the Preference to either ——— The night before you robb'd St. *James's* Parish of its greatest Ornament, I mean the night before you left *London*, you were pleas'd to command me to entertain you with the most remarkable Occurrences both at the Court and in the Town: And if I have hitherto been silent, I hope you will do me the justice to impute it rather to a great scarcity of News, than to a wilful neglect.

There have lately been some great changes at Court: To wit, the Lords *P* and *O* ——— laying down their Commissions, My Lord *Pembroke* being made Lord President of the Council; and

and the Lord *Jersey* first Secretary of State. As to the first, most People ascribe it to the Policy of the Earl, who having sufficiently enrich'd himself, by the King's Favour, and being apprehensive of a storm; thought it convenient to retire in a calm; others assign it to a disgust from the growing Power of my Lord *A*——. Let the occasion be what it will, this last has got his place of Lord Privy-Purse; and as for that of Groom of the Stole, it is not yet dispos'd of, no more than that of Lord Chamberlain. Before the King went away he made Sir *David Collier* Lord *Portmore* in the Kingdom of *Scotland*, and Colonel *Windsor*, Lord *Windsor* in *Ireland*.

As for Matches, there's a great talk that my Lord *R*——r is going to be married to my Lady *B*——l *G*——y; my Lord *R*——y to my Lady *B*——y *C*——l, my Lord *A*——y to my Lady *C*——e *D*——y and my Lord *A*——le to my Lady *A*——n *C*——l. Tho some will have it, that this last Lady is to have Mr. *G*——n and others again, *C*——S——, of whom you are going to hear a most dreadful Story.

On last Sunday night Mr. *C*—— was walking in *St James's Park* with a certain Lady, and Captain *K*——, of *Windsor's* Regiment, passing by with some other Gentlemen, said, *smoke Beau C*—— with a *Bulker*; which Mr. *C*—— over-hearing, he presently made up to those Gentlemen and askt which of them made so free with his name? Mr. *K*—— own'd 'twas he that had spoke the words: to whom *C*—— reply'd, that neither was he a *Beau*, nor the Lady a *Bulker*, and with that gave the Captain a Blow, and threw his Sword. Mr. *K*—— did not think it ei-



ther possible or convenient to fight within the  
 • Verge of the Court, and so they presently went  
 behind *Arlington*-house, where after a little Tilt-  
 ing, C—— receiv'd a great wound in the neck.  
 Being carried home he fell into a violent Fever  
 and convulsive fits, which at first made his Surge-  
 ons despair of his life; but having had two very  
 good nights since, 'tis hop'd he will recover: But if  
 he should not, he will however die with the ho-  
 nour of convincing the world of this much  
 doubted Truth, that a Beau can *fight*, as well as  
*Ogle* and *Prim*.

Since the King left *Kensington* the Town emp-  
 ties a-pace: in particular, their Royal High-  
 nesses went yesterday for *Windsor*.—— This  
 hot weather renders the Playhouse very solita-  
 ry, and the only Rendezvous for Company is  
*St. James's Park*; *Sommerset's Gardens*; *Fox-  
 hall*, or the River, and in either of these places  
 we are generally entertain'd with Musick every  
 night.

About a month ago there was an Alarm of an  
 Invasion from *France*: if that ill grounded Re-  
 port had prov'd true Mr. H—t and I would  
 certainly have turn'd Knight-Errants in favour  
 of the fair *Hampshire Ladies*. There has been  
 a squabble betwixt my Lord I—— and his  
 Lady: but that's now a sleep.—— My Lord T—  
 buried his Wife last week, so that he has got a  
 fairer riddance—— Last night I was among the  
 Wits at *Will's*: One of them pretended me with  
 a new *Song*, suppos'd to be written upon a cer-  
 tain Lady of *true* Quality, and *dubious* Honour;  
 This

This, Ladies, is all I could get at present to entertain you : I remain with more sincerity than any News-writer ever could boast of,

*Tours, &c.*

The S O N G.

*Say, lovely Sylvia lowd and fair,  
Venus in Face and Mind,  
Why must not I that Bounty share,  
You pour on all mankind ?  
That Sun which shines promiscuously,  
On Prince and Porter's head,  
Why must it now leave only me  
To languish in the Shade ?*

*In vain you cry you'll sin no more,  
In vain you pray and fast :  
You'll ne're persuade us till threescore,  
That Sylvia can be chaste.  
When thus affectedly you cant,  
You're such a young beginner,  
You'll make at best an awkward Saint,  
That are a charming Sinner.*

## LETTER LXVII.

Mr. B—— to Mrs. E——S.

*Madam,*

**T**His comes to make good the promise I made of writing to you from *Bucks*, tho' to tell you the truth I was never so put to it in my life: You are of so refined a Taste and ticklish Reservedness that I know not what expressions to make use of; for if I should say that this Letter comes to salute you or kiss your fair hands, 'twould be to one but you'll like it no better than if I offered to kiss them my self; an attempt which you have often repulsed with Poker and Tongs, nay sometimes with Knives and Daggers. Well, but suppose I had now a mind to make desperate Love to you, I'd fain know how you could help your self? We Men have the Privilege to write what we please, and your Resentment can go no further than to condemn our Letters to the flames; that is, after you have read them three or four times over. To be serious, tho' I find in you all the Accomplishments of Mind and Person that a nice Man can require in a Woman, yet at this present writing I chuse to beg a share in your affection and remembrance rather upon the score of Friendship than of Love:

*Love and Gallantry.*

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Love: And upon the same score it is that I would freely sacrifice all our Country Sports to enjoy the Blessing of your ever-diverting Conversation, you have so particular a way of indearing, that nothing can make sufficient atonement for your Absence. I hope you and Mr. L—— still jog on at the old rate, and endeavour to cheat one another: I mean at Cards. My Service and Respects to Madam A—— I remain, Madam,

*Yours, &c.*

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D d 3

LET-

## LETTER LXVIII.

*Mr. H ——— g to Madam ———.*

**W**Here Courtship is tedious, 'tis not to Love, but to loyter. I lik'd you at first sight, Lov'd at second, and was undone at the third. You tell me you don't hate me, tho you ought to do it, for making no better use of the opportunities you gave me. For to be too civil to a fair Lady, is in plain English to be too rude. Some Women often Quarrel with the Agent, at the same time they approve of the Action: but if you be a person that prefers words to deeds, and Sighs to Substance, it must be a fault in your constitution, and you must address your self to some able Physitian; if one be not enough, have a consult, and in your case, the younger they are, the better; you need give no Fees nor be confin'd to your Chamber above an hour in a day; the prescription will not be unpleasant, nor the operation dangerous. In short, Madam, you'll be in a very desperate condition, unless you harken to the good advice of

*Your humble Servant.*

LET.

## L E T T E R L X I X .

*Madam—— to Mr. H—— g.*

**H**OW now, Gallant ! nothing but Kifs and consent, nothing but When and Where ! Pray don't drive on so furiously, if you do, upon my word you'll fall. Pray be assur'd I am not to be taken in less time than the Town of *Troy*. He that thinks it worth his time to gain me, must grudge neither Time nor Pains, as to Expence I'll excuse him that part. He must think on nothing but me all day, and dream of nothing but me all night. He must always be out of humour when I'm absent, and in humour when I am present. He must be attempting twenty times a day to Hang, Drown, Stab, or Poyson himself : but he must never do it in good earnest. Now, Sir, if a Man of your Wit will consent to be so great a Fool as to do thus much for me, perhaps in time I may prove kind and take the opinion of some Physician as you advise me to do. But I'm afraid the Doctor you'll recommend is a Man of too much practice, and by consequence will not have leisure from his other business to give what attendance is due to

Y O U R. &amp;c.

Dd 4

L E T -

## LETTER LXX.

*Captain Ayloff to Cloe.**Charming Cloe,*

**I**F you have not some Pity on the Wounds your Eyes have made, I shall be more unhappy, than the so much disappointed Bridegroom. His Felicity is retarded but for a few days: and if you are not merciful, I am undone for ever. Oh! how blindly are we hurried on by the fatal influences of our Stars! Whilst I thought to be a witness only of another's Wedding, I lost my own Liberty. The intended Victim, alas! escapes, and I am caught in the Bush, and reserv'd for the Sacrifice. Well—Let it be at your Feet, and I shall quietly submit to the bloody Knife. Then, cruel Beauty, I will give you a proof of my Passion, and with the last Accents of my dying Breath, assure my ador'd, tho inhumane *Cloe*, that nothing could exceed the violence of my Love, but the fatal Glories of those Charms which gave it a Being. Have you nothing in store for a faithful Lover? And is despair the Portion of all those that adore you? Sure, so sincere a Flame as mine might expect some Return, even from a rigid *Lucretia*.

Oh

Oh ! let not the Freedom of this Declaration  
displease you : for that Passion can never merit  
an Audience, which at all times is able to con-  
tain it self within the Rules of Silence and Dis-  
cretion. Your Beauty forc'd me to Love you,  
and that raging Affection to tell you so. Should  
you be so cruel as to resent this, it would add  
but little to the Torments of my Despair :  
And it is some Ease to my drooping spirit, to  
have disburdened it self of the killing secret.  
The worst you can do is to hate me : but even  
that injustice and ill usage shall not make me  
love you less ; and if you indulgently return'd  
my tender Passion , I could not Love you more.  
The blind Boy makes no progress in my Heart :  
at his very Birth he is Adult ; and the Favours  
you can confer will not add to his Ardor, or his  
Fidelity. But not to forestall my Fate, I will  
wait my Doom from her, who has the Power  
to make me the wretchedest or the happiest Man  
alive.

L E T-



## LETTER LXXI.

*The same to the same.*

*Lovely Chloe,*

Pardon me, if I think differently of the reasons you alledge for disbelieving my Passion. That I lov'd before I saw you I don't deny; and that I love you ten thousand times more than ever I did yet, is as great a Truth. Were it not a Cruelty in Nature, if every Person should like the same Object, or no Person more than one? The Vows I pay'd the amiable *Daphne* were as Religious as what I offer here. New light has taught me a new Religion: and Profelites, *Cloe*, are ever found the most Zealous. May not a *Persian* prove a good *Christian*, because he once worship'd the Sun? There can be no *Apostates* in Love, tho there may be in Faith. The severity of most Tyrants have cost them either their Thrones or their Lives; and the ambition of a generous Temper has frequently made a mighty Monarch of a Petty Prince: tho none ever grasp'd at universal Conquest without the Confusion of Disappointment. If ever any Woman might reasonably attempt it, I think you may: None having so fair Pretensions to all Men's Hearts, as the Diviner

*Cloe*

*Love and Gallantry.* 417

*Chloe.* Your least Charms are those of your Eyes, and he must be blind that preserves his Liberty against 'em. Since you have so fair a Claim to universal Empire, let not Cruelty destroy it. There are few Towns so inconsiderable, but the Enemy would have been glad to have subdu'd. 'Tis not one or two chief Officers, but the Multitude of Captives, how ignoble soever, that make the Pomp and Splendor of the pleasing Triumph. If the lovely *Chloe* will accept of my services, I have all that my aspiring Soul can crave of indulgent Heaven. This justice I owe to my former Passion, as still to acknowledge it was not an Error : For had I not seen your all-charming-self, I had never revolted from her Authority ; But Beauty, alas ! has such Prerogatives, that few can pretend to an everlasting Possession of a Heart. Time wears out the justice of their Title ; and a Fit of sickness often cancels the Bond as soon as deliver'd. Nothing but Kindness can long insure you a faithful Lover.

LET.

## LETTER LXXII.

*The same to Daphne.*

WELL! *Daphne*, you are the most unaccountable Woman alive; and your last Letter has convinc'd me of a Truth, I admir'd your Sex too well readily to believe, tho I had heard it from a hundred hands. The earliest Sun found me at your Dear Shrine, and I had frequently offer'd my Sacrifices before he had enlightn'd this part of Nature. But my Devotion was continually rejected, and your scornful usage has left it as yet undetermin'd, whether I was not more obsequious than ever your self merited. You slighted my Vows, and now are displeas'd that I make them elsewhere. 'Tis Inhumanity and Malice to the last degree, to refuse me a felicity, and yet not permit another to grant it. Why call you me perjur'd, and claim the Performance of those tender Promises I often made at your feet? I am free from any obligation, since you refuse to accept 'em, and when you command me never to speak any more to you of my Passion, how could I disobey you without a Crime,

Crime, almost as great as your disdain ? Why would you see me now, and what piece of Cruelty have you still unpractis'd for me to suffer ? Has three Months interval furnish'd your invention with new Torments, and would you rather condescend to invite your abdicated Lover, than not have it in your Power to exercise your Rigour ? Whilst my eager Passion gave you daily fresh instances of its violence and reality, you would not vouchsafe one line; but now I have thrown off the galling yoke, and broke the uneasy chain, you can fill a whole Sheet, hardly leaving your self room to inform me it comes from *Daphne*. But you shall be obey'd : For I had rather suffer ten thousand times more, than that you should suspect I did not once really love you.

LET-

## LETTER LXXIII.

*The same to Madam——.*

**W**Hy are you so cruel to be displeas'd because I was not jealous? Can I shew my Love no otherways than by questioning your fidelity? And can it be an argument of affection in me to reproach you with perfidiousness? Is it possible for you to change, or remains there yet an assurance of Love which you have not had from me? Must every thing be fickle that is Female, and because you are a Woman must I believe you are false too? To what end were all those sacred vows, but to prevent the torments of jealousy, and supercede the possibility of Treason? 'Tis not but the loss of your Love would be the most sensible affliction. that the very malice of my Destiny could bring upon me: But your indearing promises have insur'd to my mind a happy calm, and either your affection must be inviolable, or you are the most perjur'd Creature upon Earth. Why then should I interrupt the tranquility of my Life by fruitless fears, and anxious suspicions? 'Tis an unaccountable Perverseness of your Mind to be pleas'd with injuries; which amongst others are too outrageous to hope for a Pardon from the most indulgent Heart. 'Twas a new obligation you had to me, that I could believe

believe no temptation was sufficient to shake its integrity, much less triumph over it.

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L E T T E R LXXIV.

*The same to the same.*

*Dearest Darling of my Heart,*

**Y**Our obliging Letter has wrought a sensible alteration in my sinking spirits ; and no Cordial that has as yet been prescrib'd was so effectual, as those few lines you sent me. So tenderly you express'd the concern you feel for my indisposition, that tho they were so many new and endearing proofs of your friendship, I had much rather have been without 'em, than that my felicity should cost you one uneasy moment. I must now mend, since you interest your self so kindly in my distemper : least I lose more by hazarding your Tranquillity, than in sacrificing my own Life. Dearest Creature, one line more and I shall infallibly be well : Since you are so much concern'd in my sickness, pray take some care of my Cure. I will discharge my Physician to morrow, and expect my Health from the more Medicinal Operations of your Letters. *Billets-deux* are pleasing Bolusses, and if the Apothecary had no other Medicaments, I would chuse to be always ill. You ought

ought to do something to preserve a Life ihat is so entirely devoted to your dear Service. Oh! that I were as well satisfied of the sincerity of your inclinations, as I have not left you room to to suspect mine. Your kind acceptance of my Love, helps to perswade me that you value it. My Nurse maunders at my sitting up so long to write. Strange malice ! these old folks envy what they can't possess : every moment of my life I think lost, if any thing suspends my thoughts from you. The Night is more charming than the day, for pleasing Dreams of you render the obscurity more amiable than the Sunshine. My old cross Guardian who Scolds all the day, and sings Psalms to her self all Night is gone down Stairs : But Oh ! my Paper is writ through, and I can come at no more : Ye unkind Powers, what have I done to be eternally frustrated ! this opportunity will never come again, and I have but just room left to assure my Dear I am hers with more passion than I can be possibly in pain, her adoring faithful  
*Aminor.*

LET-

## LETTER LXXV.

*The same to the same.*

**W**Hat should mean these continual jars ; can there be no Love without frequent fallings out ? Why should we create so many Torments to our selves ; when our malicious Destinies do not permit us one happy moment which it lies in their power to hinder us of ? Deffer your Journey till some other time, and leave not your self and me in the wretched anxiety of a misunderstanding : do not obstruct your own Tranquillity and mine so much, as to let us be longer unreconcil'd. I Love you ten thousand times more than you do your self, and shall not survive your departure if I see you not before you go. What is the vainer ceremony of a visit to an old Relation when mighty Love is in the Ballance ? Can you prefer the fainter shadows of Amity to the solid Blessings an inviolable Affection ? Or an *Aunt* of Sixty nine, to a faithful *Lover* of twenty three ? Why should we thus so industriously plague our selves by voluntary separations, when alas ! we have so many terrible ones, which we can't avoid ? Oh ! stay at home this Evening while your Sisters go a visiting : then I shall have the

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transf



transporting joys of a private and uninterrupted conversation. Let me see you, tho you are angry with me : Those lovely Eyes of yours, which first taught my heart the pleasing Pangs of anxious desires, can never be so severe, as that they should not make me happy in their sight. But, why should I torment my self thus by exaggerating your displeasure ? I believe the feud is over ; and you have forgot even what was the cruel occasion of it. How alas ! was it possible you should be angry with me so long, and that you should bear an ill will two days successively to one who lov'd you so dearly ? I read in your very looks this morning the confusion you were under for so much cruelty, and so much injustice, and you might as easily have remark'd in mine a full assurance of a pardon. But let us remember this no more, unless to prevent it for the future. Believe me I was wretched enough in having given you the least pretext of displeasure ; yet am ignorant too what it was gave life to the offence. I would not for a thousand worlds you should question my Love ; and would rather be sacrific'd than give you occasion to do it.

LET-

L E T T E R LXXVI.

*The same to Amaryllis.*

*Lovely Persecutor,*

**Y**Our haughty scorn, and my own hopeless condition never caus'd in me such intolerable Pains, as the news of your Sickness. My heart was more sensibly touch'd, when your Cousin shew'd me the fatal and unwelcome Letter, than when your self disdainfully rejected my first Addresses; and gave me Assurances of nothing but an eternal Hatred. But my Passion, alas! depends not upon your usage: for since your Eyes gaye it Birth, your Tongue shall never destroy it, That is not so much Love as Interest that continues because it is rewarded. I will shew you that all the horrors of a desponding Heart, the cruel Persecutions of a Tyrannizing Mistress, nay, even Time it self, and an everlasting Absence from you shall never alter or diminish my tender passionate Fidelity. I daily offer up a thousand and a thousand Vows to irritated Heaven for your speedy Recovery. But, alas! Madam, there is no great Hopes, if those Powers above are as inexorable as you are here below; why should they pity you, who are cruel and inhumane to all mankind,

E e 2

and

and especially to those who Love you most? Your Ague is a perfect Emblem of your own Heart and mine; the one Fit, like your self, all chilling Ice; the other, like me, all Flames and devouring Fire. Why ask you of the Gods that Merèy which you will not grant? Shew Kindness or Compassion at least, to your adoring and faithful Slave, then, then you may expect it from indulgent Heaven. However, my dearest lovely Charmer, I wish you well more than my own self, and had much rather you were in Health, tho I were assur'd of your ill-will, than that you should be sick, tho it should render you kind. Alas! my Passion will not permit me to wish you otherwise than extremely happy, however you treat me; I can bear all things patiently, but your Pain and Indisposition. Heaven knows my bleeding Heart suffers a thousand times more than *Amaryllis*.

LET-

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L E T T E R LXXVII.

*The same to Corinna.*

**H**OW little, alas ! can we assure our selves of those easie moments we desire, and the inviolableness of our tender passion might seem to deserve, since it lies so much in the power of fortune to disappoint us ! All things at first flatter'd our eager hopes ; the day was serene and calm, every Bush was adorn'd with fresh verdure, and every Flower breath'd forth new perfumes. The warbling Nightingale sweetly complain'd of her incestuous cruel Lover ; and every painted Bird with emulous melody wellcom'd the long'd-for return of the gaudy Spring. The delightful shade of the embracing Trees tacitly reproach'd our neglect of so advantageous a Solitude : and scarce were we sensible how many favourable minutes were elaps'd, when the intervention of Company prevented the reparation of so considerable a loss. Both the distance and the privacy of those shady walks made me promise my self your conversation without any interruption. But the same Dear design that carri'd us there, brought the others likewise : and whilst we expected each other to retire, we frustrated each other's felicity. Well ! if Love will not be more auspicious

to us, we will renounce his Divinity. I have been ever since upon the Rack with discontent for so great a loss : but these reflections are vain, and only increase my oppressing sorrows : we must wait till some such opportunity again puts it in our power to be happy.

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## LETTER LXXVIII.

*The same to Corinna.*

*Lovely Prisoner,*

**G**ive me leave to call you so now : not that the alteration of your name should suppose you the least in my Passion; But because your Mother was angry at your being out so late when we were last together, and has confin'd you to the Walls of your own-house. Lawrells like you flourish in the shade: I saw you the other day at your Closet-window, and the difficulty I had of making you observe I did, and the ungrateful reflections on your miserable confinement made me discover a thousand Charms in you that I never saw before. What an unaccountable thing is Love ! I can't come at you now, and therefore think you fairer than when your Dear indulgence made me happy. I can't see you but by a Miracle, and would die for an opportunity. Too secure of the bliss  
we

we imprudently manag'd our unsuspected meetings. Oh! could Love have been but in any degree reasonable, we had not yet been wretched? The loss of my darling felicity teaches me its price: and had I been less happy I had been longer so. Every desire of my Soul is towards my lovely Creature, and there is not a moment of my life I would not gladly pass at her Feet. But to get an opportunity is what I fear, impossible, or at least so often as I desire. This commerce of Letters is but a slender dyet for real Lovers: But I hope this wretch'd *Lent* will soon terminate in a happy *Easter* of Liberty and Love. In the interim we must wait with courage till the Storm blows over. The young Gentlewoman that I us'd to walk with some times is now at the point of Death: I hope she will not recover: then I will send you a Ticket for the Funeral: you may easily pretend some familiarity at the Dancing-School might occasion the civility. I believe your Friends will not be against your going. Let 'em not know she was my acquaintance, that they may the less suspect your meeting me there.

*Dearest Adieu.*

E c A

LET.

## LETTER LXXIX.

*The same to the same.**Dear Corinna,*

**H**Eavens forgive the implety, the Lady is Dead, and I am extreamly glad of this seasonable opportunity ! I fear'd more than once her Youth might master her distemper, and frustrate us in this design. See the powers of Love ! The Tears of a whole Family are the price of our meeting, and they must lose an only Child, that we may be happy ! But since Destiny conspires thus to make us amends for a tedious divorce, what matters it who mourns ? Let us live for our selves, and let our Love be our Guides, then we shall not miss of more than one favourable meeting yet. I order'd the Messenger to leave word you should bear up the Poll, that they might the readier let you come. I will not fail of being at the Door, or in the Entry at Seven exactly, and receive you as you come in. There we shall have some liberty ; Sorrow and Mourning will have overcast every brow that must be in the room with you. If you do not fail of coming we shall be happy, notwithstanding your watchful Mothers circumspection. I have a thousand things to impart to you : but shall wait till I see you, and at leisure assure you how passionately I am,

*Yours.*

LET-

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L E T T E R LXXX.

*The same to Dorinda return'd to Town.*

**L** Ovely Idol of my violent Passion, have you not long since forgot the Faithful *Strepbon*, and have not the reiterated Addresses of a thousand Lovers made you remember nothing less than that you once receiv'd his ardent vows? Neither absence, nor your silence have at all diminish'd my Love. Those tender inclinations, your Beauty gave birth to, cannot expire but with my self. Must your anger then continue for ever, and I suffer for the voluntary crimes of others? Must all the heavy judgments of their violated friendship, be pour'd down on me? Your Cousin was perfidious, and now I have but too just grounds to apprehend that she sent me not all your Letters, nor communicated mine to you. What could tempt her to this abominable treachery I can't imagine, unless *Philander* jealous of my tranquillity thought on this expedient to interrupt it. Heavens! what are we mortals? the felicity of one is the Bane of a score; every one envying what but one can enjoy, making their own happiness to consist in disturbing that of others. The Letter you mention'd I would gladly see, but  
since



Since in your anger you so rashly burnt it, I know not how to unravel the mystery; unless it was only an imaginary thing that I writ one morning in your Cousin's Closet, while he was talking with some persons about matters of consequence, without any intent or any directions. I have inquir'd of him and he protested he had lost it, Some of his Sisters getting it from him, and he never thought on it since. Permit me, Dear *Dorinda*, once more at your feet to renew those sacred and inviolable vows I have so often made of being yours, and yours alone to the extreamest moment of my breath.

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LET.

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LETTER LXXXI.

*The same to Dorinda.*

*Perfidious Creature.*

**L**ittle did I expect to meet my new Rival so early at your feet: sure you gave him no small encouragement last night in the walks, that upon so very slender acquaintance he should presume to visit you. That you might be the freer together I left you so suddenly; as unwilling to put a restraint upon his discourse, and interrupt your joys. So much I wish your happiness that I could readily establish it tho upon the ruins of my own: and if it will propagate your interest, you may divert him with the perusal of this Letter: I consent to any thing that may demonstrate my affection, or be serviceable to you. Tell him I have not only lov'd you an age, but that I Love you to Idolatry, and will do it for ever. I had rather contribute to my own destruction, by such a confession, than disavow so dear a Passion. 'Tis true, I am somewhat jealous; and your last nights commerce distracts me: my heart is on the Rack, and ten thousand furies torment me, this moment I write to you: Yet, by Heavens! I Love you dearer than I do my own self, nay, more than  
I hate

I hate my Rival. I can't endure your Sister for proposing the Walks, since it gave this occasion of my perdition. But nothing can put me so much out of humour, as that I should forget how dear you are to me, notwithstanding the barbarousness of your usage; for I love you, yes — I love you even in the arms of this happy Rival; I was pleas'd to hear him commend you; and tho I were sure to lose your affection, by giving him so favourable an opportunity of entertaining you; yet I had rather suffer all that misery, than hinder you of a Compliment which you merit, or a Civility you desire; nay, Heaven's my witness, I wish my Rival Lov'd you as much as I do my self, if that could render my *Dorinda* more happy than my fidelity and Passion can do. But peradventure I interrupt your pleasures, by the prolixity of this Letter. Adieu, I love you, cruel *Dorinda*, more than you wish he did.

L E T.

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L E T T E R LXXXII.

*The same to —*

**T**Is both Charity and Justice to take some care of those whom you have render'd uneasy. That you design me all the Torments I hourly suffer I cannot possibly determine; but I believe no Woman ever was so indulgent to mankind, as to subtract from her own Charms, merely to prevent our undoing. As you are not by consequence altogether innocent of my wretchedness, from your dear self alone I expect my cure: Beauty having this property, that nothing but it self can heal the fatal wounds it causes. Let me see you again in the same place, as soon as your leisure will conveniently permit. Be not tyrannical, because I am willing to obey; and make me not miserable because I Love you to Idolatry. If you are not quite as inhumane as you really are amiable, I may not as yet repine at the loss of my Heart. . . If you could imagine how tenderly I Love; you would not scruple the trying how faithful I could be. At least oblige me with a Line by the same hand as gives you this from me, without the ostentation of a Compliment.

That



That I had a very great respect for you, you may easily believe, and that the violence of my affection was in some manner equal both to your Youth and your Beauty, I have left you no Room to doubt. Your own indulgence sooth'd my tender inclination ; and made me flatter my self with some hopes, nay, your actions all along afterwards were so obliging that I had injur'd you to despair. Out last being in the Park was not the only testimony of your esteem, and that some other place may suddenly prove as auspicious to my fervent desires, I expect you will try to facilitate, since it lies in your breast alone to effect it. Where I am to be found you know ; and when an opportunity presents it self of gratifying your Lover, pray do not neglect it. Adieu——

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## LETTER LXXXIII.

*The same to——*

*Madam,*

**I** Wonder you should be surpriz'd at my change, or that you should expect me constant longer than you were unkind. Courtship must cease when the point is gain'd: for as it is cruelty in a General, so it is superfluous in a Lover to continue the Batteries when the Town is won. Love is not kindled when we please,  
nor

nor on the other hand can we prevent its extinguishing ; it is equally impossible to resist the fatal stroke of *Cupid's Dart*, and to retain the flying Divinity. Wherefore it was not just in you to upbraid me with inconstancy, since it is more miraculous I did not leave you sooner, than that I do it now. I lov'd you ten days successively, which was never done before, I believe ; and and if any one swore he did it longer, I would not credit him. What you Ladies call Levity is the Prerogative of Reason : for if you would have us faithful to you, you must get more solid Enjoyments to retain our Affections. 'Tis not, alas ! the Capriciousness of our Tempers, but the Emptiness of those Delights we reap from you, that makes us loath 'em so soon. I really lov'd you, before I convers'd with you, and propos'd a felicity in your Acquaintance, which I could never acquire ; and since Experience has convinc'd me, that the joys of all your softest Embraces cannot answer my Expectation, I must seek out from another what I vainly look'd for in you. I do not say but that you merit much, yet I wish'd for somewhat more.

*FINIS.*

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